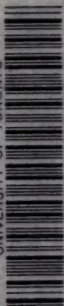
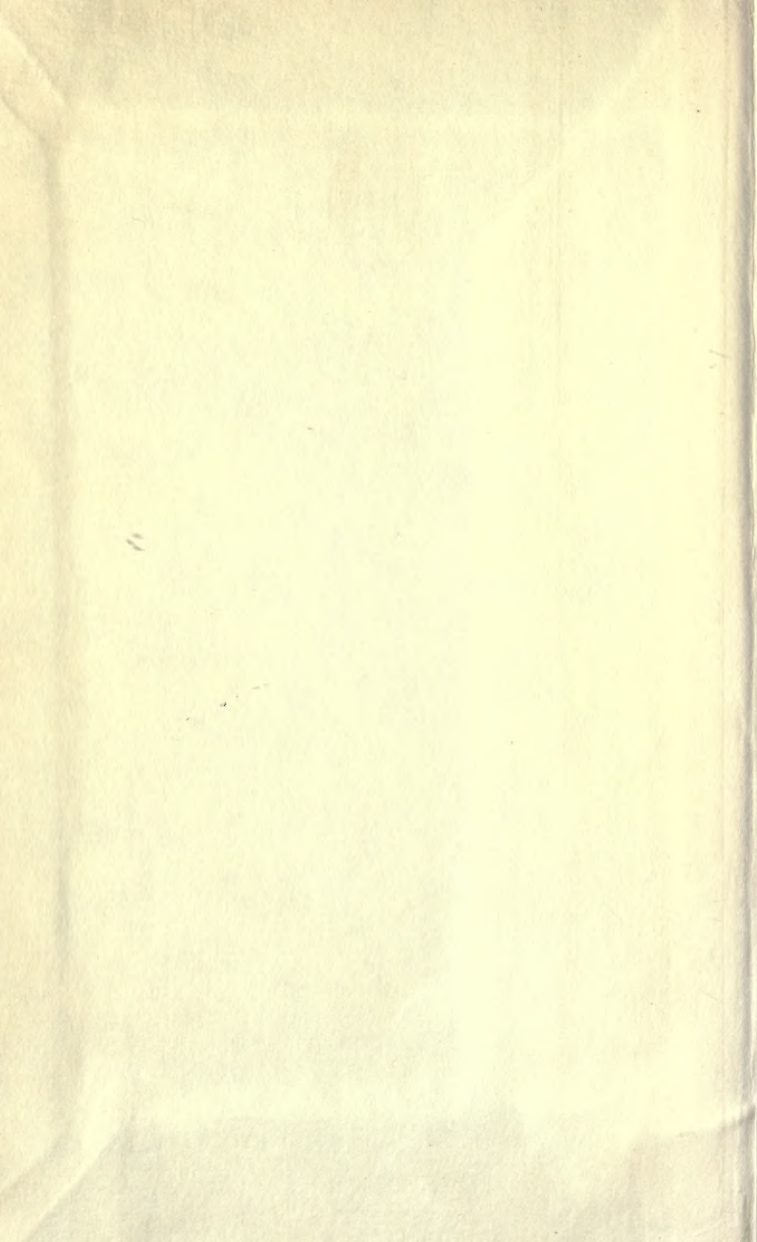
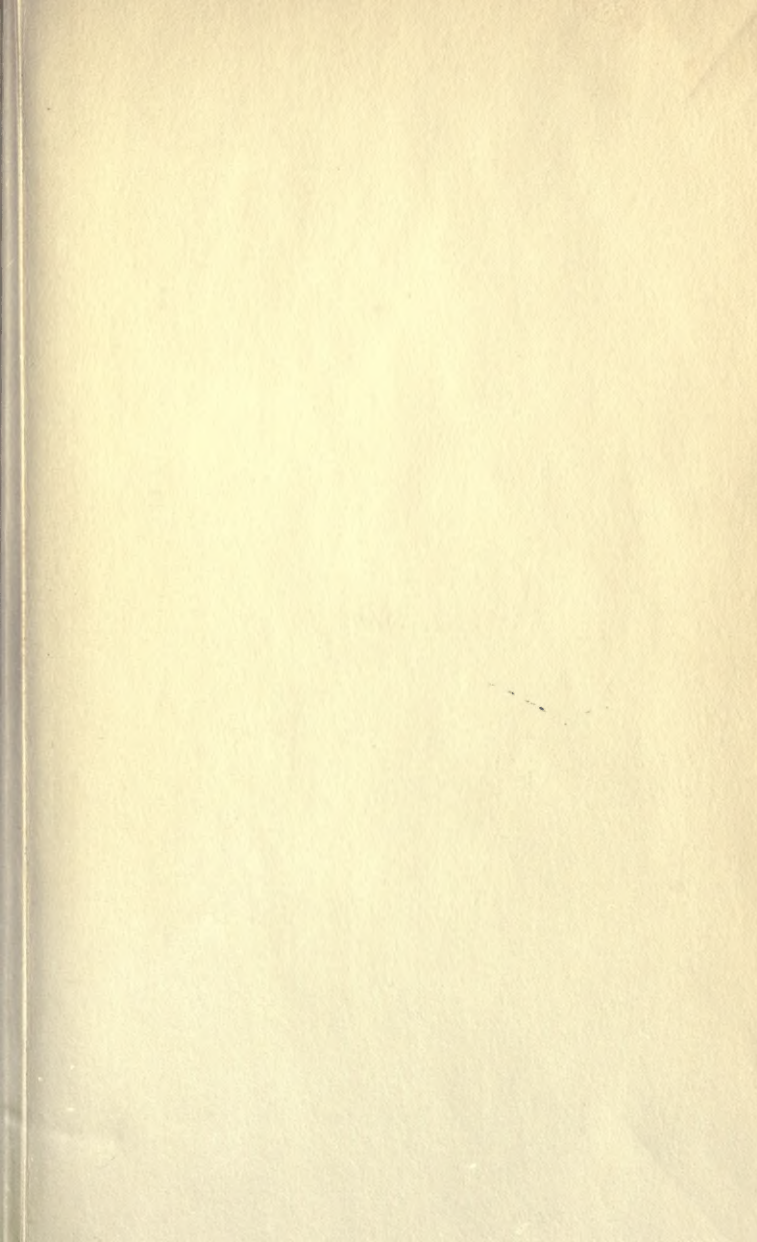


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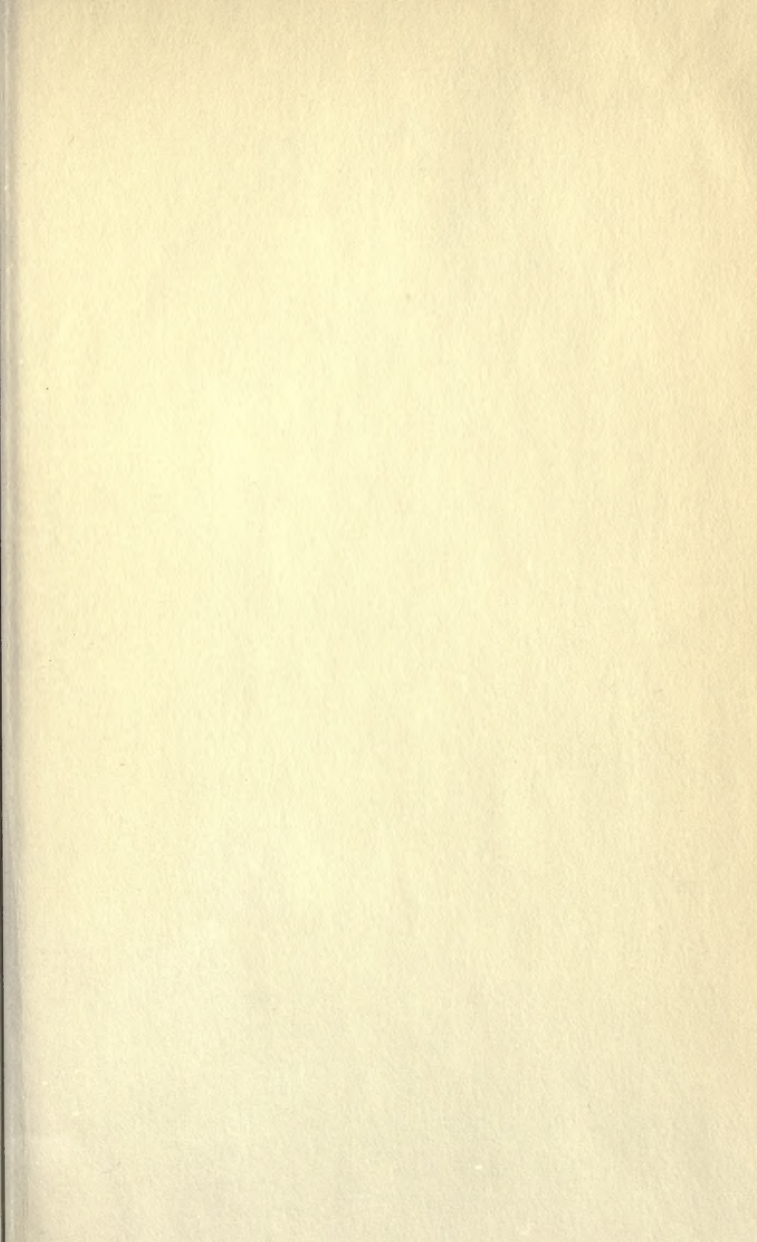


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SCOTT'S LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

BEING THE
LITERATURE PRESCRIBED FOR THE JUNIOR
MATRICULATION AND JUNIOR LEAVING EXAMINATIONS.

1902.

EDITED WITH
INTRODUCTION AND NOTES.

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INTRODUCTION.

SCOTT'S LIFE AND WORK.

Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh, Aug. 15th, 1771. In early life he was somewhat delicate, and contracted a slight but permanent lameness. For the sake of health he was sent to live with his paternal grandfather, who held the farm of Sandy Knowe, in the very midst of scenes memorable in Border story. Here the child awakened into consciousness, and here, before he could read, the first literary impression was made on his mind through learning by heart the old ballad of *Hardicanute*. After passing through the Edinburgh High School, his health again failed, and he was sent to recruit at Kelso, the most beautiful village in Scotland (as he himself tells us) surrounded by "objects not only grand in themselves, but venerable from their association." "The romantic feelings," he continues, "which I have described as predominating in my mind, naturally rested upon and associated themselves with these grand features of the landscape around me; and the historical incidents, or traditional legends connected with many of them, gave to my admiration a sort of intense impression of reverence, which at times made my heart feel too big for its bosom. From this time the love of natural beauty, more especially when combined with ancient ruins, or remains of our fathers' piety or splendour, became with me an insatiable passion." At this date his appetite for reading was great, and his favourite books show his natural taste and served to develop it. Among these were the romantic poems of Spenser and Tasso; but first in his affections was Percy's collection of old ballads, "nor do I believe," he says, "that I ever read a book half so frequently, or with half the enthusiasm."

He now entered classes in the university, and when about fifteen years old became an apprentice to his father, who was a Writer to the Signet, a profession which corresponds nearly to that of solicitor. But it was not on legal pursuits that his interests were centred. He and a friend would spend whole holidays wandering in the most solitary spots about Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, composing romances in which the martial and miraculous always predominated. When opportunity permitted he delighted to make longer pedestrian excursions, for "the pleasure of seeing romantic scenery, or what afforded me at least equal pleasure, the places which had been distinguished by remarkable historic events." Some business led him to

penetrate even the Highlands—a rare thing in those days,—and repeated visits made him familiar not merely with the beautiful scenery, but with the remnants of picturesque and primitive manners and customs. As he grew to maturity, he mingled freely with the world and became intimate with a brilliant circle of young men of his own age. In 1792 he was called to the bar; and—an event, perhaps, of not much less import in his life—in the same year made his first expedition into Liddesdale, one of the most inaccessible parts of the Border country. “During seven successive years Scott made a raid, as he called it, into Liddesdale, with Mr. Shortreed for his guide, exploring every rivulet to its source, and every ruined *peel* from foundation to battlement. At this time no wheeled carriage had ever been seen in the district—the first, indeed, that ever appeared there was a gig, driven by Scott himself for a part of his way, when on the last of these seven excursions. There was no inn nor public-house of any kind in the whole valley; the travellers passed from the shepherd’s hut to the minister’s manse, and again from the cheerful hospitality of the manse to the rough and jolly welcome of the homestead, gathering wherever they went songs and tunes, and occasionally some tangible relics of antiquity. . . . To these rambles Scott owed much of the materials of his ‘Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,’ and not less of that intimate acquaintance with the living manners of these unsophisticated regions, which constitutes the chief charm of one of the most charming of his prose works.” (Lockhart’s *Life*.) He began to study German; the results are shown in the translation from that language of some romantic ballads, and of Goethe’s *Goetz von Berlichingen*, a dramatic picture of mediæval baronial life on the Rhine. These were his first published ventures in literature.

In 1797 Scott married, and this made the successful prosecution of his profession a matter of greater importance than before; but his heart was not in his barrister work, and his income from it was neither large nor likely to increase greatly. At the close of 1799, he gladly accepted the office of sheriff-depute of Selkirkshire, which was obtained for him by the influence of the head of his clan, the Duke of Buccleuch. This post not only brought a small but assured income of £300 with very light duties, but also, what Scott prized greatly, gave him another connection with the Borders. He now threw himself enthusiastically into the preparation of a collection of border ballads. Two volumes appeared in 1802, and were well received. While engaged upon the third volume, he began an imitation of an old ballad romance—a work which proved so congenial to him that it developed into a long poem,

The Lay of the Last Minstrel. It was published in January, 1805, and had a success which had never been equalled in the history of English poetry. It was a poem at once of a most novel, attractive, and popular character. Its reception decided that literature was to be the main business of its writer's life. At about the same time Scott entered into partnership with the Ballantynes in the printing business, but this partnership was kept a profound secret. During the ten years which followed the publication of the *Lay*, Scott wrote his longer poems; the most important of these were *Marmion* (1808) and *The Lady of the Lake*, 1810. The large returns which his works brought him as author and as publisher, encouraged him to become a landed proprietor. In 1811 he made the first purchase of what by gradual additions came to be the considerable estate of Abbotsford, situated in the midst of his favourite border country. He found the keenest pleasure in realizing here a "romance in brick and mortar," in planting trees, and in all the duties and pleasures of a country gentleman. It was his dream to found a family, and to hand down an entailed estate to remote posterity. In 1813 the Ballantyne firm were greatly embarrassed, but weathered the storm by the assistance of the publisher Constable. Meantime, when the need of money was becoming more pressing, Scott's popularity as a poet was on the decline; his later works were not equal to the three earliest, already mentioned, and Byron was surpassing him in popular estimation in the very species of poetry which he had introduced. Scott, whose estimate of his own power and works was always modest to excess, acknowledged Byron's superiority, and began to look about for some new field for the exercise of his literary skill. He had already in 1805 begun writing a prose romance which he had laid aside in deference to the unfavourable opinions of some friends to whom he had submitted it. This he now resumed; it was completed and published anonymously in 1814 under the title of *Waverley*. Its success was no less extraordinary than that of the *Lay*. Scott as a poet ranked high in a generation of great poets, but in romance he is beyond comparison. "All is great in the *Waverley* novels," said Goethe, "material, effect, characters, execution." "What infinite diligence in the preparatory studies," he exclaimed, "what truth of detail in execution."

The rapidity of Scott's production, especially when we consider the high level of excellence, is astonishing. In less than three years he produced four masterpieces: *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, and *Old Mortality*. From 1814 to 1829 he wrote twenty-three novels besides shorter tales, and a large amount of literary work of a

different character. Scott, like Byron, is one of the few English authors who was speedily and widely popular throughout Europe. Abbotsford became a centre for pilgrims from many lands, apart from being the resort of numerous visitors drawn thither by closer and more personal ties. Scott amidst all his work, literary and legal (for he held a permanent position as clerk of Session), found time to play the hospitable host, to attend to his plantations and the other affairs of his estate, to indulge in country sports, to mingle freely in society when in Edinburgh, where he spent a portion of each year, and to take a prominent part as a citizen in many matters of public interest. No man worked harder or accomplished more, and no man in his leisure hours threw himself with more hearty zest into his amusements.

A visitor to Abbotsford in 1823 thus records his impressions: "I had seen Sir Walter Scott, but never met him in society before this visit. He received me with all his well-known cordiality and simplicity of manner. . . . I have since been present at his first reception of many visitors, and upon such occasions, as indeed upon every other, I never saw a man who, in his intercourse with all persons, was so perfect a master of courtesy. His manners were so plain and natural, and his kindness took such immediate possession of the feelings, that this excellence in him might for a while pass unobserved. . . . His air and aspect, at the moment of a first introduction, were placid, modest, and for his time of life, venerable. Occasionally, when he stood a little on ceremony, he threw into his address a deferential tone, which had in it something of old-fashioned politeness, and became him extremely well. A point of hospitality in which Sir Walter Scott never failed, whatever might be the pretensions of the guests, was to do the honours of conversation. When a stranger arrived, he seemed to consider it as much a duty to offer him the resources of his mind as those of his table; taking care, however, by his choice of subjects, to give the visitor an opportunity of making his own stores, if he had them, available. . . . It would be extremely difficult to give a just idea of his general conversation to any one who had not known him. Considering his great personal and literary popularity, and the wide circle in which he had lived, it is perhaps remarkable that so few of his sayings, real or imputed, are in circulation. But he did not affect sayings; the points and sententious turns, which are so easily caught up and transmitted, were not natural to him; though he occasionally expressed a thought very prettily and neatly. . . . But the great charm of his 'table-talk' was in the sweetness and *abandon* with

which it flowed,—always, however, guided by good sense and good taste ; the warm and unstudied eloquence with which he expressed rather sentiments than opinions ; and the liveliness and force with which he narrated and described ; and all he spoke derived so much of its effect from indefinable felicities of manner, look, and tone—and sometimes from the choice of apparently insignificant words—that a moderately faithful transcript of his sentences would be but a faint image of his conversation. . . . Not only was he inexhaustible in anecdote, but he loved to exert the talent of dramatizing, and in some measure representing in his own person the incidents he told of, or the situations he imagined. . . . No one who has seen him can forget the surprising power of change which his countenance showed when awakened from a state of composure. In 1823, when I first knew him, the hair on his forehead was quite grey, but his face, which was healthy and sanguine, and the hair about it, which had still a strong reddish tinge, contrasted, rather than harmonized with the sleek, silvery locks above ; a contrast which might seem rather suited to a jovial and humorous, than to a pathetic expression. But his features were equally capable of both. The form and hue of his eyes were wonderfully calculated for showing great varieties of emotion. Their mournful aspect was extremely earnest and affecting ; and, when he told some dismal and mysterious story, they had a doubtful, melancholy, exploring look, which appealed irresistibly to the hearer's imagination. Occasionally, when he spoke of something very audacious or eccentric, they would dilate and light up with a tragic-comic, harebrained expression, quite peculiar to himself. Never, perhaps, did a man go through all the gradations of laughter with such complete enjoyment, and a countenance so radiant. The first dawn of a luminous thought would show itself sometimes, as he sat silent, by an involuntary lengthening of the upper lip, followed by a shy side-long glance at his neighbours, indescribably whimsical, and seeming to ask from their looks whether the spark of drollery should be suppressed or allowed to blaze out. In the full tide of mirth, he did indeed 'laugh the heart's laugh,' like Walpole, but it was not boisterous and overpowering, nor did it check the course of his words." To these notes we may add some of Lockhart's in regard to a little expedition which Sir Walter and he made in the same year (1823) to the upper regions of the Tweed and Clyde. "Nothing could induce him to remain in the carriage when we approached any celebrated edifice. If he had never seen it before, his curiosity was like that of an eager stripling ; if he had examined it fifty times, he must renew his familiarity, and gratify the tenderness of

grateful reminiscences. While on the road his conversation never flagged—story suggested story, and ballad came upon ballad in endless succession. But what struck me most was the apparently omnivorous grasp of his memory. That he should recollect every stanza of any ancient ditty of chivalry or romances that had once excited his imagination, could no longer surprise me ; but it seemed as if he remembered everything without exception, so it were in anything like the shape of a verse, that he had ever read.”

Scott's relations with his fellow-men were of the most genial character—indeed, we may say, with his fellow-creatures ; for dumb animals had an instinctive fondness for him, and he lived almost on terms of friendship with his dogs. In the company of children he delighted. He won the attachment of his own servants and of the peasantry of his district. He gave even too much of his time and of his money to help his friends. There was no pettiness, no grudging jealousy in his relations with his literary contemporaries. No man was more sincerely modest about his own ability and works, or more generous in his praise of others. With Wordsworth, with Byron, his successful rival in poetry, he was on the most friendly terms. “He had an open nature,” says Palgrave, “which is the most charming of all charms ; was wholly free from the folly of fastidiousness ; *had* real dignity, and hence never stood upon it ; talked to all he met, and lived as friend with friend among his servants and followers. ‘Sir Walter speaks to every man,’ one of them said, ‘as if they were blood-relations.’” “Few men,” he himself writes, “have enjoyed society more, or been *bored*, as it is called, less, by the company of tiresome people. I have rarely, if ever, found any one out of whom I could not extract amusement and edification. Still, however, from the earliest time I can remember, I preferred the pleasure of being alone to wishing for visitors.” “God bless thee, Walter, my man !” said his old uncle, “thou hast risen to be great, but thou wast always good.”

Scott's character was submitted, without apparent deterioration, to what is considered the most severe of all tests—the test of long and extraordinarily brilliant prosperity. It was now to be tried by adverse fortune, which only served to bring to the surface some of the finer and more heroic qualities that lay in his sound and wholesome nature. In 1826, at a time of widespread commercial disaster, the house of Ballantyne failed, with obligations amounting to £117,000, due partly to Scott's lavish expenditure, but mainly to the lack of business ability in the avowed members of the firm. Instead of taking advantage of bankruptcy, Scott set himself resolutely to work to pay off this immense sum. His lavish

style of living was reduced to the most modest expenditure ; his habits of life were changed that he might devote himself unremittingly to his great task. In two years, between January 1826 and January 1828, he earned nearly £40,000 for his creditors. By the close of 1830 he had lessened the indebtedness of Ballantyne & Co. by £63,000, and had his health been continued a few years longer, he would doubtless have accomplished his undertaking. But before he was fifty, his constitution had already given signs of being seriously impaired, doubtless the result of too continuous application ; in 1819 his life had been for a time in danger, and from this date he was physically an old man. It was inevitable that the prodigious exertions which he put forth after the bankruptcy should tell upon his strength. There were besides worry and nervous tension of various kinds. His wife died ; sadness and sorrow in various forms gathered about him. Symptoms of paralysis became apparent ; his mind, as he himself felt, no longer worked in the old fashion. "I have suffered terribly, that is the truth," he writes in his diary, May 1831, "rather in body than in mind, and I often wish I could lie down and sleep without waking. But I will fight it out if I can." As the disease of the brain made progress he was seized with the happy illusion that he had paid all his debts. After an unsuccessful attempt to improve his health by a voyage to Italy, he returned, to die, Sept. 21st, 1832, in his own Abbotsford, amidst the scenes which he knew and loved so well. In 1847, the object he so manfully struggled for was attained. From the proceeds of his works, his life insurance, and the copyright of his *Life* which his biographer and son-in-law, Lockhart, generously devoted to this purpose, the debts were paid in full, and the estate of Abbotsford left free of incumbrance ; but his ambition to found a family was not realized ; the male line became extinct not many years after Sir Walter's death, and the estate of Abbotsford fell to a great granddaughter—his only surviving descendant.

It is impossible within the limits of this brief sketch to give any adequate idea of Scott's varied and active life, and of the many ways in which he came into contact with men and things. But it is sufficiently evident that he was no recluse like Wordsworth, that his temperament was not one which led him to think profoundly, to search out the inner meanings and less obvious aspects of things, or to brood over his own moods and feelings. He found happiness in activity and in social life. Though a literary man, and, from childhood, a great reader, he was not prone, as bookish people often are, to over-estimate

the importance of literature. He prided himself first of all on being a man,—a citizen and a gentleman. Scott mingled with the world, looked upon it and was interested in it much as the ordinary man ; only his horizon was broader, his interest keener, and his sympathy wider. He cared no more than the average man for abstract generalizations or for scientific analysis. He liked what the multitude like, what appeals to eye and ear,—incidents, persons, the striking and unusual. We have all a natural interest in men and their doings, an interest which is the basis of the universal taste for gossip. And it is this panorama of human life—men and women and the movement of events with which Homer and the ballad singers delighted their unsophisticated audiences. This is also the theme of Scott's works. They do not chiefly represent the writer's reflections, his feelings, or his moods ; but they picture the spectacle of life as seen from the outside with a breadth and vivacity unsurpassed in our literature except by Shakespeare alone.

The particular *kind* of life and character which Scott presents, is determined by his tastes and temperament. The interest in the past was extraordinarily strong in Scott. He was an antiquarian before he thought of being a poet. But he was not a pure antiquarian. He was not stimulated to the study of antiquity merely by the desire of truth. His interest was based on feeling,—on the feeling for kin, for example, so strongly developed in the typical Scotch character, and on the love of country. From the antiquarian he differed in another way,—in a way which showed that he was really first of all a poet. He desired his antiquarian facts, not for their own sake, but as elements out of which his imagination might picturesquely reconstruct the life of past generations. In *Waverley*, Scott himself clearly indicates the distinction here emphasized. Comparing *Waverley's* interest in the past with the Baron of Bradwardine's, he writes : "The Baron, indeed, only cumbered his memory with matters of fact ; the cold, hard, dry outlines which history delineates. Edward, on the contrary, loved to fill up and round the sketch with the colouring of a warm and vivid imagination, which gives light and life to the actors and speakers in the drama of past ages." It was with the past, and more particularly with the past of his own country, that Scott's imagination delighted to busy itself. Since this sort of theme had been neglected in the classical 18th century period, and had been but feebly treated by such recent writers as Mrs. Radcliffe, Scott had,—a very important matter for a writer—a fresh and novel field. To this domain his novels and poems mainly belong.

When we speak of an historic novel or poem, we naturally think, first of all, of one which treats of a period remote from the writer. It will be noted, however, that some of Scott's very best novels treat of periods scarcely more remote than, for example, certain of George Eliot's, to which we would not think of applying the epithet historic. But to these novels of Scott, and to most of his novels, the epithet historic is applicable for a profounder reason than that they present the life of a remote time. History deals not merely with the past, but with the present; but whether treating of present or past, it deals with wide movements, with what affects men in masses,—not with the life of individuals except in as far as they influence the larger body. In this sense Scott's novels are historic. They treat, doubtless, the fortunes of individuals, but nearly always as connected with some great movement of which the historian of the period would have to give an account—as, for example, *Waverley*, *Old Mortality*, *Rob Roy*. In this respect he differs from the majority of novelists,—from his own great contemporary, Jane Austen, from Fielding, and from Thackeray. “The most striking feature of Scott's romances,” says Mr. Hutton, “is that, for the most part, they are pivoted on public rather than mere private interests or passions. With but few exceptions—(*The Antiquary*, *St. Ronan's Well*, and *Guy Mannering* are the most important)—Scott's novels give us an imaginative view, not of mere individuals, but of individuals as they are affected by the public strifes and social divisions of the age. And this it is which gives his books so large an interest for old and young, soldiers and statesmen, the world of society and the recluse, alike. You can hardly read any novel of Scott's and not become better aware what public life and political issues mean. . . . The domestic novel when really of the highest kind, is no doubt a perfect work of art, and an unfailing source of amusement; but it has nothing of the tonic influence, the large instructiveness, the stimulating intellectual air, of Scott's historic tales. Even when Scott is farthest from reality—as in *Ivanhoe* or *The Monastery*—he makes you open your eyes to all sorts of historic conditions to which you would otherwise be blind.”

Scott's imagination was stimulated by the picturesque past, and from childhood onwards, his main interests and favourite pursuits were such as stored his inventive mind with facts, scenes, legends, anecdotes which he might use in embodying this past in artistic forms. He wrote his novels with extraordinary rapidity, yet Goethe's exclamation, “What infinite diligence in preparatory studies,” is amply justified. All this

fund of antiquarian knowledge afforded, however, only the outside garb which, if his work was to have real worth, must clothe real human nature, which is the same now as it was in the past. It is this power of representing human nature that makes his works truly great; and this human nature he learned from life about him. His best characters, his Dandie Dinmonts, and Edie Ochiltrees, his Bailie Nicholas Jarvis, his James I., and Elizabeth, are great in virtue of their presenting types of character which belong to all time. It must follow, then, that Scott could depict men and women of his own day, as well as of the past; and this is true, only they must be men and women of a striking and picturesque kind, such as are apt to vanish amidst uniformity and conventions of modern society, but such as Scott found in his rambles in isolated districts. "Scott needed a certain largeness of type, a strongly-marked class-life, and, where it was possible, a free, out-of-doors life, for his delineations. No one could paint beggars and gypsies, and wandering fiddlers, and mercenary soldiers, and peasants and farmers, and lawyers, and magistrates, and preachers, and courtiers, and statesmen, and best of all perhaps, queens and kings, with anything like his ability. But when it came to describing the small differences of manner, differences not due to external habits, so much as to internal sentiment or education, or mere domestic circumstance, he was beyond his proper field." (Hutton's *Scott*.) Scott's genius was broad and vigorous, not intense, subtle and profound. If the common-place in life or character is to interest, it must be by the new light which profound insight, or subtle discrimination throws upon them.

When we pass to the examination of Scott's style, we naturally find analogous peculiarities to those presented by his matter. The general effects produced by his workmanship are excellent; but when we examine minutely, when we dwell upon particular passages or lines, we find it somewhat rough and ready. This defect is a much more serious one in poetry than in prose. The elaborate form of poetry leads us to expect some special felicity or concentration of thought, a nicety in selection of words and imagery that would be superfluous in prose; and these things we do find in the greatest poets. But it is only occasionally in Scott that we stop to dwell on some line or phrase which seems absolutely the best for the purpose. We do not find in him "the magic use of words as distinguished from the mere general effect of vigour, purity, and concentration of purpose." He affords extraordinarily few popular quotations, especially considering the vogue that his poems

have had. In this respect he differs markedly from Wordsworth. "I am sensible," he himself says, "that if there is anything good about my poetry or prose either, it is a hurried frankness of composition, which pleases soldiers, sailors, and young people of bold and active dispositions." Besides this peculiarity, which is so injurious to his poetry, and scarcely affects his novels, Scott is inferior in his poems because they do not exhibit the full breadth of his genius. Many of his best scenes and characters are of a homely character which is not fitted for poetic expression. Shakespeare could not have adequately represented Falstaff or Dogberry in a narrative poem.

But if Scott's poetry has limitations and defects when compared with the work of his great contemporaries, or even with his own work in the sphere of prose, it possesses rare and conspicuous merits. These are set forth by Palgrave in a passage which may be quoted: "Scott's incompleteness of style, which is more injurious to poetry than to prose, his 'careless glance and reckless rhyme,' has been alleged by a great writer of our time as one reason why he is now less popular as a poet than he was in his own day, when from two to three thousand copies of his metrical romances were freely sold. Beside these faults, which are visible almost everywhere, the charge that he wants depth and penetrative insight has been often brought. He does not 'wrestle with the mystery of existence,' it is said; he does not try to solve the problems of human life. Scott, could he have foreseen this criticism, would probably not have been very careful to answer it. He might have allowed its correctness, and said that one man might have this work to do, but his was another. High and enduring pleasure, however conveyed, is the end of poetry. 'Othello' gives this by its profound display of tragic passion; 'Paradise Lost' gives it by its religious sublimity; 'Childe Harold' by its meditative picturesqueness; the 'Lay' by its brilliant delineation of ancient life and manners. These are but scanty samples of the vast range of poetry. In that house are many mansions. All poets may be seers and teachers; but some teach directly, others by a less ostensible and larger process. Scott never lays bare the workings of his mind, like Goethe or Shelley; he does not draw out the moral of the landscape, like Wordsworth; rather after the fashion of Homer and the writers of the ages before criticism, he presents a scene, and leaves it to work its own effect upon the reader. His most perfect and lovely poems, the short songs which occur scattered through the metrical or the prose narratives, are excellent instances. He is the most unselfconscious of our modern poets, perhaps of all our poets; the difference in this respect

between him and his friends Byron and Wordsworth is like a difference of centuries. If they give us the inner spirit of modern life, or of nature, enter into our perplexities, or probe our deeper passions, Scott has a dramatic faculty not less delightful and precious. He hence attained eminent success in one of the rarest and most difficult aims of Poetry,—sustained vigour, clearness and interest in narration. If we reckon up the poets of the world, we may be surprised to find how very few (dramatists not included) have accomplished this, and may be hence led to estimate Scott's rank in his art more justly. One looks through the English poetry of the first half of the century in vain, unless it be here and there indicated in Keats, for such a power of vividly throwing himself into others as that of Scott. His contemporaries, Crabbe excepted, paint emotions. He paints men when strongly moved. They draw the moral, but he can invent the fable. It would be rash to try to strike a balance between men, each so great in his own way; the picture of one could not be painted with the other's palette; all are first rate in their kind; and every reader can choose the style which gives him the highest, healthiest and most lasting pleasure."

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

General Poetic Conditions.—The thought of the 18th century had been marked by a preference for general principles as compared with concrete facts, and by a proneness to neglect all that cannot be clearly and rationally accounted for; the province of the half-known and vaguely surmised was overlooked. This tendency in thought was accompanied by a parallel tendency in form; what was chiefly aimed at in the style both of prose and poetry, was clearness, elegance, and polish. The consequence of the prevalent bent was the predominance of dry intellect, the expression of feeling was checked, and imagination was neglected; while in the matter of style, that vague suggestiveness and sensuous beauty so characteristic of poetry was considered of minor importance as compared with clearness and rhetorical effectiveness. Busy as these generations were in getting their ideas clarified and arranged, breadth, and the study of the literature of other times were neglected. An exception was made in the case of classical, more especially of Latin, literature, which exhibited a kindred spirit and form. On the other hand, the middle ages were regarded with contempt, and the later writers of Elizabethan times treated with an air of patronizing superiority. The love of mysticism in mediæval

literature,—of the supernatural and inexplicable, its fondness for mere adventure and picturesque detail, its lack of form, alienated the interest of this less simple age; whilst the rationality, the worldliness, and finished style of the Latin literature of the Augustan period were sources of attraction. Against the narrow rationalism which we have described, there set in an inevitable reaction; thought and art began to broaden in various directions. We may see, in the case of Wordsworth, how poetry became more comprehensive, and gathered into its sphere the persons and incidents of commonplace, and, what the 18th century would have called, low and vulgar, life. There was a broadening in other directions, for example, an awakening of interest in the past; the first great historians appeared in English literature, Gibbon, Hume, and Robertson. The middle ages, especially, attracted by those very qualities in virtue of which they had formerly repelled. The quickened delight in the play of imagination and fancy, found endless food in mediæval literature and Gothic art; and, in its exaggerated manifestations, took a childish interest in ghost stories, in the horrible, in all that stimulated the feelings. In poetry, the new tendency turned from the abstract intellectual, or unromantic themes of the 18th century—from the *Essay on Man*, and the *Essay on Criticism*, from *The Rape of the Lock*, and from satire—to what appealed to the eye and imagination, to the picturesque, to records of action and adventure. The new spirit signalized itself in many ways,—in the publication of Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* (1765), and of the *Poems of Ossian*, in the development of the historic novel, beginning with Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto* (1763), in the taste for Gothic architecture, and for natural landscape-gardening as opposed to the formal Dutch style. This tendency, as far as imaginative literature goes, culminated in the work of Scott; and as we study the man and his circumstances, we see how temperament, antecedents, and surroundings all contributed to make him the great exponent of the historic, romantic, and picturesque.

In the first place, Scott himself grew up when this tendency was in the air, and when writers of inferior genius were making experiments in the direction which he was to follow. In the next place, he was a Scotchman; and Scotland had preserved remnants of earlier social conditions longer than any other part of the United Kingdom. This was especially true of the Highlands and the Borders: with the former, circumstances and tastes made Scott early familiar; with the latter, he was connected by the closest ties. Again, the scenery of Scotland was fitted to nourish the romantic sentiment, for even nature has her

romantic and her classic aspects. The finished and orderly appearance of a fertile and cultivated country in a bright southern atmosphere is likely to charm the taste that appreciates the definiteness and perfection of classic art. Whereas the wild and rugged aspect of a bleak, mountainous country like Scotland, the dark glens, the desolate moors, half perceived through the veil of mist, have the mystery and suggestiveness of romantic art. Even Edinburgh, with which, next to the Borders, Scott's life was most associated, is not only most romantic in its natural features, but even in its artificial characteristics preserved, in Scott's youth, Gothic and feudal elements beyond any other city in the island. By family history, too, Scott was linked with the historic past. He was descended from a prominent Border family, the Scotts of Harden. Auld Watt, of Harden, of whom Border story had much to tell, was an ancestor of his. "I am therefore lineally descended," he says, in his autobiographic sketch, "from that ancient chieftain, whose name I have made ring in many a ditty, and from his fair dame, the Flower of Yarrow,—no bad genealogy for a Border minstrel."

It was in the *Lay* that Scott found, for the first time, an adequate and suitable poetic expression for his peculiar bent of genius, his special feelings, interests and knowledge. The general character of the poem is succinctly explained in the Preface to the first edition.

The Author's Preface.—"The Poem, now offered to the Public, is intended to illustrate the customs and manners which anciently prevailed on the Borders of England and Scotland. The inhabitants, living in a state partly pastoral and partly warlike, and combining habits of constant depredation with the influence of a rude spirit of chivalry, were often engaged in scenes highly susceptible of poetical ornament. As the description of scenery and manners was more the object of the Author than a combined and regular narrative, the plan of the Ancient Metrical Romance was adopted, which allows greater latitude in this respect than would be consistent with the dignity of a regular Poem. The same model offered other facilities, as it permits an occasional alteration of measure, which in some degree authorizes the change of rhythm in the text. The machinery also, adopted from popular belief, would have seemed puerile in a Poem which did not partake of the rudeness of the old Ballad, or Metrical Romance.

"For these reasons the Poem was put into the mouth of an ancient Minstrel, the last of the race, who, as he is supposed to have survived the Revolution, might have caught somewhat of the refinement of modern poetry, without losing the simplicity of his original model.

The date of the Tale itself is about the middle of the sixteenth century, when most of the personages actually flourished. The time occupied by the action is Three Nights and Three Days."

Preparation for the Poem.—No other of Scott's more ambitious poems came so directly from his heart, or was so characteristic of the man, as the *Lay*. This we can easily understand when we trace the gradual development of its theme and its form in the poet's own mind.

We have already noted Scott's descent from a famous Border family. He himself first woke to consciousness in the midst of Border scenes, at the farm of Sandy-Knowe, the residence of his paternal grandfather. "On the summit of the crags which overhang the farm-house stands the ruined tower of Smailholme; and the view from thence takes in a wide expanse of the district in which, as has been truly said, every field has its battle, and every rivulet its song:—Mertoun, the principal seat of the Harden family, with its noble groves; nearly in front of it, across the Tweed, Lesudden, the comparatively small but still venerable and stately abode of the Lairds of Raeburn; and the hoary Abbey of Dryburgh, surrounded with yew trees as ancient as itself, seem to lie almost below the feet of the spectator. Opposite him rise the purple peaks of Eildon, the traditional scene of Thomas the Rhymer's interview with the Queen of Faerie; behind are the blasted peel which the seer of Erceldoun himself inhabited, 'the Broom of the Cowdenknowes,' the pastoral valley of the Leader, and the bleak wilderness of Lammermoor. To the eastward the desolate grandeur of Hume Castle breaks the horizon, as the eye travels toward the range of the Cheviot. A few miles westward, Melrose, 'like some tall rock with lichens grey,' appears clasped amid the windings of the Tweed; and the distance presents the serrated mountains of the Gala, the Ettrick, and the Yarrow, all famous in song. Such were the objects that had painted the earliest images on the eye of the last and greatest of the Border minstrels." (*Lockhart's Life*).

The first literature with which the child became acquainted was ballads and traditional songs, many of them dealing with the adventures of his own ancestors and his own kin. "The local information," he tells us, "which I conceive had some share in forming my future tastes and pursuits, I derived from the old songs and tales which then formed the amusement of a retired country family. My grandmother, in whose youth the old Border depredations were matter of recent tradition, used to tell me many a tale of Watt of Harden, Wight Willie of Aikwood, Jamie Telfer of the fair Dodhead, and other heroes

—merrymen all of the persuasion and calling of Robin Hood and Little John." Before he could read he knew the ballad of Hardicanute by heart. Thus was developed a passion—which was, indeed, also innate—for the romantic, the wonderful, and the terrible.*

*These influences which moulded his childish mind, are told with all the charm of poetic feeling and expression in the Introduction to the third canto of *Marmion* :—

Thus while I ape the measure wild
Of tales that charm'd me yet a child,
Rude though they be, still with the chime
Return the thoughts of early time ;
And feelings, roused in life's first day,
Glow in the line and prompt the lay.
Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,
Which charm'd my fancy's wakening hour.
Though no broad river swept along,
To claim, perchance, heroic song ;
Though sigh'd no groves in summer gale,
To prompt of love a softer tale ;
Though scarce a puny streamlet's speed
Claim'd homage from a shepherd's reed ;
Yet was poetic impulse given,
By the green hill and clear blue heaven.
It was a barren scene, and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled ;
But ever and anon between
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green ;
And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,
And honeysuckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag and ruin'd wall.
I deem'd such nooks the sweetest shade
The sun in all its round survey'd ;
And still I thought that shatter'd tower
The mightiest work of human power ;
And marvell'd as the aged hind
With some strange tale bewitch'd my mind
Of forayers, who, with headlong force,
Down from that strength had spurr'd their horse,
Their southern rapine to renew,
Far in the distant Cheviots blue,
And, home returning, fill'd the hall
With revel, wassel-rout, and brawl !
Methought that still, with trump and clang,
The gateway's broken arches rang ;
Methought grim features, seam'd with scars,
Glared through the window's rusty bars ;
And ever, by the winter hearth,

In later boyhood the same tastes were nourished by familiarity with such romantic poets as Spenser, whom, he says, "I could have read forever; the quantity of his stanzas I could repeat was really marvellous." At the age of thirteen he fell in with a copy of Percy's collection of ancient ballads, and he wholly forgot his dinner hour in the delights of this intellectual banquet. "The first time I could scrape a few shillings together, I bought unto myself a copy of these beloved volumes, nor do I believe I ever read a book half so frequently, or with half the enthusiasm." In adolescence the same tendencies were nourished not merely by books, but by such expeditions as those referred to on pp. v-vi of the preceding sketch.

So far, Scott had been mainly receptive; at length came an impulse to embody in poetic form some of those feelings and ideas which he had been storing up. This was given by German literature, to which his attention was first drawn in 1788. There he found contemporary writers, with tastes akin to his own, attempting to revive the mediæval past in dramas like Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen*, or, what was to him still more interesting, in ballads which bore a close resemblance in theme and style to his own Border favourites. Nothing could be more natural than to translate these, and so his first publication was a poetic version of Bürger's *Lenore* and of the *Wild Huntsman*, in 1796. Encouraged by his partial success, he made the more ambitious attempt of imitating such ballads in two original poems, *Glenfinlas* and the *Eve of St. John*, the latter on a story connected with that familiar scene of his infancy, the tower of Smailholme. At the same time he set himself to the kindred and congenial task of collecting the ballads and songs still current in the Border country, with the purpose of issuing a book

Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,
 Of lovers' slights, of ladies' charms,
 Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms;
 Of patriot battles, won of old
 By Wallace wight and Bruce the bold;
 Of later fields of feud and fight,
 When, pouring from their Highland height,
 The Scottish clans, in headlong sway,
 Had swept the scarlet ranks away.
 While stretch'd at length upon the floor
 Again I fought each combat o'er,
 Pebbles and shells, in order laid,
 The mimic ranks of war display'd;
 And onward still the Scottish Lion bore
 And still the scatter'd Southron fled before.

after the plan and style of Percy's *Reliques*. Accordingly the first two volumes of his *Border Minstrelsy* were published in 1802, and met a reception which encouraged him to continue this work. His plan included not merely traditional ballads, but modern imitations of these which, as he explains in the Introduction, "are founded upon such traditions as we may suppose in the elder times would have employed the harps of minstrels. This kind of poetry has been supposed capable of uniting the vigorous numbers and wild fiction, which occasionally charm us in the ancient ballad, with a greater equality of versification and elegance of sentiment than we can expect to find in the works of a rude age." It was while engaged upon this modest attempt at imitating the better characteristics of the ancient ballad, and at the same time adapting it to the higher standard of perfection and elegance belonging to his own age, that Scott conceived the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and found, as it were, accidentally, the style of poetry which is specially associated with his name, and most fully exemplifies his genius. The steps by which he arrived at this end are fully traced in his own and Lockhart's account of the genesis of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

Genesis of the Lay.—In the Introduction to the *Lay* which Scott prefixed to the edition of 1830, he writes as follows:—"I was not ignorant that the practice of ballad-writing was for the present out of fashion, and that any attempt to revive it, or to found a poetical character upon it, would certainly fail of success. The ballad-measure itself, which was once listened to as to an enchanting melody, had become hackneyed and sickening, from its being the accompaniment of every grinding hand-organ; and besides, a long work in quatrains, whether those of the common ballad, or such as are termed elegiac, has an effect upon the mind like that of the bed of Procrustes upon the human body; for, as it must be both awkward and difficult to carry on a long sentence from one stanza to another, it follows that the meaning of each period must be comprehended within four lines, and equally so that it must be extended so as to fill that space. The alternate dilation and contraction thus rendered necessary is singularly unfavourable to narrative composition; and the 'Gondibert' of Sir William D'Avenant, though containing many striking passages, has never become popular, owing chiefly to its being told in this species of elegiac verse.

"In the dilemma occasioned by this objection, the idea occurred to the Author of using the measured short line, which forms the structure of so much minstrel poetry that it may be properly termed the Roman-

tic stanza, by way of distinction; and which appears so natural to our language that the very best of our poets have not been able to protract it into the verse properly called Heroic, without the use of epithets which are, to say the least, unnecessary. But, on the other hand, the extreme facility of the short couplet, which seems congenial to our language, and was, doubtless for that reason, so popular with our old minstrels, is, for the same reason, apt to prove a snare to the composer who uses it in more modern days, by encouraging him in a habit of slovenly composition. The necessity of occasional pauses often forces the young poet to pay more attention to sense, as the boy's kite rises highest when the train is loaded by a due counterpoise. The Author was therefore intimidated by what Byron calls the 'fatal facility' of the octosyllabic verse, which was otherwise better adapted to his purpose of imitating the more ancient poetry.

"I was not less at a loss for a subject which might admit of being treated with the simplicity and wildness of the ancient ballad. But accident dictated both a theme and measure which decided the subject as well as the structure of the poem.

"The lovely young Countess of Dalkeith, afterwards Harriet Duchess of Buccleuch, had come to the land of her husband with the desire of making herself acquainted with its traditions and customs, as well as its manners and history. All who remember this lady will agree that the intellectual character of her extreme beauty, the amenity and courtesy of her manners, the soundness of her understanding, and her unbounded benevolence, gave more the idea of an angelic visitant than of a being belonging to this nether world; and such a thought was but too consistent with the short space she was permitted to tarry among us. Of course, where all made it a pride and pleasure to gratify her wishes, she soon heard enough of Border lore; among others, an aged gentleman of property, near Langholm, communicated to her ladyship the story of Gilpin Horner, a tradition in which the narrator, and many more of that country, were firm believers. The young Countess, much delighted with the legend, and the gravity and full confidence with which it was told, enjoined on me as a task to compose a ballad on the subject. Of course to hear was to obey; and thus the goblin story objected to by several critics as an excrescence upon the poem was, in fact, the occasion of its being written.

"A chance similar to that which dictated the subject gave me also the hint of a new mode of treating it. We had at that time the lease of a pleasant cottage near Lasswade, on the romantic banks of the Esk, to

which we escaped when the vacations of the Court permitted me so much leisure. Here I had the pleasure to receive a visit from Mr. Stoddart (now Sir John Stoddart, Judge-Advocate of Malta), who was at that time collecting the particulars which he afterwards embodied in his *Remarks on Local Scenery in Scotland* [1801]. I was of some use to him in procuring the information which he desired, and guiding him to the scenes which he wished to see. In return, he made me better acquainted than I had hitherto been with the poetic effusions which have since made the Lakes of Westmoreland, and the authors by whom they have been sung, so famous wherever the English tongue is spoken.

“I was already acquainted with the ‘*Joan of Arc*,’ the ‘*Thalaba*,’ and the ‘*Metrical Ballads*,’ of Mr. Southey, which had found their way to Scotland, and were generally admired. But Mr. Stoddart, who had the advantage of personal friendship with the authors, and who possessed a strong memory with an excellent taste, was able to repeat to me many long specimens of their poetry, which had not yet appeared in print. Amongst others was the striking fragment called ‘*Christabel*,’ by Mr. Coleridge, which, from the singularly irregular structure of the stanzas, and the liberty which it allowed the author to adapt the sound to the sense, seemed to be exactly suited to such an extravaganza as I meditated on the subject of Gilpin Horner.

“I did not immediately proceed upon my projected labour, though I was now furnished with a subject, and with a structure of verse which might have the effect of novelty to the public ear, and afford the author an opportunity of varying his measure with the variations of a romantic theme. On the contrary, it was, to the best of my recollection, more than a year after Mr. Stoddart’s visit that, by way of experiment I composed the first two or three stanzas of ‘*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.’ I was shortly afterwards visited by two intimate friends, one of whom still survives. They were men whose talents might have raised them to the highest station in literature had they not preferred exerting them in their own profession of the law, in which they attained equal preferment. I was in the habit of consulting them on my attempts at composition, having equal confidence in their sound taste and friendly sincerity. In this specimen I had, in the phrase of the Highland servant, packed all that was my own *at least*, for I had also included a line of invocation, a little softened, from Coleridge—

‘Mary, mother, shield us well.’

As neither of my friends said much to me on the subject of the stanzas I shewed them before their departure, I had no doubt that their

disgust had been greater than their good-nature chose to express. Looking upon them, therefore, as a failure, I threw the manuscript into the fire, and thought as little more as I could of the matter. Some time afterwards I met one of my two counsellors, who inquired, with considerable appearance of interest, about the progress of the romance I had commenced, and was greatly surprised at learning its fate. He confessed that neither he nor our mutual friend had been at first able to give a precise opinion on a poem so much out of the common road, but that as they walked home together to the city they had talked much on the subject, and the result was an earnest desire that I would proceed with the composition. He also added, that some sort of prologue might be necessary, to place the mind of the hearers in the situation to understand and enjoy the poem, and recommended the adoption of such quaint mottoes as Spenser has used to announce the contents of the chapters of the 'Faery Queen.'

"I entirely agreed with my friendly critic in the necessity of having some sort of pitch-pipe, which might make readers aware of the object, or rather the tone, of the publication. But I doubted whether, in assuming the oracular style of Spenser's mottoes, the interpreter might not be censured as the harder to be understood of the two. I therefore introduced the Old Minstrel, as an appropriate prolocutor by whom the lay might be sung or spoken, and the introduction of whom betwixt the cantos might remind the reader at intervals of the time, place, and circumstances of the recitation. This species of *cadre*, or frame, afterwards afforded the poem its name of 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel.'"

Lockhart gives some additional particulars:—"The scene and the date of the resumption [of the *Lay* after the supposed unfavourable criticism spoken of in the last extract] I owe to the recollection of the then Cornet of the Edinburgh Light Horse. While the troops were on permanent duty at Musselburgh, in the autumnal recess of 1802, the quartermaster,* during a charge on Portobello sands, received a kick of a horse, which confined him for three days to his lodgings. Mr. Skene found him busy with his pen; and he produced before these three days had expired the first canto of the *Lay*, very nearly, if his friend's memory may be trusted, in the state in which it was ultimately published. That the whole poem was sketched and filled in with extra-

* i.e., Scott. It was the time of intense anxiety with regard to a French invasion, and Scott shared fully in the military ardour of the nation, which led to the formation of volunteer corps for repelling the invaders.

ordinary rapidity, there can be no difficulty in believing. The *Lay* soon outgrew the dimensions which he had originally contemplated; the design of including it in the third volume of the *Minstrelsy* was of course abandoned; and it did not appear until nearly three years after that fortunate mishap on the beach of Portobello."

Publication.—The *Lay of the Last Minstrel* was published in January, 1805, and, notwithstanding the novelty of its form and character, received an instant and hearty welcome both from the general public of poetry-readers and from critics and literary men like Jeffrey and the poet Campbell. The 750 copies of the first edition, which was a handsome and expensive one, and the 1,500 copies of a second cheaper edition, were exhausted within the year. In the following twelve-month 4,250 additional copies were sold. "Nearly forty-four thousand copies," says Lockhart, "had been disposed of in this country, and by the legitimate trade alone, before Scott superintended the edition of 1830, to which his biographical introductions were prefixed. In the history of British poetry nothing had ever equalled the demand for the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*." The poet himself writes in the Introduction of 1830, "It would be great affectation not to own that the author expected some success from the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. The attempt to return to a more simple and natural style of poetry was likely to be welcomed at a time when the public had become tired of heroic hexameters, with all the buckram and binding that belongs to them in modern days. But whatever might have been his expectations, whether moderate or unreasonable, the result left them far behind; for among those who smiled on the adventurous minstrel were numbered the great names of William Pitt and Charles Fox."

General Plan of the Poem.—The *Lay* is a narrative of a romantic love story. The story itself is a fiction, but it is placed in a definite period of the historic past (the middle of the 16th century), and in a definite locality, the Scottish Borders, where unique social conditions prevailed; besides this, real persons and actual events are, to some extent, introduced, or referred to. The consequent necessity of observing, in some measure at least, historic truth, affords the historic element which is rarely lacking in Scott's work; and though the love story is the thread which maintains the interest and binds the whole poem together, it is not in the story that the poet himself is most interested, but rather in depicting the life, scenes, and characters which belong to the actual time and locality selected. The love scenes, as is always the case with Scott, are rather conventional, and are confined

to the smallest compass ; he neither much cares for, nor greatly excels in that portion of the work ; but concentrates his power upon the active and picturesque scenes of battle and adventure with which the love story is bound up. As in *Marmion*,* he contrives his plot so as to introduce all the striking aspects of the life of the time and district represented : an every-day scene in a Border castle, the perils and difficulties of the lonely wayfarer, a Border raid, a festive occasion, a combat in the lists, a religious ceremonial, etc. Furthermore, the plot is affected and developed by supernatural influences. There is a supernatural declaration of a decree of Fate which the Lady of Branksome attempts to defeat by resort to magic ; but, as is usual in such cases, the very means she adopts are instrumental in accomplishing the edicts of destiny, and the lovers are happily united. The supernatural is one of those elements of mediæval romance which attracted not only Scott (who continually introduces it both in poetry and in prose) but the generation to which he belonged ; as is evidenced by Mrs. Radcliffe's novels, by M. G. Lewis's tales and poems, by the numerous and popular translations from the German of weird plays and ballads, as well as, in a higher sphere, by Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel*. Further, such superstitious beliefs as those introduced in the *Lay*, are almost inevitable in the older literature after which it is modelled, as well as a factor in the life of the times depicted in the poem. Yet to this supernatural element, and, indeed, to the general structure of the plot, Jeffrey objected :—"The magic of the lady, the midnight visit to Melrose, and the mighty book of the enchanter, which occupy nearly one third of the whole poem, and engross the attention of the reader for a long time after the commencement of the narrative, are of no use whatever in the subsequent development of the fable, and do not contribute, in any degree, either to the production or explanation of the incidents that follow. The whole character and proceedings of the goblin page, in like manner, may be considered as merely episodical ; for though he is employed in some of the subordinate incidents, it is remarkable that no material part of the fable requires the intervention of supernatural agency. The young Buccleuch might have wandered into the wood, although he had not been decoyed by a goblin ; and the dame might have given her daughter to the deliverer of her son, although she had never listened to the prattlement of the river and mountain spirits." It has been the fashion among the critics to accept this view of Jeffrey,

* Cf. the titles of the successive cantos of *Marmion* : the Castle, the Convent, the Camp, the Battle, etc.

mainly, perhaps, because Scott seems to admit its validity ; in a private letter (dated March 21st, 1805) to his friend, Miss Seward, he writes : " It [the *Lay*] has great faults, of which no one can be more sensible than I am myself. Above all, it is deficient in that sort of continuity which a story ought to have, and which, were I to write again, I would endeavour to give it. But I began and wandered forward, like one in a pleasant country, getting to the top of one hill to see a prospect, and to the bottom of another to enjoy a shade, and what wonder if my course has been devious and desultory, and many of my excursions altogether unprofitable to the advance of my journey. The Dwarf Page is also an excrescence, and I plead guilty to all the censures concerning him. The truth is, he has a history, and it is this : The story of Gilpin Horner was told by an old gentleman to Lady Dalkeith, and she, much diverted with his actually believing so grotesque a tale, insisted that I should make it into a Border ballad. I don't know if ever you saw my lovely chieftainness—if you have, you must be aware that it is *impossible* for any one to refuse her request, as she has more of the angel in face and temper than any one alive ; so that if she had asked me to write a ballad on a broomstick I must have attempted it. I began a few verses, to be called the Goblin Page ; and they lay long by me, till the applause of some friends whose judgment I valued, induced me to resume the poem ; so on I wrote, knowing no more than the man in the moon how I was to end. At length the story appeared so uncouth, that I was fain to put it into the mouth of my old minstrel—lest the nature of it should be misunderstood, and I should be suspected of setting up a new school of poetry, instead of a feeble attempt to imitate the old. In the process of the romance, the page, intended to be a principal person in the work, contrived (from the baseness of his natural propensities, I suppose), to slink down stairs into the kitchen, and now he must e'en abide there. I mention these circumstances to you, and to any one whose applause I value, because I am unwilling you should suspect me of trifling with the public in *malice prepense*. As to the herd of critics, it is impossible for me to pay much attention to them ; for, as they do not understand what I call poetry, we talk in a foreign language to each other. . . . The sixth canto is altogether redundant ; for the poem should certainly have closed with the union of the lovers, when the interest, if any, was at an end. But what could I do ? I had my book and my page still on my hands, and must get rid of them at all events. Manage them as I would,

their catastrophe must have been insufficient to occupy an entire canto ; so I was fain to eke it out with the songs of the minstrels."

To all this Professor Minto answers convincingly, as it seems to the present editor :* "That this humble confession and apology was only polite chaff from an author put upon his defence by an amiable lady and not disposed to enter upon serious argument in the circumstances, will hardly be doubted by anybody familiar with Scott's character. If Scott was serious in his plea of guilty, it is a remarkable instance of genius being unconscious of its own excellence. There is much more truth in another saying of his, applied in the letter to Miss Seward to 'the herd of critics,' but in his private conversation applied to Jeffrey, that 'they did not understand what he called poetry.' They certainly did not understand this particular example of romantic poetry. There is much to be said in favour of the maligned goblin, whom his author was unfeeling enough to disclaim as an excrescence. The Ladye might have been checkmated and Margaret and Cranston married without him, but as the story stands, his help was essential. His pranks are not episodical, but in the main line of the action. That 'no material part of the fable requires the intervention of supernatural agency,' is no more true of Scott's poem than of the *Iliad*. Further, whether or not the end was clear to the romancer when he began, and however grotesque the supernatural agents are, the structure of the romance is perfectly regular as it stands—its regularity of plot, in fact, is one of the points in which it differs from mediæval romances, one of the points in which Scott profited from the example of the novelists of the eighteenth century.

"The truth is that the supernatural element, so far from being an excrescence, overhangs, encompasses, and interpenetrates the human element in the story. The love of Cranstoun and Margaret is a matter of keen concern and high debate in the supernatural world of magicians, elemental spirits, and hobgoblins which Scott adopted as the peculiar

*Following the lead of Jeffrey, Mr. Stuart makes an objection which is quoted in the note to l. 552, Canto IV., of this edition. But surely this, too, can be met. Supernatural powers conferred by magic are always, and must always, be represented as limited ; no magician is gifted with omniscience. The Lady was aware of the approach of assistance, but not of its outcome ; human reasoning rendered it probable that the castle would be relieved, but did not assure the safety of her son, who might be carried off by the retreating foe to England. Yet, after a struggle between maternal feeling and her sense of duty to her clan, she was willing to accept that risk. But evidently the danger of losing the child was much greater when it depended on the result of a single combat between equally matched opponents.

creed of Border superstition. The Ladye appeals to this upper world in the first Canto, and puts its agency in motion. In the last Canto, defeated by the Fate that controls all from a still higher station, through the very instruments whose help she had invoked, she acknowledges her defeat, wreaks her spite on the goblin, and renounces magic for ever. The human story lies between, compact and regular enough, a story of true love successful in spite of obstinate impediments, those impediments being removed by supernatural means. They might have been removed by other means, but in that case the romance would have been a different kind of romance. The supernatural element cannot be detached without destroying the whole structure. The last Canto is superfluous only if the first Canto is superfluous; the one completes what the other began."

Historical Elements in the Poem.—In the last section we have emphasized, as Scott in his Preface emphasizes, the historical element in the *Lay*; for it is Scott's power of imaginatively treating the historic that constitutes the most distinctive factor in his genius;—his power of imaginatively reviving the past, of giving expression to feelings connected therewith, and to those broad sentiments that bind the individual to his nation and his kin, to aspects and movements that belong to society as a whole, as distinguished from those that pertain to merely private life. The subject of the poem before us touched more closely upon all such feelings in Scott's breast than could any other. It is not merely a picturesque period in the past that he treats, not merely an interesting feature of his own country's history, but it is the traditions of his own clan, his own ancestors and remote connections, the forefathers of his own acquaintances and friends, the stories and localities associated with his earliest and dearest memories. This poem had a meaning for Scott which it can have for few of its readers. Each place, almost every name he passingly mentions, was to him pregnant with countless associations. And though for us these associations do not exist, it is partly because of them—partly because the poet was pouring out the knowledge and feelings that lay closest to his heart—that this poem has a power and a freshness beyond *Marmion* and the *Lady of the Lake*, more careful and well-wrought as these undoubtedly are. Scott is here not merely an artist exercising his skill upon a suitable theme; he is the clan-minstrel, inspired by the past of his race, celebrating for his fellow clansmen, deeds and places which may be but obscure and meaningless to others, but to them are so full of suggestion that the mere name is enough. So that the frame-

work of the poem is scarcely a fiction; Scott himself is the minstrel singing for his chieftain's lady.*

Although it is the historical aspect that gives for Scott the interest of the theme, he treats history, as usual, with artistic freedom. Not merely, as is shown in the notes, does he alter chronology, bring persons together who never met, and take various liberties with facts, but—what is of greater importance—although professing to illustrate the customs and manners which anciently prevailed upon the Borders, he consciously changes and idealizes the details, so that the impression given is very different from that conveyed by the introduction and notes of the *Minstrelsy*, where Scott is the antiquarian and not the poet. Of the cruelty, the misery, the squalor of Border life, Scott was fully cognizant, but all this is kept in the background, and is so mentioned as to be scarcely realized (cf., the incident related by Watt Tinlinn, Canto IV, st. vi). On the other hand, such conditions developed certain qualities which Scott specially admired—courage, endurance, personal loyalty, hospitality, hardihood of all descriptions, and gave play to active and manly characteristics, and to bustling, adventurous, out-of-door life, such as Scott loved. In spite, then, of its drawbacks, Scott felt a genuine interest and enthusiasm for Border life; and he makes the reader see with his eyes by carefully softening or concealing uglier features, and by intensifying and dwelling upon the more admirable and

*“It was at Bowhill that the Countess of Dalkeith requested a ballad on Gilpin Horner. The ruined castle of Newark closely adjoins that seat, and is now included within its *pleasance*. Newark had been the chosen residence of the first Duchess of Buccleuch, and [Scott] accordingly shadows out his own beautiful friend in the person of his lord's ancestress, the last of the original stock of that great house; himself the favoured inmate of Bowhill, introduced certainly to the familiarity of its circle in consequence of his devotion to the poetry of a by-past age, in that of the aged minstrel. . . . The arch allusions which run through all these *Introductions*, without in the least interrupting the truth and graceful pathos of their main impression, seem to me exquisitely characteristic of Scott, whose delight and pride was to play with the genius which, nevertheless, mastered him at will. For, in truth, what is it that gives to all his works their unique and mastering charm, except the matchless effect which sudden effusions of the purest heart-blood of nature derive from their being poured out, to all appearance involuntarily, amidst diction and sentiment cast equally in the mould of the busy world, and the seemingly habitual desire to dwell on nothing but what might be likely to excite curiosity, without too much disturbing deeper feelings, in the saloons of polished life. Such outbursts come forth dramatically in all his writings; but in the interludes and passionate parentheses of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* we have the poet's own inner soul and temperament laid bare and throbbing before us. Even here, indeed, he has a master, and he trusts it—but fortunately it is a transparent one.”—*Lockhart*.

interesting. Further, he imparts a material splendour, a picturesqueness of costume and detail which were not actually existent.* Of what life on the Borders actually was, the following sketch, mainly taken from Scott's Introduction to the *Minstrelsy*, may give some idea :—

The Borders.—From time immemorial the Borders had been the battle-ground for conflicting races and kingdoms. In consequence, they were, up to the union of the two kingdoms by the accession of James at the beginning of the 17th century, in a very turbulent and unsettled state, which favoured the maintenance of primitive social conditions, and hindered the progress which other parts of the country were making. Life and property were constantly imperilled by attacks from the neighbouring kingdom, and the ordinary arts of peace were little profitable. Agriculture was discouraged; it was better to graze sheep and cattle on the unimproved moors and hills; for these might, in case of danger, be withdrawn to temporary shelter. But a still easier sort of livelihood, as it seemed to the inhabitants, might be won by plundering the neighbouring kingdom, as was constantly done both in war and peace. This species of robbery was dignified by its association with patriotism and courage. Hence a peculiar moral standard, “the rapine by which they subsisted, they accounted lawful and honourable. Ever liable to lose their whole substance, by an incursion of the English on a sudden breach of truce,

* “The manners are more like the manners of English and French chivalry as depicted by Froissart than the manners of the Borderers as depicted by Lesley or Maitland. Nobody knew this better than Scott, who in his Introduction and Notes to the Border Minstrelsy had given a complete picture of the Borderers as they were in reality—a vigorous race living in uncertain tenure of property and life, divided into clans often at feud one with another, and owing obedience to no central authority, their chiefs sheep-farmers who eked out their subsistence by plunder, roughly fed, roughly housed, roughly armed, and roughly mannered. The baronial magnificence of the establishment at Branksome Hall is a “poetical ornament”; there was no such splendour of “knight and page and household squire” on the Scottish borders. Loyalty to the House of Buccleuch something like Caleb Balderstone's loyalty to the House of Ravenswood may have prompted this exaggeration, but it was required also to fulfil the ideas of poetic effect which Scott had inherited from the eighteenth century. He sympathised heartily himself with the rude energy of the sturdy moss-trooper, the stout robber of sheep and cattle and everything that was “neither too heavy nor too hot,” William of Deloraine, but respect for poetic effect would not allow him to show the reiving Borderer in his habit as he lived: William of Deloraine is dressed to advantage in “shield and jack and acton,” and is proclaimed in splendidly prepared lists as a “good knight and true of noble strain.” For an unblemished picture of Border-life, with its savage feuds and frays and plundering raids, high-handed outrages and miserable sufferings, lighted here and there by incidents of heroic courage and devotion, we must go to the minute and curious lore of the Border Minstrelsy.”—*Minto*.

they cared little to waste their time in cultivating crops to be reaped by their foes. Their cattle was therefore their chief property; and these were nightly exposed to Southern Borderers, as rapacious and active as themselves. Hence robbery assumed the appearance of fair reprisal. The fatal privilege of pursuing marauders into their own country for recovery of stolen goods, led to continual skirmishes. The warden also, himself frequently the chieftain of a Border horde, when redress was not instantly granted by the opposite officer, for depredations sustained by his district, was entitled to retaliate upon England by a *warden raid*." Such a condition of affairs favoured the maintenance of a military basis for society. "The immediate rulers of the Borders were the chiefs of different clans, who exercised over their respective septs, a dominion partly patriarchal and partly feudal." Such a clan was that of the Scotts; their chief was Buccleuch, who is said to have been able in the 16th century to summon to his banner one hundred lairds, all of his own name, with ten thousand men—landless men, but still of his own blood. "The abodes of these petty princes by no means corresponded to the extent of their power. We do not find, on the Scottish Borders, the splendid and extensive baronial castles which graced and defended the opposite frontier." "The Scottish chieftain, however extensive his domains, derived no pecuniary advantage, save from such parts as he could himself cultivate or occupy. Payment of rent was hardly known on the Borders, till after the Union of 1603. All that the landlord could gain from those residing upon his estate, was their personal service in battle, their assistance in labouring the land retained in his natural possession, some petty quit-rents of a nature resembling the feudal casualties, and perhaps a share in the spoil which they acquired by rapine. This, with his herds of cattle and of sheep, and with the *black-mail* which he exacted from his neighbours, constituted the revenue of the chieftain; and from funds so precarious, he could rarely spare sums to expend in strengthening or decorating his habitation. Another reason is found in the Scottish mode of warfare. It was early discovered that the English surpassed their neighbours in the arts of assaulting and defending fortified places. The policy of the Scottish, therefore, deterred them from erecting upon the Borders, buildings of such extent and strength, as, being once taken by the foe, would have been capable of receiving a permanent garrison." "For these combined reasons, the residence of the chieftain was commonly a large, square, battlemented tower, called a *keep*, or *peel*, placed on a precipice, or on the banks of a torrent, and, if the ground would permit, surrounded by a moat." "The common people resided in paltry huts,

about the safety of which they were little anxious, as they contained nothing of value. On the approach of a superior force they unthatched them, to prevent their being burned, and then abandoned them to the foe."

Men living amidst such conditions and under such a form of government did not, of course, confine their acts of violence to England. They quarrelled among themselves; feuds of the most vindictive character existed between the various clans, as is illustrated in the poem, by the case of the Scotts and Kerrs. They had little respect for the central authority; and, in return, the Scottish monarch sometimes treated them, in times of peace when their services were not required, as a species of outcasts, united his powers with those of England to punish them for their disorders, and even by express contract abandoned them to the bloody retaliation of the English. In order to maintain better order, the two governments had, in the fourteenth century, divided the boundaries into the East, Middle, and West Marches; and wardens were appointed for each of these by the respective sovereigns. Within these districts the wardens stood in the place and exercised the prerogatives of the king himself. At certain times, days of truce were held when the English and Scottish wardens met for the adjustment of difficulties and claims. These meetings, as might be expected, sometimes ended in resort to arms; and the wardens, who were usually powerful Border magnates, were often rather initiators of violence than maintainers of good order. Some statistics from contemporary records may indicate the state of these Border shires. In 1460, by actual survey, Northumberland alone contained 37 castles and 78 towers. In 1544 the English invaded the Scottish Borders, and between July and November destroyed 192 towns, towers, parish churches, etc., slew 403 Scotts, took 816 prisoners, carried off over 10,000 head of cattle, 12,000 sheep, 1,296 horses, etc. Within the next twelvemonth, the English leader reported to the king that in 16 days he had destroyed on the Scottish Borders 7 monasteries and friars' houses, 16 castles, towers, etc., 5 market towns, 243 villages, 13 mills, etc. As late as 1606 the Earl of Dunbar executed 140 Border robbers; but after the middle of the 17th century the Borders gradually subsided into a peaceful and orderly society.

The geographical signification of the word "Borders" varies, sometimes meaning the Scottish and English shires touching upon the dividing line of the two kingdoms, sometimes the Scottish shires only; in its most proper literary sense the word is used specially applied to that

part of Scotland drained by the Tweed and its tributaries, and that drained by the Esk and Liddel. The Border, in this narrowest sense, is a well watered expanse of moors and rounded hills, with occasional precipices, full of black mosses, green pastures and quiet glens. As Scott knew it, it was almost treeless, though, no doubt, as such names as *Ettrick Forest* show, at an earlier period well-wooded. Professor Veitch gives a description of a characteristic Border scene: "We look around us from this great height, and what strikes the eye? On all sides innumerable rounded, broad hill-tops run in series of parallel flowing ridges, and between the ridges we note that there is enclosed in each a scooped-out glen, in which we know that a burn or water flows. These hill-tops follow each other in wavy outline. One rises, flows, falls, passes softly into another. This again rises, flows, and passes into another beyond itself; and thus the eye reposes on the long soft lines of a sea of hills, whose tops move, and yet do not move, for they carry our vision along their undulating flows, themselves motionless, lying like an earth-ocean in the deep, quite calm of their statuesque beauty. Near us are the heads of the burns, and the heads of the glens. Here at our burn-head, we have deep peaty bogs, out of which ooze black trickling rills; then, at another, we have a well-eye, fringed with bright mosses, and fair forget-me-not of purer hue and more slender form than the valley can show. The burn gathers strength and makes its way down through a deep red scaur and amid grey-bleached boulder stones; then, overshadowed by the boughs of a solitary rock-rooted birch, leaps through a sunny fall to a strong, deep eddying pool. At length it reaches the hollow of the glen, where it winds round and round, amid links of soft, green pasture, amid sheen of bracken and glow of heather, passes a solitary herd's house—the only symbol of human life there—now breaks against a dark-grey opposing rock, then spreads itself out before the sunlight in soft music amid its stones. Finally, leaving the line of hills that shut in the glen on each side, the stream mingles with one of the waters of the South, with the Tweed itself."

Style of the Poem.—As we have seen it was Scott's purpose in writing the *Lay* to afford the same sort of gratification to his readers as in earlier times the ballad had furnished to the audience that gathered about the minstrel. The minstrel gave pleasure by telling a lively and interesting story dealing with the marvellous or adventurous, or springing from some universal and obvious sources of pathos or joy. To this story was imparted the charm given by poetic form, by simple rhythms,

by occasional elevation of diction and imagery, but these of a rough-and-ready character, for all exquisiteness in style would have been lost upon the audience and under the conditions of ballad recitation. In like manner, what signalizes Scott's poetry, especially in contrast with that of his contemporaries and immediate predecessors, is that it is poetry not of reflection, of insight, or of analysis, but poetry of movement and action, the picturesque representation of the external world, of what in human life presents itself to eye and ear, without profundity of feeling or subtlety of thought or observation. No poet surpasses Scott in his special sphere, in the animation and vigour of his narrative, in the way in which he carries us along through descriptions of varied and picturesque scenes, incidents, and characters. With this vigour and freshness, with this lack of subtlety and profound thought, the style of the *Lay* harmonizes. The metre has swing and animation, a capacity for different effects of swift and varied narrative. The diction and imagery are concrete and picturesque. The ease with which the poet's thought clothes itself in fairly appropriate language and rhythm is felt by the reader, and gives attraction to the poem. But rarely are thought and form so aptly fitted as to lead us to pause, to linger fondly over a thought or a cadence. And if we resist the tendency to be carried along by the vigorous style, and stop to be critical, we find frequent indications of slipshod workmanship, imperfect rhymes, prosaic or trivial expressions, defective metre, inharmonious combinations of sound, and inaccurate use of words.* The ascription of the poem to a wandering minstrel may serve to condone such offences, as it certainly warrants the poet's frequent and not unpleasing use of provincial words, terms from old ballads, and the obsolete language of elder poets, especially of Spenser. The *Lay* more closely resembles its models than does any of its successors, e.g., than the *Lady of the Lake*, with its more elaborate ornament, frequent and detailed description of scenery, and more sentimental tone. In the *Lay*, scenes are not elaborately described, but effectively characterized by one or two epithets, or are mentioned for the sake of the historic

* For example: *imperfect rhymes* (very frequent): *hid, need*, II., 162; *dread, laid*, II., 172; *boy, high*, III., 250; *toil, smile*, III., 406; *freed, stead*, IV., 560; *on, bone*, VI., 168, etc.; *prosaic, or trivial expression*: "And also his power was limited," III., 162; 147-8; IV., 250; *defective metre*: "Unwillingly himself he addressed," III., 127; I., 151, 192, 239; VI., 435; *inharmonious combinations of sounds*: "Alas, fair dames, your hopes all vain," II., 346; *inaccurate use of words*: *expand*, II., 193; *show*, IV., 72; *know*, IV., 342; *dear*, V., 73; *gain*, V., 424.

association, rather than for their natural beauty* (cf. I., xxv. fol., and see p. v. above). This is in the manner of the best ballad poetry, and everywhere the finest passages of the play depend for their excellence on simple qualities (greatly enhanced and developed, no doubt,) of popular poetry. Note the stir and movement, the absence of elaboration, in the narrative of Deloraine's Journey (I., xxv. fol.), and in the alarm at Branksome (III., xxv. fol.), where the effectiveness of the description is increased by contrast of the charm and calm of the preceding stanza; the brevity and suggestiveness of the account of Watt Tinlinn's arrival (IV., iv.), and the dramatic force and appropriateness of his answer to the Ladye (vi.); the presence of the same admirable qualities in Deloraine's speech over the body of his foe (V., xxix.), and the masterly condensation and effectiveness of the ballad of Rosabelle (VI., xxvi.), perhaps the finest thing in the poem. Even the reflective passages, though drawn out at a length unprecedented in the model, have the simple and obvious character of similar sentiments in ballad poetry (cf. VI., i., ii., and IV., i., ii.).

The difference, however, between the *readers* to whom Scott's printed verse was addressed, and the *hearers* of the bard's recitation, are many and great; and the difference between the *Lay* and its antique forerunners are no less numerous and striking. The length and complexity of Scott's poem, its rounded plot, so unlike the naive narrative of the ballad, or the rambling planlessness of the Metrical Romance, the introduction of such descriptions as that of Melrose, and of minute details of costume (the antiquarian too often gets the upper hand of the poet in this matter), the prolonged and developed reflections occasionally found, and the general and marked superiority of style, all differentiate modern and refined, from the antique and naive, art.

The Metre.—A word may be added as to the versification. The ordinary measure of a narrative ballad was the rhyming couplet of

* "Closely connected with the feeling for free nature in Scott is his wonderful sense of locality and faculty of imbuing places with the magic power of suggestion. In this he differs mainly from Wordsworth and resembles Milton. . . . Scott inwove with this love[of nature] the history of the past, story and legend, until places and natural objects thrill the heart with a wholly new power. Out of the wealth of association stored in his capacious memory he has instinctively chosen epithet or allusion with singular fitness, and thus raised town or tower, muir, hill, vale or stream into an ideal sphere, yet so vividly that it is more real to the imagination than to the senses. Scott has read the language of a locality as it was never read before; he has translated the present into the past, so that the past lives in it with more power for us than any experience we can have of it will ever counterbalance."—*Veitch's History and Poetry of the Scottish Border*.

seven stresses in each line ; this came to be treated as a quatrain with alternate lines of four and three stresses, and in this form is known as the ballad stanza, *e.g.*,

“ When Percy wi’ the Douglas met
 I wat he was fu’ fain !
 They swakked their swords till sair they swat,
 And blood ran down like rain.’

The minstrels were not, however, sticklers for regularity, and from time to time, as it suited their convenience, intermingled stanzas that departed from this form, sometimes, for example, lengthening the 2nd and 4th lines by an additional foot, or extending the stanza to six lines. In the *Ancient Mariner*, Coleridge takes similar liberties, not through indolence or indifference, however, but to produce special effects. In his earlier imitations, *The Eve of St. John*, etc., Scott writes in the form of quatrains, but for a long poem he felt that the stanza became intolerably monotonous. The hint for a suitable metre, he derived, as he tells us, from hearing a part of Coleridge’s *Christabel* recited. The basis of Coleridge’s metre is the rhyming tetrameter couplet, where the stresses and not the syllables are counted, *e.g.*,

“ Is the night chilly and dark ?
 The night is chilly, but not dark.
 The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
 It covers, but not hides the sky.
 The moon is behind, and at the full :
 And yet she looks both small and dull.
 The night is chill, the cloud is gray :
 ’Tis a month before the month of May,
 And the Spring comes slowly up this way.”

Scott echoes this rhythm very distinctly in the first stanza of Canto I, but having caught the general conception, he proceeds to use it in his own fashion, and the stanzas which follow are much less reminiscent of Coleridge. Scott, not content with the very considerable latitude and variety allowed by the varying number of syllables in the line, varies also the number of stresses, and adjusts the rhymes as he pleases. In the *Introduction* and other parts of the framework, he employs the most regular form of the line, the ten syllabled rhyming couplet, and this may be regarded as the standard measure, departures from which are intended to produce special effects. Undoubtedly Scott is careless in this matter as in others, and variation is often, as he himself confesses, the result of momentary convenience or caprice. At other times the varieties of metre are employed with admirable effect. Note, for

example, the fitness of the lyrical form of the close of II., xxv., and its effective contrast with xxiv. ; again compare stanzas xxiii., xxiv., xxv., and xxvi. of Canto I ; observe the suitability of the metre in xxv. for swift narrative, and the propriety of the closing couplet of xxvi.

General Characteristics.—Two extracts from competent critics may serve to sum up the general characteristics of the poem. Mr. R. H. Hutton ascribes the success of Scott's poetry to "the high romantic glow and the extraordinary romantic simplicity of the poetical elements they contained. . . . The cases in which he makes a study of any mood or feeling, as he does of this harper's feelings, are comparatively rare. Deloraine's night ride to Melrose is a good deal more in Scott's ordinary way than this study of the old harper's wistful mood. But whatever his subject his treatment of it is the same. His lines are always strongly drawn, his handling is always simple, and his subject always romantic. . . . Scott's romance is like his native scenery—bold, bare, and rugged, with a swift, deep stream of strong, pure feeling running through it. There is plenty of colour in his pictures, as there is on the Scotch hills when the heather is out. And so, too, there is plenty of intensity in his romantic situations ; but it is the intensity of simple, natural, unsophisticated, hardy, and manly characters. But as for subtleties and fine shades of feeling in his poems, or anything like the manifold harmonies of the richer arts, they are not to be found. Again there is no rich music in his verse. It is its rapid onset, its hurrying strength, which so fixes it on the mind." Scott's great critical contemporary, whose natural and acquired taste was, for a poetry, very different from that of the *Lay*, yet finds theme for praise in the same qualities :—

"The great secret of his popularity, and the leading characteristic of his poetry, appear to us to consist evidently in this, that he has made more use of common topics, images and expressions, than any original poet of later times. . . . In the choice of his subjects, for example, he does not attempt to interest merely by fine observation or pathetic sentiment, but takes the assistance of a story, and enlists the reader's curiosity among his motives for attention. Then his characters are all selected from the most common *dramatis personæ* of poetry ;—kings, warriors, knights, outlaws, nuns, minstrels, secluded damsels, wizards, and true lovers. . . . In the management of the passions, again, Mr. Scott appears to have pursued the same popular and comparatively easy course. . . . He has dazzled the reader with the splendour, and even warmed him with the transient heat of various affections ; but

he has nowhere fairly kindled him with enthusiasm, or melted him into tenderness. Writing for the world at large, he has wisely abstained from attempting to raise any passion to a height to which worldly people could not be transported; and contented himself with giving his reader the chance of feeling as a brave, kind, and affectionate gentleman must often feel in the ordinary course of his existence, without trying to breathe into him either that lofty enthusiasm which disdains the ordinary business and amusements of life, or that quiet and deep sensibility which unfits for most of its pursuits. With regard to diction and imagery, too, it is quite obvious that Mr. Scott has not aimed at writing either in a very pure or a very consistent style. He seems to have been anxious only to strike, and to be easily and universally understood. . . Indifferent whether he coins or borrows, and drawing with equal freedom on his memory and his imagination, he goes boldly forward, in full reliance on a never-failing abundance; and dazzles, with his richness and variety, even those who are most apt to be offended with his glare and irregularity . . . there is a medley of bright images and glowing words, set carelessly and loosely together—a diction tinged successively with the careless richness of Shakespeare, the harshness and antique simplicity of the old romances, the homeliness of vulgar ballads and anecdotes, and the sentimental glitter of the most modern poetry—passing from the borders of the ludicrous to those of the sublime—alternately minute and energetic—sometimes artificial, and frequently negligent—but always full of spirit and vivacity,—abounding in images that are striking, at first sight, to minds of every contexture—and never expressing a sentiment which it can cost the most ordinary reader any exertion to comprehend.”

Again, “There is nothing cold, creeping, or feeble, in all Mr. Scott’s poetry; . . . he always attempts vigorously. . . Allied to this inherent vigour and animation, and in a great degree derived from it, is that air of facility and freedom which adds so peculiar a grace to most of Mr. Scott’s compositions.”

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Globe Edition); critical essays by Palgrave (Introduction to the *Globe Edition*), Jeffrey (*Collected Essays*), Leslie Stephen (*Hours in a Library*), Carlyle (*Miscellaneous Essays*—an interesting essay, but fails to do justice to Scott), Bagehot (*Literary Studies*), etc.; a bibliography is appended to Scott in the *Great Writers Series*; Scott has himself very fully annotated the poems, and many school editions of the *Lay* have been published; among them may be mentioned those of Minto (*Clarendon Press*), Rolfe (*Morang*), Stuart (*English Classics*); for matters pertaining to the Borders, the student may consult Veitch's *History and Poetry of the Scottish Border*, and especially Scott's own essays and notes in his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*; to these sources the present editor is indebted.

ADDENDA TO NOTES.

CANTO I.

249. lorn. Old participle of lose; cf. forlorn.

316. daggled. 'Wet,' 'sprinkled'; a dialectic word; cf. *Lady of the Lake*, iv., 642:

"Her wreath of broom and feathers grey
Daggled with blood, beside her lay."

CANTO II.

168. can. This word means in A.S. 'to know'; and here seems to preserve something of this sense; cf. Scott's *Talisman*, chap. xxv.: 'Thou canst well of wood-craft.'

287. Carter. Carter Fell is one of the Cheviots.

CANTO III.

346. Priestthaughswire. Directly south of Branksome; see map.

415. Leven. A tributary of the Esk from the South.

SCOTT.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

INTRODUCTION.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old ;
His wither'd cheek and tresses gray
Seem'd to have known a better day ;
The harp, his sole remaining joy, 5
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry ;
For, welladay ! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead ; 10
And he, neglected and oppress'd,
Wish'd to be with them and at rest.
No more on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroll'd, light as lark at morn ;
No longer courted and caress'd, 15
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He pour'd, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay :
Old times were changed, old manners gone ;
A stranger fill'd the Stuarts' throne ; 20
The bigots of the iron time
Had call'd his harmless art a crime.
A wandering Harper, scorn'd and poor,
He begg'd his bread from door to door,
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear, 25
The harp a king had loved to hear.

He pass'd where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower :
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
No humbler resting-place was nigh. 30
With hesitating step at last,
The embattled portal arch he pass'd,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft roll'd back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door 35
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess mark'd his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell
That they should tend the old man well : 40
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree ;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb !

When kindness had his wants supplied, 45
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride :
And he began to talk anon
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,
And of Earl Walter, rest him God ! 50
A braver ne'er to battle rode ;
And how full many a tale he knew
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch :
And, would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain, 55
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtain'd : 60
The Aged Minstrel audience gain'd.
But, when he reach'd the room of state,
Where she with all her ladies sate,
Perchance he wish'd his boon denied :
For, when to tune his harp he tried, 65
His trembling hand had lost the ease
Which marks security to please :
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
He tried to tune his harp in vain. 70
The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain 75
He could recall an ancient strain
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls ;
He had play'd it to King Charles the Good, 80
When he kept court in Holyrood ;
And much he wish'd, yet fear'd, to try
The long-forgotten melody.
Amid the strings his fingers stray'd,
And an uncertain warbling made, 85
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face and smiled ;
And lighten'd up his faded eye
With all a poet's ecstasy ! 90
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along ;
The present scene, the future lot,

His toils, his wants, were all forgot ;
Cold diffidence and age's frost 95
In the full tide of song were lost ;
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied ;
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung. 100

CANTO FIRST.

I.

THE feast was over in Branksome Tower,
 And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower :
 Her bower that was guarded by word and by spell,
 Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell—
 Jesu Maria, shield us well !
 No living wight, save the Ladye alone,
 Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

5

II.

The tables were drawn, it was idlesse all ;
 Knight and page and household squire
 Loiter'd through the lofty hall,
 Or crowded round the ample fire :
 The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,
 Lay stretch'd upon the rushy floor,
 And urged, in dreams, the forest race
 From Teviot-stone to Eskdale-moor.

10

15

III.

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
 Hung their shields in Branksome Hall ;
 Nine-and-twenty squires of name
 Brought them their steeds to bower from stall :
 Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall
 Waited, duteous, on them all :
 They were all knights of mettle true,
 Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

20

IV.

Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
 With belted sword and spur on heel :

25

They quitted not their harness bright,
Neither by day nor yet by night :

They lay down to rest,

With corslet laced,

Pillow'd on buckler cold and hard ; 30

They carved at the meal

With gloves of steel,

And they drank the red wine through the helmet barr'd.

V.

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,

Waited the beck of the warders ten : 35

Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,

Stood saddled in stable day and night,

Barded with frontlet of steel, I trow,

And with Jedwood-axe at saddlebow ;

A hundred more fed free in stall :— 40

Such was the custom of Branksome Hall.

VI.

Why do these steeds stand ready dight?

Why watch these warriors, arm'd, by night?—

They watch to hear the blood-hound baying ;

They watch to hear the war-horn braying ; 45

To see Saint George's red cross streaming,

To see the midnight beacon gleaming :

They watch against Southern force and guile,

Lest Scroop or Howard or Percy's powers

Threaten Branksome's lordly towers, 50

From Warkworth or Naworth or Merry Carlisle.

VII.

Such is the custom of Branksome Hall.—

Many a valiant knight is here ;

But he, the chieftain of them all,
 His sword hangs rusting on the wall, 55
 Beside his broken spear.
 Bards long shall tell,
 How Lord Walter fell !
 When startled burghers fled afar
 The furies of the Border war ; 60
 When the streets of high Dunedin
 Saw lances gleam and falchions redden,
 And heard the slogan's deadly yell,—
 Then the Chief of Branksome fell.

VIII.

Can piety the discord heal, 65
 Or stanch the death-feud's enmity ?
 Can Christian lore, can patriot zeal,
 Can love of blessed charity ?
 No ! vainly to each holy shrine
 In mutual pilgrimage they drew ; 70
 Implored in vain the grace divine
 For chiefs, their own red falchions slew ;
 While Cessford owns the rule of Carr,
 While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,
 The slaughter'd chiefs, the mortal jar, 75
 The havoc of the feudal war,
 Shall never, never be forgot !

IX.

In sorrow o'er Lord Walter's bier
 The warlike foresters had bent ;
 And many a flower and many a tear, 80
 Old Teviot's maids and matrons lent :
 But o'er her warrior's bloody bier
 The Ladye dropp'd nor flower nor tear !

Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,
 Had lock'd the source of softer woe ; 85
 And burning pride and high disdain
 Forbade the rising tear to flow ;
 Until, amid his sorrowing clan,
 Her son lisp'd from the nurse's knee,
 ' And if I live to be a man, 90
 My father's death revenged shall be !'
 Then fast the mother's tears did seek
 To dew the infant's kindling cheek.

X.

All loose her negligent attire,
 All loose her golden hair, 95
 Hung Margaret o'er her slaughter'd sire,
 And wept in wild despair.
 But not alone the bitter tear
 Had filial grief supplied ;
 For hopeless love and anxious fear 100
 Had lent their mingled tide :
 Nor in her mother's alter'd eye
 Dared she to look for sympathy.
 Her lover, 'gainst her father's clan,
 With Carr in arms had stood, 105
 When Mathouse burn to Melrose ran
 All purple with their blood ;
 And well she knew, her mother dread,
 Before Lord Cranstoun she should wed,
 Would see her on her dying bed. 110

XI.

Of noble race the Ladye came ;
 Her father was a clerk of fame,
 Of Bethune's line of Picardie :

He learn'd the art that none may name,
In Padua, far beyond the sea. 115
Men said, he changed his mortal frame
By feat of magic mystery ;
For when in studious mood he paced
St. Andrew's cloister'd hall,
His form no darkening shadow traced 120
Upon the sunny wall !

XII.

And of his skill, as bards avow,
He taught that Ladye fair,
Till to her bidding she could bow
The viewless forms of air. 125
And now she sits in secret bower,
In old Lord David's western tower,
And listens to a heavy sound
That moans the mossy turrets round.
Is it the roar of Teviot's tide, 130
That chafes against the scaur's red side ?
Is it the wind, that swings the oaks ?
Is it the echo from the rocks ?
What may it be, the heavy sound,
That moans old Branksome's turrets round ? 135

XIII.

At the sullen, moaning sound,
The ban-dogs bay and howl ;
And from the turrets round
Loud whoops the startled owl.
In the hall, both squire and knight 140
Swore that a storm was near,
And looked forth to view the night ;
But the night was still and clear !

XIV.

From the sound of Teviot's tide,
 Chafing with the mountain's side, 145
 From the groan of the wind-swung oak,
 From the sullen echo of the rock,
 From the voice of the coming storm,
 The Ladye knew it well !
 It was the Spirit of the Flood that spoke, 150
 And he call'd on the Spirit of the Fell.

XV.

RIVER SPIRIT.

'Sleep'st thou, brother?'

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

'Brother, nay—

On my hills the moonbeams play.
 From Craik-cross to Skelfhill-pen,
 By every rill, in every glen, 155
 Merry elves their morris pacing,
 To aërial minstrelsy,
 - Emerald rings on brown heath tracing,
 Trip it deft and merrily.
 Up, and mark their nimble feet ! 160
 Up, and list their music sweet !'

XVI.

RIVER SPIRIT.

'Tears of an imprison'd maiden
 Mix with my polluted stream ;
 Margaret of Branksome, sorrow-laden,
 Mourns beneath the moon's pale beam. 165
 Tell me, thou who view'st the stars,

When shall cease these feudal jars?
 What shall be the maiden's fate?
 Who shall be the maiden's mate?'

XVII.

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

'Arthur's slow wain his course doth roll 170
 In utter darkness round the pole;
 The Northern Bear lowers black and grim:
 Orion's studded belt is dim;
 Twinkling faint, and distant far,
 Shimmers through mist each planet star; 175
 Ill may I read their high decree!
 But no kind influence deign they shower
 On Teviot's tide and Branksome's Tower,
 Till pride be quell'd, and love be free.' —

XVIII.

The unearthly voices ceased, 180
 And the heavy sound was still;
 It died on the river's breast,
 It died on the side of the hill.
 But round Lord David's tower
 The sound still floated near; 185
 For it rung in the Lady's bower,
 And it rung in the Lady's ear.
 She raised her stately head.
 And her heart throb'd high with pride:
 'Your mountains shall bend, 190
 And your streams ascend,
 Ere Margaret be our foeman's bride!'

XIX.

The Ladye sought the lofty hall,
 Where many a bold retainer lay,
 And with jocund din among them all, 195
 Her son pursued his infant play.
 A fancied moss-trooper, the boy
 The truncheon of a spear bestrode,
 And round the hall right merrily
 In mimic foray rode. 200
 Even bearded knights, in arms grown old,
 Share in his frolic gambols bore,
 Albeit their hearts of rugged mould
 Were stubborn as the steel they wore.
 For the gray warriors prophesied 205
 How the brave boy, in future war,
 Should tame the Unicorn's pride,
 Exalt the Crescent and the Star.

XX.

The Ladye forgot her purpose high
 One moment and no more ; 210
 One moment gazed with a mother's eye,
 As she paused at the arched door :
 Then from amid the armed train,
 She called to her William of Deloraine.

XXI.

A stark moss-trooping Scott was he 215
 As e'er couch'd Border lance by knee :
 Through Solway sands, through Tarras moss,
 Blindfold he knew the paths to cross ;
 By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
 Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds ; 220

In Eske or Liddel, fords were none,
But he would ride them, one by one ;
Alike to him was time or tide,
December's snow or July's pride ;
Alike to him was tide or time, 225
Moonless midnight or matin prime :
Steady of heart and stout of hand
As ever drove prey from Cumberland ;
Five times outlawed had he been
By England's King and Scotland's Queen. 230

XXII.

'Sir William of Deloraine, good at need,
Mount thee on the wightest steed ;
Spare not to spur, nor stint to ride,
Until thou come to fair Tweedside ;
And in Melrose's holy pile 235
Seek thou the Monk of St. Mary's aisle.
Greet the father well from me ;
Say that the fated hour is come,
And to-night he shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb : 240
For this will be St. Michael's night,
And, though stars be dim, the moon is bright ;
And the Cross of bloody red
Will point to the grave of the mighty dead.

XXIII.

'What he gives thee, see thou keep ; 245
Stay not thou for food or sleep :
Be it scroll or be it book,
Into it, knight, thou must not look ;
If thou readest, thou art lorn !
Better hadst thou ne'er been born.' 250

XXIV.

'O swiftly can speed my dapple-gray steed,
 Which drinks of the Teviot clear ;
 Ere break of day,' the warrior 'gan say,
 ' Again will I be here :
 And safer by none may thy errand be done, 255
 Than, noble dame, by me ;
 Letter nor line know I never a one,
 Were't my neck-verse at Hairibee.'

XXV.

Soon in his saddle sate he fast,
 And soon the steep descent he past, 260
 Soon cross'd the sounding barbican,
 And soon the Teviot side he won.
 Eastward the wooded path he rode,
 Green hazels o'er his basnet nod ;
 He pass'd the Peel of Goldiland, 265
 And cross'd old Borthwick's roaring strand ;
 Dimly he view'd the Moat-hill's mound,
 Where Druid shades still flitted round :
 In Hawick twinkled many a light ;
 Behind him soon they set in night ; 270
 And soon he spurr'd his courser keen
 Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.

XXVI.

The clattering hoofs the watchmen mark :
 'Stand, ho ! thou courier of the dark.'
 'For Branksome, ho !' the knight rejoin'd, 275
 And left the friendly tower behind.
 He turn'd him now from Teviotside,
 And, guided by the tinkling rill,

Northward the dark ascent did ride,
 And gained the moor at Horsliehill ; 280
 Broad on the left before him lay,
 For many a mile, the Roman way.

XXVII.

A moment now he slack'd his speed,
 A moment breathed his panting steed ;
 Drew saddle-girth and corslet-band, 285
 And loosen'd in the sheath his brand.
 On Minto-crag the moonbeams glint,
 Where Barnhill hew'd his bed of flint,
 Who flung his outlaw'd limbs to rest
 Where falcons hang their giddy nest 290
 Mid cliffs from whence his eagle eye
 For many a league his prey could spy ;
 Cliffs doubling, on their echoes borne,
 The terrors of the robber's horn ;
 Cliffs, which for many a later year 295
 The warbling Doric reed shall hear,
 When some sad swain shall teach the grove,
 Ambition is no cure for love.

XXVIII.

Unchallenged, thence pass'd Deloraine
 To ancient Riddel's fair domain, 300
 Where Aill, from mountains freed,
 Down from the lakes did raving come ;
 Each wave was crested with tawny foam,
 Like the mane of a chestnut steed.
 In vain ! no torrent, deep or broad, 305
 Might bar the bold moss-trooper's road.

XXIX.

At the first plunge the horse sunk low,
 And the water broke o'er the saddlebow ;
 Above the foaming tide, I ween,
 Scarce half the charger's neck was seen : 310
 For he was barded from counter to tail,
 And the rider was armed complete in mail ;
 Never heavier man and horse
 Stemm'd a midnight torrent's force.
 The warrior's very plume, I say, 315
 Was daggl'd by the dashing spray :
 Yet, through good heart and Our Ladye's grace,
 At length he gain'd the landing-place.

XXX.

Now Bowden Moor the march-man won,
 And sternly shook his plumed head, 320
 As glanced his eye o'er Halidon :
 For on his soul the slaughter red
 Of that unhallow'd morn arose,
 When first the Scott and Carr were foes ;
 When royal James beheld the fray, 325
 Prize to the victor of the day ;
 When Home and Douglas in the van
 Bore down Buccleuch's retiring clan,
 Till gallant Cessford's heart-blood dear
 Reek'd on dark Elliot's Border spear. 330

XXXI.

In bitter mood he spurred fast,
 And soon the hated heath was past :
 And far beneath, in lustre wan,
 Old Melros' rose, and fair Tweed ran :

Like some tall rock with lichens gray, 335
Seem'd dimly huge, the dark Abbaye.
When Hawick he pass'd, had curfew rung,
Now midnight lauds were in Melrose sung.
The sound upon the fitful gale
In solemn wise did rise and fail, 340
Like that wild harp whose magic tone
Is waken'd by the winds alone.
But when Melrose he reach'd, 'twas silence all :
He meetly stabled his steed in stall,
And sought the convent's lonely wall. 345

HERE paused the harp ; and with its swell
The Master's fire and courage fell :
Dejectedly and low he bow'd,
And, gazing timid on the crowd,
He seem'd to seek in every eye 350
If they approved his minstrelsy ;
And, diffident of present praise,
Somewhat he spoke of former days,
And how old age and wandering long
Had done his hand and harp some wrong. 355
The Duchess, and her daughters fair,
And every gentle lady there,
Each after each, in due degree,
Gave praises to his melody ;
His hand was true, his voice was clear, 360
And much they long'd the rest to hear :
Encouraged thus, the Aged Man,
After meet rest, again began.

CANTO SECOND.

I.

IF thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
 Go visit it by the pale moonlight ;
 For the gay beams of lightsome day
 Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
 When the broken arches are black in night, 5
 And each shafted oriel glimmers white ;
 When the cold light's uncertain shower
 Streams on the ruin'd central tower ;
 When buttress and buttress, alternately,
 Seem framed of ebon and ivory ; 10
 When silver edges the imagery,
 And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die ;
 When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
 And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
 Then go—but go alone the while— 15
 Then view St. David's ruin'd pile ;
 And, home returning, soothly swear,
 Was never scene so sad and fair !

II.

Short halt did Deloraine make there ;
 Little reck'd he of the scene so fair ; 20
 With dagger's hilt on the wicket strong
 He struck full loud, and struck full long.
 The porter hurried to the gate—
 ' Who knocks so loud, and knocks so late ?'
 ' From Branksome I,' the warrior cried ; 25
 And straight the wicket open'd wide :
 For Branksome's chiefs had in battle stood

To fence the rights of fair Melrose ;
And lands and livings, many a rood,
Had gifted the shrine for their souls' repose. 30

III.

Bold Deloraine his errand said ;
The porter bent his humble head ;
With torch in hand, and feet unshod,
And noiseless step the path he trod ;
The arched cloister, far and wide, 35
Rang to the warrior's clanking stride,
Till, stooping low his lofty crest,
He enter'd the cell of the ancient priest,
And lifted his barred aventayle
To hail the Monk of St. Mary's aisle. 40

IV.

'The Ladye of Branksome greets thee by me ;
Says that the fated hour is come,
And that to-night I shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb.'
From sackcloth couch the monk arose, 45
With toil his stiffen'd limbs he rear'd ;
A hundred years had flung their snows
On his thin locks and floating beard.

V.

And strangely on the knight look'd he,
And his blue eyes gleam'd wild and wide ; 50
'And darest thou, warrior, seek to see
What heaven and hell alike would hide ?
My breast in belt of iron pent,
With shirt of hair and scourge of thorn ;

For threescore years, in penance spent, 55
 My knees those flinty stones have worn ;
 Yet all too little to atone
 For knowing what should ne'er be known.
 Would'st thou thy every future year
 In ceaseless prayer and penance dree, 60
 Yet wait thy latter end with fear—
 Then, daring warrior, follow me !'

VI.

'Penance, father, will I none ;
 Prayer know I hardly one ;
 For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry, 65
 Save to patter an Ave Mary,
 When I ride on a Border foray.
 Other prayer can I none ;
 So speed me my errand, and let me be gone.'

VII.

Again on the knight look'd the churchman old, 70
 And again he sighed heavily ;
 For he had himself been a warrior bold,
 And fought in Spain and Italy.
 And he thought on the days that were long since by,
 When his limbs were strong, and his courage was
 high : 75
 Now, slow and faint, he led the way
 Where, cloister'd round, the garden lay ;
 The pillar'd arches were over their head,
 And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.

VIII.

Spreading herbs and flowerets bright, 80
 Glisten'd with the dew of night ;

Nor herb nor floweret glisten'd there,
 But was carved in the cloister-arches as fair.
 The monk gazed long on the lovely moon, .
 Then into the night he looked forth ; 85
 And red and bright the streamers light
 Were dancing in the glowing north.
 So had he seen in fair Castile
 The youth in glittering squadrons start ;
 Sudden the flying jennet wheel, 90
 And hurl the unexpected dart.
 He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,
 That spirits were riding the northern light.

IX.

By a steel-clenched postern door
 They enter'd now the chancel tall ; 95
 The darken'd roof rose high aloof
 On pillars lofty and light and small :
 The key-stone that lock'd each ribbed aisle,
 Was a fleur-de-lys or a quatre-feuille ;
 The corbells were carved grotesque and grim ; 100
 And the pillars, with cluster'd shafts so trim,
 With base and with capital flourish'd around,
 Seem'd bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

X.

Full many a scutcheon and banner riven
 Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven, 105
 Around the screened altar's pale ;
 And there the dying lamps did burn
 Before thy low and lonely urn,
 O gallant chief of Otterburne !
 And thine, dark knight of Liddesdale ! 110

O fading honours of the dead !
 O high ambition lowly laid !

XI.

The moon on the east oriel shone
 Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
 By foliated tracery combined ; 115
 Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand
 'Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand
 In many a freakish knot had twined ;
 Then framed a spell when the work was done,
 And changed the willow wreaths to stone. 120
 The silver light, so pale and faint,
 Show'd many a prophet and many a saint,
 Whose image on the glass was dyed ;
 Full in the midst, his Cross of Red
 Triumphant Michael brandished, 125
 And trampled the Apostate's pride.
 The moon-beam kiss'd the holy pane,
 And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

XII.

They sate them down on a marble stone,—
 A Scottish monarch slept below ;— 130
 Thus spoke the monk, in solemn tone :
 ' I was not always a man of woe ;
 For Paynim countries I have trod,
 And fought beneath the Cross of God :
 Now, strange to my eyes thine arms appear, 135
 And their iron clang sounds strange to my ear.

XIII.

' In these far climes it was my lot
 To meet the wondrous Michael Scott ;

A wizard of such dreaded fame
That when, in Salamanca's cave, 140
Him listed his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame!
Some of his skill he taught to me ;
And, warrior, I could say to thee
The words that cleft Eildon hills in three, 145
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone :
But to speak them were a deadly sin ;
And for having but thought them my heart within,
A treble penance must be done.

XIV.

'When Michael lay on his dying bed, 150
His conscience was awakened ;
He bethought him of his sinful deed,
And he gave me a sign to come with speed :
I was in Spain when the morning rose,
But I stood by his bed ere evening close. 155
The words may not again be said
That he spoke to me, on death-bed laid ;
They would rend this Abbaye's massy nave,
And pile it in heaps above his grave.

XV.

'I swore to bury his Mighty Book, 160
That never mortal might therein look ;
And never to tell where it was hid,
Save at his Chief of Branksome's need :
And when that need was past and o'er,
Again the volume to restore. 165
I buried him on St. Michael's night,
When the bell toll'd one, and the moon was bright,

And I dug his chamber among the dead
When the floor of the chancel was stained red,
That his patron's cross might over him wave, 170
And scare the fiends from the wizard's grave.

XVI.

'It was a night of woe and dread
When Michael in the tomb I laid ;
Strange sounds along the chancel pass'd,
The banners waved without a blast '— 175
Still spoke the monk, when the bell toll'd one !—
I tell you that a braver man
Than William of Deloraine, good at need,
Against a foe ne'er spurr'd a steed ;
Yet somewhat was he chill'd with dread, 180
And his hair did bristle upon his head.

XVII.

'Lo, warrior ! now, the Cross of Red
Points to the grave of the mighty dead ;
Within it burns a wondrous light,
To chase the spirits that love the night: 185
That lamp shall burn unquenchably,
Until the eternal doom shall be.'
Slow moved the monk to the broad flag-stone
Which the bloody Cross was traced upon :
He pointed to a secret nook ; 190
An iron bar the warrior took ;
And the monk made a sign with his wither'd hand,
The grave's huge portal to expand.

XVIII.

With beating heart to the task he went ;
His sinewy frame o'er the grave-stone bent ; 195
With bar of iron heaved amain

Till the toil-drops fell from his brows like rain.
It was by dint of passing strength
That he moved the massy stone at length.
I would you had been there to see 200
How the light broke forth so gloriously,
Stream'd upward to the chancel roof,
And through the galleries far aloof!
No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright :
It shone like heaven's own blessed light, 205
And, issuing from the tomb,
Show'd the monk's cowl and visage pale,
Danced on the dark-brow'd warrior's mail,
And kiss'd his waving plume.

XIX.

Before their eyes the wizard lay, 210
As if he had not been dead a day.
His hoary beard in silver roll'd,
He seem'd some seventy winters old ;
A palmer's amice wrapp'd him round,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound, 215
Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea :
His left hand held his Book of Might,
A silver cross was in his right,
The lamp was placed beside his knee :
High and majestic was his look, 220
At which the fellest fiend had shook,
And all unruffled was his face :
They trusted his soul had gotten grace.

XX.

Often had William of Deloraine
Rode through the battle's bloody plain, 225
And trampled down the warriors slain,

And neither known remorse nor awe ;
 Yet now remorse and awe he own'd ;
 His breath came thick, his head swam round,
 When this strange scene of death he saw, 230
 Bewilder'd and unnerv'd he stood,
 And the priest pray'd fervently and loud :
 With eyes averted prayed he ;
 He might not endure the sight to see
 Of the man he had loved so brotherly. 235

XXI.

And when the priest his death-prayer had pray'd,
 Thus unto Deloraine he said :
 ' Now, speed thee what thou hast to do,
 Or, warrior, we may dearly rue ;
 For those thou may'st not look upon, 240
 Are gathering fast round the yawning stone !'
 Then Deloraine in terror took
 From the cold hand the Mighty Book,
 With iron clasp'd and with iron bound :
 He thought, as he took it, the dead man frown'd ; 245
 But the glare of the sepulchral light
 Perchance had dazzled the warrior's sight.

XXII.

When the huge stone sunk o'er the tomb,
 The night return'd in double gloom ;
 For the moon had gone down, and the stars were few ; 250
 And, as the knight and priest withdrew,
 With wavering steps and dizzy brain,
 They hardly might the postern gain.
 'Tis said, as through the aisles they pass'd,
 They heard strange noises on the blast ; 255

And through the cloister-galleries small,
Which at mid-height thread the chancel wall,
Loud sobs, and laughter louder, ran,
And voices unlike the voice of man ;
As if the fiends kept holiday
Because these spells were brought to day.
I cannot tell how the truth may be ;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

260

XXIII.

'Now, hie thee hence,' the father said,
'And when we are on death-bed laid,
O may our dear Ladye and sweet St. John
Forgive our souls for the deed we have done !'
The monk return'd him to his cell,
And many a prayer and penance sped ;
When the convent met at the noontide bell,
The Monk of St. Mary's aisle was dead !
Before the cross was the body laid
With hands clasp'd fast, as if still he pray'd.

265

270

XXIV.

The knight breathed free in the morning wind,
And strove his hardihood to find :
He was glad when he pass'd the tombstones gray
Which girdle round the fair Abbaye ;
For the mystic book, to his bosom prest,
Felt like a load upon his breast ;
And his joints, with nerves of iron twined,
Shook like the aspen leaves in wind.
Full fain was he when the dawn of day
Began to brighten Cheviot gray ;
He joy'd to see the cheerful light,
And he said Ave Mary as well as he might.

275

280

285

XXV.

The sun had brighten'd Cheviot gray,
 The sun had brighten'd the Carter's side ;
 And soon beneath the rising day
 Smiled Branksome Towers and Teviot's tide.
 The wild birds told their warbling tale, 290
 And waken'd every flower that blows ;
 And peeped forth the violet pale,
 And spread her breast the mountain rose.
 And lovelier than the rose so red,
 Yet paler than the violet pale, 295
 She early left her sleepless bed,
 The fairest maid of Teviotdale.

XXVI.

Why does fair Margaret so early awake,
 And don her kirtle so hastilie ; 299
 And the silken knots which in hurry she would make,
 Why tremble her slender fingers to tie ;
 Why does she stop, and look often around,
 As she glides down the secret stair ;
 And why does she pat the shaggy blood-hound,
 As she rouses him up from his lair ; 305
 And, though she passes the postern alone,
 Why is not the watchman's bugle blown ?

XXVII.

The ladye steps in doubt and dread
 Lest her watchful mother hear her tread ;
 The ladye caresses the rough blood-hound 310
 Lest his voice should waken the castle round ;
 The watchman's bugle is not blown,
 For he was her foster-father's son ;

And she glides through the greenwood at dawn of light
To meet Baron Henry, her own true knight. 315

XXVIII.

The knight and ladye fair are met,
And under the hawthorn's boughs are set.
A fairer pair were never seen
To meet beneath the hawthorn green.
He was stately and young and tall, 320
Dreaded in battle, and loved in hall :
And she, when love, scarce told, scarce hid,
Lent to her cheek a livelier red ;
When the half sigh her swelling breast
Against the silken ribbon prest ; 325
When her blue eyes their secret told,
Though shaded by her locks of gold—
Where would you find the peerless fair,
With Margaret of Branksome might compare !

XXIX.

And now, fair dames, methinks I see 330
You listen to my minstrelsy ;
Your waving locks ye backward throw,
And sidelong bend your necks of snow :
Ye ween to hear a melting tale
Of two true lovers in a dale ; 335
And how the knight, with tender fire,
To paint his faithful passion strove ;
Swore he might at her feet expire,
But never, never cease to love ;
And how she blush'd, and how she sigh'd, 340
And, half consenting, half denied,

And said that she would die a maid ;—
Yet, might the bloody feud be stay'd,
Henry of Cranstoun, and only he,
Margaret of Branksome's choice should be. 345

XXX.

Alas ! fair dames, your hopes are vain !
My harp has lost the enchanting strain ;
Its lightness would my age reprove :
My hairs are gray, my limbs are old,
My heart is dead, my veins are cold : 350
I may not, must not, sing of love.

XXXI.

Beneath an oak, moss'd o'er by eld,
The Baron's dwarf his courser held,
And held his crested helm and spear :
That dwarf was scarce an earthly man, 355
If the tales were true that of him ran
Through all the Border, far and near.
'Twas said, when the Baron a-hunting rode
Through Reedsdale's glens, but rarely trode,
He heard a voice cry, 'Lost ! lost ! lost !' 360
And, like tennis-ball by racket toss'd,
A leap of thirty feet and three,
Made from the gorse this elfin shape,
Distorted like some dwarfish ape,
And lighted at Lord Cranstoun's knee. 365
Lord Cranstoun was some whit dismay'd ;
'Tis said that five good miles he rade,
To rid him of his company ;
But where he rode one mile, the dwarf ran four,
And the dwarf was first at the castle door. 370

XXXII.

Use lessens marvel, it is said :
This elvish dwarf with the Baron staid ;
Little he ate, and less he spoke,
Nor mingled with the menial flock :
And oft apart his arms he toss'd, 375
And often mutter'd ' Lost ! lost ! lost ! '
 He was waspish, arch, and litherlie,
 But well Lord Cranstoun served he :
And he of his service was full fain ;
For once he had been ta'en or slain, 380
 An it had not been for his ministry.
All between Home and Hermitage
Talk'd of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page.

XXXIII.

For the Baron went on pilgrimage,
And took with him this elvish page, 385
 To Mary's Chapel of the Lowes :
For there, beside our Lady's lake,
An offering he had sworn to make,
 And he would pay his vows.
But the Lady of Branksome gather'd a band 390
Of the best that would ride at her command :
 The trysting place was Newark Lee.
Wat of Harden came thither amain,
And thither came John of Thirlestane,
And thither came William of Deloraine ; 395
 They were three hundred spears and three.
Through Douglas-burn, up Yarrow stream,
Their horses prance, their lances gleam.
They came to St. Mary's lake ere day ;
But the chapel was void, and the Baron away. 400
They burn'd the chapel for very rage,
And cursed Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page.

XXXIV.

And now, in Branksome's good greenwood,
 As under the aged oak he stood,
 The Baron's courser pricks his ears, 405
 As if a distant noise he hears.
 The dwarf waves his long lean arm on high,
 And signs to the lovers to part and fly :
 No time was then to vow or sigh.
 Fair Margaret through the hazel grove 410
 Flew like the startled cushat-dove :
 The dwarf the stirrup held and rein ;
 Vaulted the knight on his steed amain,
 And, pondering deep that morning's scene,
 Rode eastward through the hawthorns green. 415

WHILE thus he pour'd the lengthen'd tale,
 The Minstrel's voice began to fail :
 Full slyly smiled the observant page,
 And gave the wither'd hand of age
 A goblet, crown'd with mighty wine, 420
 The blood of Velez' scorched vine.
 He raised the silver cup on high,
 And, while the big drop fill'd his eye,
 Pray'd God to bless the Duchess long,
 And all who cheer'd a son of song. 425
 The attending maidens smiled to see
 How long, how deep, how zealously,
 The precious juice the Minstrel quaff'd ;
 And he, embolden'd by the draught,
 Look'd gaily back to them and laugh'd. 430
 The cordial nectar of the bowl
 Swell'd his old veins, and cheer'd his soul ;
 A lighter, livelier prelude ran,
 Ere thus his tale again began.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

AND said I that my limbs were old,
 And said I that my blood was cold,
 And that my kindly fire was fled,
 And my poor wither'd heart was dead,
 And that I might not sing of love?— 5
 How could I to the dearest theme
 That ever warm'd a minstrel's dream,
 So foul, so false a recreant prove!
 How could I name love's very name,
 Nor wake my heart to notes of flame! 10

II.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
 In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
 In halls, in gay attire is seen;
 In hamlets, dances on the green.
 Love rules the court, the camp, the grove, 15
 And men below, and saints above;
 For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

III.

So thought Lord Cranstoun, as I ween,
 While, pondering deep the tender scene,
 He rode through Branksome's hawthorn green. 20
 But the page shouted wild and shrill,
 And scarce his helmet could he don,
 When downward from the shady hill
 A stately knight came, pricking on.
 That warrior's steed, so dapple-gray, 25

Was dark with sweat, and splash'd with clay ;
 His armour red with many a stain :
 He seem'd in such a weary plight,
 As if he had ridden the live-long night ;
 For it was William of Deloraine.

30

IV.

But no whit weary did he seem,
 When, dancing in the sunny beam,
 He mark'd the crane on the Baron's crest ;
 For his ready spear was in his rest.
 Few were the words, and stern and high,
 That mark'd the foeman's feudal hate ;
 For question fierce and proud reply
 Gave signal soon of dire debate.

35

Their very coursers seem'd to know
 That each was other's mortal foe,
 And snorted fire when wheel'd around
 To give each knight his vantage-ground.

40

V.

In rapid round the Baron bent ;
 He sigh'd a sigh, and pray'd a prayer ;
 The prayer was to his patron saint,
 The sigh was to his ladye fair.
 Stout Deloraine nor sigh'd nor pray'd,
 Nor saint nor ladye call'd to aid ;
 But he stoop'd his head, and couch'd his spear,
 And spurr'd his steed to full career.
 The meeting of these champions proud
 Seem'd like the bursting thunder-cloud.

45

50

VI.

Stern was the dint the Borderer lent !
 The stately Baron backwards bent ;

Bent backwards to his horse's tail, 55
And his plumes went scattering on the gale ;
The tough ash spear, so stout and true,
Into a thousand flinders flew.
But Cranstoun's lance, of more avail,
Pierced through, like silk, the Borderer's mail ; 60
Through shield and jack and acton past,
Deep in his bosom broke at last.
Still sate the warrior, saddle-fast,
Till, stumbling in the mortal shock,
Down went the steed, the girthing broke, 65
Hurl'd on a heap lay man and horse.
The Baron onward pass'd his course ;
Nor knew—so giddy roll'd his brain—
His foe lay stretch'd upon the plain.

VII.

But when he rein'd his courser round, 70
And saw his foeman on the ground
Lie senseless as the bloody clay,
He bade his page to stanch the wound,
And there beside the warrior stay,
And tend him in his doubtful state, 75
And lead him to Branksome castle-gate :
His noble mind was inly moved
For the kinsman of the maid he loved.
'This shalt thou do without delay :
No longer here myself may stay ; 80
Unless the swifter I speed away,
Short shrift will be at my dying day.'

VIII.

Away in speed Lord Cranstoun rode ;
The Goblin Page behind abode ;
His lord's command he ne'er withstood, 85

Though small his pleasure to do good.
 As the corslet off he took,
 The dwarf espied the Mighty Book !
 Much he marvell'd a knight of pride
 Like a book-bosom'd priest should ride : 90
 He thought not to search or stanch the wound
 Until the secret he had found.

IX.

The iron band, the iron clasp,
 Resisted long the elfin grasp :
 For when the first he had undone, 95
 It closed as he the next begun.
 Those iron clasps, that iron band,
 Would not yield to unchristen'd hand
 Till he smear'd the cover o'er
 With the Borderer's curdled gore ; 100
 A moment then the volume spread,
 And one short spell therein he read.
 It had much of glamour might,
 Could make a ladye seem a knight ;
 The cobwebs on a dungeon wall 105
 Seem tapestry in lordly hall ;
 A nut-shell seem a gilded barge,
 A sheeling seem a palace large,
 And youth seem age, and age seem youth—
 All was delusion, nought was truth. 110

X.

He had not read another spell,
 When on his cheek a buffet fell,
 So fierce, it stretch'd him on the plain

Beside the wounded Deloraine.
From the ground he rose dismay'd, 115
And shook his huge and matted head ;
One word he mutter'd and no more,
'Man of age, thou smitest sore !'
No more the Elfin Page durst try
Into the wondrous Book to pry ; 120
The clasps, though smear'd with Christian gore,
Shut faster than they were before.
He hid it underneath his cloak.—
Now, if you ask who gave the stroke,
I cannot tell, so not I thrive ; 125
It was not given by man alive.

XI.

Unwillingly himself he address'd
To do his master's high behest :
He lifted up the living corse,
And laid it on the weary horse ; 130
He led him into Branksome Hall
Before the beards of the warders all ;
And each did after swear and say,
There only pass'd a wain of hay.
He took him to Lord David's tower, 135
Even to the Lady's secret bower ;
And, but that stronger spells were spread,
And the door might not be opened,
He had laid him on her very bed.
Whate'er he did of gramarye, 140
Was always done maliciously ;
He flung the warrior on the ground,
And the blood well'd freshly from the wound.

XII.

As he repass'd the outer court,
He spied the fair young child at sport : 145
He thought to train him to the wood ;
For, at a word, be it understood,
He was always for ill, and never for good.
Seem'd to the boy some comrade gay
Led him forth to the woods to play ; 150
On the drawbridge the warders stout
Saw a terrier and lurcher passing out.

XIII.

He led the boy o'er bank and fell,
Until they came to a woodland brook ;
The running stream dissolved the spell, 155
And his own elvish shape he took.
Could he have had his pleasure vilde,
He had crippled the joints of the noble child ;
Or, with his fingers long and lean,
Had strangled him in fiendish spleen : 160
But his awful mother he had in dread,
And also his power was limited ;
So he but scowl'd on the startled child,
And darted through the forest wild ;
The woodland brook he bounding cross'd, 165
And laugh'd, and shouted, ' Lost ! lost ! lost ! '

XIV.

Full sore amaz'd at the wondrous change,
And frighten'd as a child might be,
At the wild yell and visage strange,
And the dark words of gramarye, 170
The child, amidst the forest bower,

Stood rooted like a lily flower ;
And when at length with trembling pace,
He sought to find where Branksome lay,
He fear'd to see that grisly face 175
Glare from some thicket on his way.
Thus, starting oft, he journey'd on,
And deeper in the wood is gone,—
For aye the more he sought his way,
The farther still he went astray,— 180
Until he heard the mountains round
Ring to the baying of a hound.

XV.

And hark ! and hark ! the deep-mouth'd bark
Comes nigher still and nigher :
Bursts on the path a dark blood-hound, 185
His tawny muzzle track'd the ground,
And his red eye shot fire.
Soon as the wilder'd child saw he,
He flew at him right furiouslie.
I ween you would have seen with joy 190
The bearing of the gallant boy,
When, worthy of his noble sire,
His wet cheek glow'd 'twixt fear and ire !
He faced the blood-hound manfully,
And held his little bat on high ; 195
So fierce he struck, the dog, afraid,
At cautious distance hoarsely bayed,
But still in act to spring ;
When dash'd an archer through the glade,
And when he saw the hound was stayed, 200
He drew his tough bow-string ;
But a rough voice cried, ' Shoot not, hoy !
Ho ! shoot not, Edward—'tis a boy !'

XVI.

The speaker issued from the wood,
And check'd his fellow's surly mood, 205
And quell'd the ban-dog's ire :
He was an English yeoman good,
And born in Lancashire.
Well could he hit a fallow-deer
Five hundred feet him fro ; 210
With hand more true, and eye more clear,
No archer bended bow.
His coal-black hair, shorn round and close,
Set off his sun-burn'd face :
Old England's sign, St. George's cross, 215
His barret-cap did grace ;
His bugle-horn hung by his side,
All in a wolf-skin baldric tied :
And his short falchion, sharp and clear,
Had pierced the throat of many a deer. 220

XVII.

His kirtle, made of forest green,
Reach'd scantily to his knee ;
And, at his belt, of arrows keen
A furbish'd sheaf bore he ;
His buckler, scarce in breadth a span, 225
No larger fence had he ;
He never counted him a man,
Would strike below the knee :
His slacken'd bow was in his hand,
And the leash that was his blood-hound's band. 230

XVIII.

He would not do the fair child harm,
But held him with his powerful arm,

That he might neither fight nor flee ;
For when the Red-Cross spied he,
The boy strove long and violently. 235
'Now, by St. George,' the archer cries,
'Edward, methinks we have a prize !
This boy's fair face and courage free
Show he is come of high degree.'

XIX.

'Yes ! I am come of high degree, 240
For I am the heir of bold Buccleuch ;
And, if thou dost not set me free,
False Southron, thou shalt dearly rue !
For Walter of Harden shall come with speed,
And William of Deloraine, good at need, 245
And every Scott from Esk to Tweed ;
And, if thou dost not let me go,
Despite thy arrows and thy bow ,
I'll have thee hang'd to feed the crow !'

XX.

'Gramercy, for thy good-will, fair boy ! 250
My mind was never set so high ;
But if thou art chief of such a clan,
And art the son of such a man,
And ever comest to thy command,
Our wardens had need to keep good order ; 255
My bow of yew to a hazel wand,
Thou'lt make them work upon the Border.
Meantime, be pleased to come with me,
For good Lord Dacre shalt thou see ;
I think our work is well begun, 260
When we have taken thy father's son.'

XXI.

Although the child was led away,
In Branksome still he seem'd to stay,
For so the dwarf his part did play ;
And, in the shape of that young boy, 265
He wrought the castle much annoy.
The comrades of the young Buccleuch
He pinch'd and beat and overthrew ;
Nay, some of them he wellnigh slew.
He tore Dame Maudlin's silken tire, 270
And, as Sym Hall stood by the fire,
He lighted the match of his bandelier,
And wofully scorch'd the hackbuteer.
It may be hardly thought or said,
The mischief that the urchin made, 275
Till many of the castle guess'd
That the young Baron was possess'd !

XXII.

Well I ween the charm he held
The noble Ladye had soon dispell'd ;
But she was deeply busied then 280
To tend the wounded Deloraine.
Much she wonder'd to find him lie
On the stone threshold stretch'd along ;
She thought some spirit of the sky
Had done the bold moss-trooper wrong, 285
Because, despite her precept dread,
Perchance he in the book had read ;
But the broken lance in his bosom stood,
And it was earthly steel and wood.

XXIII.

She drew the splinter from the wound, 290
 And with a charm she stanch'd the blood ;
 She bade the gash be cleansed and bound :
 No longer by his couch she stood ;
 But she has ta'en the broken lance,
 And wash'd it from the clotted gore, 295
 And salved the splinter o'er and o'er.
 William of Deloraine in trance,
 Whene'er she turn'd it round and round,
 Twisted as if she gall'd his wound.
 Then to her maidens she did say 300
 That he should be whole man and sound
 Within the course of a night and day.
 Full long she toil'd, for she did rue
 Mishap to friend so stout and true.

XXIV.

So pass'd the day—the evening fell, 305
 'Twas near the time of curfew bell ;
 The air was mild, the wind was calm,
 The stream was smooth, the dew was balm ;
 E'en the rude watchman on the tower
 Enjoy'd and bless'd the lovely hour. 310
 Far more fair Margaret loved and bless'd
 The hour of silence and of rest.
 On the high turret sitting lone,
 She waked at times the lute's soft tone ;
 Touch'd a wild note, and all between 315
 Thought of the bower of hawthorns green.
 Her golden hair stream'd free from band,
 Her fair cheek rested on her hand,
 Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
 For lovers love the western star. 320

XXV.

Is yon the star, o'er Penchryst Pen,
That rises slowly to her ken,
And, spreading broad its wavering light,
Shakes its loose tresses on the night?
Is yon red glare the western star?—
Oh! 'tis the beacon-blaze of war!
Scarce could she draw her tighten'd breath,
For well she knew the fire of death!

325

XXVI.

The warder view'd it blazing strong,
And blew his war-note loud and long,
Till, at the high and haughty sound,
Rock, wood, and river rung around.
The blast alarm'd the festal hall,
And startled forth the warriors all;
Far downward in the castle-yard
Full many a torch and cresset glared;
And helms and plumes, confusedly toss'd,
Were in the blaze half-seen, half-lost;
And spears in wild disorder shook,
Like reeds beside a frozen brook.

330

335

340

XXVII.

The Seneschal, whose silver hair
Was redden'd by the torches' glare,
Stood in the midst, with gesture proud,
And issued forth his mandates loud:
'On Penchryst glows a bale of fire,
And three are kindling on Priestthaughswire:
Ride out, ride out,
The foe to scout!

345

Mount, mount for Branksome, every man !
Thou, Todrig, warn the Johnstone clan, 350
 That ever are true and stout.
Ye need not send to Liddesdale ;
For when they see the blazing bale,
Elliot and Armstrongs never fail.—
Ride, Alton, ride, for death and life ! 355
And warn the Warder of the strife.
Young Gilbert, let our beacon blaze
Our kin and clan and friends to raise.'

XXVIII.

Fair Margaret from the turret head
Heard, far below, the coursers' tread, 360
 While loud the harness rung,
As to their seats with clamour dread
 The ready horsemen sprung :
And trampling hoofs, and iron coats,
And leaders' voices mingled notes, 365
 And out ! and out !
 In hasty rout,
 The horsemen gallop'd forth ;
Dispersing to the south to scout,
 And east, and west, and north, 370
To view their coming enemies,
And warn their vassals and allies.

XXIX.

The ready page with hurried hand
Awaked the need-fire's slumbering brand,
 And ruddy blush'd the heaven : 375
For a sheet of flame from the turret high
Waved like a blood-flag on the sky,
 All flaring and uneven.

And soon a score of fires, I ween,
From height and hill and cliff were seen, 380
Each with warlike tidings fraught ;
Each from each the signal caught ;
Each after each they glanced to sight,
As stars arise upon the night.
They gleam'd on many a dusky tarn, 385
Haunted by the lonely earn ;
On many a cairn's gray pyramid,
Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid ;
Till high Dunedin the blazes saw
From Soltra and Dumpender Law ; 390
And Lothian heard the Regent's order
That all should bowne them for the Border.

XXX.

The livelong night in Branksome rang
The ceaseless sound of steel ;
The castle-bell with backward clang 395
Sent forth the larum peal ;
Was frequent heard the heavy jar,
Where massy stone and iron bar
Were piled on echoing keep and tower,
To whelm the foe with deadly shower ; 400
Was frequent heard the changing guard,
And watch-word from the sleepless ward ;
While, wearied by the endless din,
Blood-hound and ban-dog yell'd within.

XXXI.

The noble dame, amid the broil, 405
Shared the gray seneschal's high toil,
And spoke of danger with a smile ;
Cheer'd the young knights, and council sage

Held with the chiefs of riper age.
No tidings of the foe were brought, 410
Nor of his numbers knew they aught,
Nor what in time of truce he sought.
Some said that there were thousands ten;
And others ween'd that it was nought
But Leven Clans or Tynedale men, 415
Who came to gather in black-mail;
And Liddesdale, with small avail,
Might drive them lightly back agen.
So pass'd the anxious night away,
And welcome was the peep of day. 420

CEASED the high sound—the listening throng
Applaud the Master of the Song;
And marvel much, in helpless age,
So hard should be his pilgrimage.
Had he no friend—no daughter dear, 425
His wandering toil to share and cheer?
No son to be his father's stay,
And guide him on the rugged way?
'Ay, once he had—but he was dead!'
Upon the harp he stoop'd his head, 430
And busied himself the strings withal,
To hide the tear that fain would fall.
In solemn measure, soft and slow,
Arose a father's notes of woe.

CANTO FOURTH

I.

SWEET Teviot ! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more ;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willow'd shore ;
Where'er thou wind'st by dale or hill, 5
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
As if thy waves, since time was born,
Since first they roll'd upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor started at the bugle-horn. 10

II.

Unlike the tide of human time,
Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,
Retains each grief, retains each crime
Its earliest course was doom'd to know ;
And, darker as it downward bears, 15
Is stain'd with past and present tears.
Low as that tide has ebb'd with me,
It still reflects to memory's eye
The hour my brave, my only boy
Fell by the side of great Dundee. 20
Why, when the volleying musket play'd
Against the bloody Highland blade,
Why was not I beside him laid !—
Enough—he died the death of fame ;
Enough—he died with conquering Græme. 25

III.

Now over Border, dale and fell,
Full wide and far was terror spread ;
For pathless marsh and mountain cell,
The peasant left his lowly shed.
The frighten'd flocks and herds were pent 30
Beneath the peel's rude battlement ;
And maids and matrons dropp'd the tear,
While ready warriors seized the spear.
From Branksome's towers the watchman's eye
Dun wreaths of distant smoke can spy, 35
Which, curling in the rising sun,
Show'd Southern ravage was begun.

IV.

Now loud the heedful gate-ward cried :
' Prepare ye all for blows and blood !
Watt Tinlinn, from the Liddel-side, 40
Comes wading through the flood.
Full oft the Tynedale snatchers knock
At his lone gate and prove the lock ;
It was but last St. Barnabright
They sieged him a whole summer night, 45
But fled at morning ; well they knew,
In vain he never twang'd the yew.
Right sharp has been the evening shower
That drove him from his Liddel tower ;
And, by my faith,' the gate-ward said, 50
' I think 'twill prove a Warden-Raid.'

V.

While thus he spoke, the bold yeoman
Enter'd the echoing barbican.
He led a small and shaggy nag,

That through a bog from hag to hag, 55
 Could bound like any Billhope stag.
 It bore his wife and children twain ;
 A half-clothed serf was all their train ;
 His wife, stout, ruddy, and dark-brow'd,
 Of silver brooch and bracelet proud, 60
 Laugh'd to her friends among the crowd.
 He was of stature passing tall,
 But sparely form'd and lean withal ;
 A batter'd morion on his brow ;
 A leather jack, as fence enow, 65
 On his broad shoulders loosely hung ;
 A Border axe behind was slung ;
 His spear, six Scottish ells in length,
 Seem'd newly dyed with gore ;
 His shafts and bow, of wondrous strength, 70
 His hardy partner bore.

VI.

Thus to the Ladye did Tinlinn show
 The tidings of the English foe :
 'Belted Will Howard is marching here,
 And hot Lord Dacre, with many a spear, 75
 And all the German hackbut-men,
 Who have long lain at Askerten :
 They cross'd the Liddel at curfew hour,
 And burn'd my little lonely tower—
 The fiend receive their souls therefor ! 80
 It had not been burnt this year and more.
 Barn-yard and dwelling, blazing bright,
 Served to guide me on my flight ;
 But I was chased the livelong night.
 Black John of Akeshaw and Fergus Græme 85
 Fast upon my traces came,

Until I turn'd at Priesthaugh Scrogg,
 And shot their horses in the bog,
 Slew Fergus with my lance outright—
 I had him long at high despite : 90
 He drove my cows last Fastern's night.'

VII.

Now weary scouts from Liddesdale,
 Fast hurrying in, confirm'd the tale ;
 As far as they could judge by ken,
 Three hours would bring to Teviot's strand 95
 Three thousand armed Englishmen.
 Meanwhile, full many a warlike band,
 From Teviot, Aill, and Ettrick shade,
 Came in, their chief's defence to aid.
 There was saddling and mounting in haste, 100
 There was pricking o'er moor and lea ;
 He that was last at the trysting-place
 Was but lightly held of his gay ladye.

VIII.

From fair St. Mary's silver wave,
 From dreary Gamescleugh's dusky height, 105
 His ready lances Thirlestane brave
 Array'd beneath a banner bright.
 The tressured fleur-de-luce he claims,
 To wreathe his shield, since royal James,
 Encamp'd by Fala's mossy wave, 110
 The proud distinction grateful gave
 For faith 'mid feudal jars ;
 What time, save Thirlestane alone,
 Of Scotland's stubborn barons none

Would march to southern wars ; 115
 And hence, in fair remembrance worn,
 Yon sheaf of spears his crest has borne ;
 Hence his high motto shines reveal'd,
 'Ready, aye ready,' for the field.

IX.

An aged knight to danger steel'd, 120
 With many a moss-trooper, came on :
 And, azure in a golden field,
 The stars and crescent graced his shield,
 Without the bend of Murdieston.
 Wide lay his lands round Oakwood tower, 125
 And wide round haunted Castle-Ower ;
 High over Borthwick's mountain flood
 His wood-embosom'd mansion stood ;
 In the dark glen, so deep below,
 The herds of plunder'd England low ; 130
 His bold retainer's daily food,
 And bought with danger, blows, and blood.
 Marauding chief! his sole delight
 The moonlight raid, the morning fight ;
 Not even the Flower of Yarrow's charms 135
 In youth might tame his rage for arms ;
 And still, in age, he spurn'd at rest,
 And still his brows the helmet press'd,
 Albeit the blanched locks below
 Were white as Dinlay's spotless snow : 140
 Five stately warriors drew the sword
 Before their father's band ;
 A braver knight than Harden's lord
 Ne'er belted on a brand.

X.

Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart band, 145
 Came trooping down the Todshawhill ;
 By the sword they won their land,
 And by the sword they hold it still.
 Hearken, Ladye, to the tale,
 How thy sires won fair Eskdale. 150
 Earl Morton was lord of that valley fair,
 The Beattisons were his vassals there.
 The earl was gentle and mild of mood,
 The vassals were warlike and fierce and rude ;
 High of heart and haughty of word, 155
 Little they reck'd of a tame liege-lord.
 The earl into fair Eskdale came
 Homage and seignory to claim :
 Of Gilbert the Galliard a heriot he sought,
 Saying, ' Give thy best steed, as a vassal ought.' 160
 — ' Dear to me is my bonny white steed,
 Oft has he help'd me at pinch of need ;
 Lord and earl though thou be, I trow
 I can rein Bucksfoot better than thou.'
 Word on word gave fuel to fire, 165
 Till so highly blazed the Beattison's ire,
 But that the earl the flight had ta'en,
 The vassals there their lord had slain.
 Sore he plied both whip and spur,
 As he urged his steed through Eskdale muir ; 170
 And it fell down a weary weight,
 Just on the threshold of Branksome gate.

XI.

The earl was a wrathful man to see,
 Full fain avenged would he be.
 In haste to Branksome's lord he spoke, 175

Saying, 'Take these traitors to thy yoke;
 For a cast of hawks, and a purse of gold,
 All Eskdale I'll sell thee, to have and hold :
 Beshrew thy heart, of the Beattisons' clan
 If thou leavest on Eske a landed man ; 180
 But spare Woodkerrick's lands alone,
 For he lent me his horse to escape upon.'
 A glad man then was Branksome bold,
 Down he flung him the purse of gold ;
 To Eskdale soon he spurr'd amain, 185
 And with him five hundred riders has ta'en.
 He left his merrymen in the midst of the hill,
 And bade them hold them close and still ;
 And alone he wended to the plain,
 To meet with the Galliard and all his train. 190
 To Gilbert the Galliard thus he said :
 ' Know thou me for thy liege-lord and head ;
 Deal not with me as with Morton tame,
 For Scotts play best at the roughest game.
 Give me in peace my heriot due, 195
 Thy bonny white steed, or thou shalt rue.
 If my horn I three times wind,
 Eskdale shall long have the sound in mind.'

XII.

Loudly the Beattison laugh'd in scorn ;
 ' Little care we for thy winded horn. 200
 Ne'er shall it be the Galliard's lot
 To yield his steed to a haughty Scott.
 Wend thou to Branksome back on foot,
 With rusty spur and miry boot.'
 He blew his bugle so loud and hoarse, 205
 That the dun deer started at far Craikcross ;
 He blew again so loud and clear,

Through the gray mountain-mist there did lances appear ;
And the third blast rang with such a din
That the echoes answer'd from Pentoun-linn, 210
And all his riders came lightly in.
Then had you seen a gallant shock,
When saddles were emptied and lances broke !
For each scornful word the Galliard had said,
A Beattison on the field was laid. 215
His own good sword the chieftain drew,
And he bore the Galliard through and through ;
Where the Beattisons' blood mix'd with the rill,
The Galliard's-Haugh men call it still.
The Scotts have scatter'd the Beattison clan, 220
In Eskdale they left but one landed man.
The valley of Eske, from the mouth to the source,
Was lost and won for that bonny white horse.

XIII.

Whitslade the Hawk, and Headshaw came,
And warriors more than I may name ; 225
From Yarrow-cleugh to Hindhaugh-swair,
From Woodhouslie to Chester-glen,
Troop'd man and horse, and bow and spear ;
Their gathering word was Bellenden.
And better hearts o'er Border sod 230
To siege or rescue never rode.
The Ladye mark'd the aids come in,
And high her heart of pride arose :
She bade her youthful son attend,
That he might know his father's friend, 235
And learn to face his foes :
'The boy is ripe to look on war ;
I saw him draw a cross-bow stiff,
And his true arrow struck afar

The raven's nest upon the cliff; 240
 The red cross on a Southern breast
 Is broader than the raven's nest :
 Thou, Whitslade, shalt teach him his weapon to wield,
 And o'er him hold his father's shield.

XIV.

Well may you think the wily page 245
 Cared not to face the Ladye sage.
 He counterfeited childish fear,
 And shriek'd, and shed full many a tear,
 And moan'd and plain'd in manner wild.
 The attendants to the Ladye told, 250
 Some fairy, sure, had changed the child,
 That wont to be so free and bold.
 Then wrathful was the noble dame ;
 She blush'd blood-red for very shame :
 'Hence ! ere the clan his faintness view ; 255
 Hence with the weakling to Buccleuch !—
 Watt Tinlinn, thou shalt be his guide
 To Rangleburn's lonely side.—
 Sure some fell fiend has cursed our line,
 That coward should e'er be son of mine !' 260

XV.

A heavy task Watt Tinlinn had,
 To guide the counterfeited lad.
 Soon as the palfrey felt the weight
 Of that ill-omen'd elfish freight,
 He bolted, sprung, and rear'd amain, 265
 Nor heeded bit nor curb nor rein.
 It cost Watt Tinlinn mickle toil
 To drive him but a Scottish mile ;

But as a shallow brook they cross'd,
The elf, amid the running stream, 270
His figure chang'd, like form in dream,
And fled, and shouted, 'Lost! lost! lost!'
Full fast the urchin ran and laugh'd,
But faster still a cloth-yard shaft
Whistled from startled Tinlinn's yew, 275
And pierced his shoulder through and through.
Although the imp might not be slain,
And though the wound soon heal'd again,
Yet, as he ran, he yell'd for pain ;
And Watt of Tinlinn, much aghast, 280
Rode back to Branksome fiery fast.

XVI.

Soon on the hill's steep verge he stood,
That looks o'er Branksome's towers and wood ;
And martial murmurs from below
Proclaim'd the approaching Southern foe. 285
Through the dark wood, in mingled tone,
Were Border pipes and bugles blown ;
The coursers' neighing he could ken,
A measured tread of marching men ;
While broke at times the solemn hum, 290
The Almayn's sullen kettle-drum ;
And banners tall, of crimson sheen,
Above the copse appear ;
And glistening through the hawthorns green,
Shine helm and shield and spear. 295

XVII.

Light forayers, first, to view the ground,
Spurr'd their fleet coursers loosely round ;
Behind, in close array, and fast,

The Kendal archers, all in green,
 Obedient to the bugle blast, 300
 Advancing from the wood were seen.
 To back and guard the archer band,
 Lord Dacre's bill-men were at hand :
 A hardy race, on Irthing bred,
 With kirtles white and crosses red, 305
 Array'd beneath the banner tall
 That stream'd o'er Acre's conquer'd wall ;
 And minstrels, as they march'd in order
 Play'd 'Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells on the Border.'

XVIII.

Behind the English bill and bow, 310
 The mercenaries, firm and slow,
 Moved on to fight in dark array
 By Conrad led of Wolfenstein,
 Who brought the band from distant Rhine,
 And sold their blood for foreign pay. 315
 The camp their home, their law the sword,
 They knew no country, own'd no lord :
 They were not arm'd like England's sons,
 But bore the levin-darting guns ;
 Buff coats, all frounced and 'broider'd o'er, 320
 And morsing-horns and scarfs they wore ;
 Each better knee was bared, to aid
 The warriors in the escalade ;
 All, as they march'd, in rugged tongue,
 Songs of Teutonic feuds they sung. 325

XIX.

But louder still the clamour grew,
 And louder still the minstrels blew,
 When, from beneath the greenwood tree,

Rode forth Lord Howard's chivalry ;
His men-at-arms, with glaive and spear, 330
Brought up the battle's glittering rear.
There many a youthful knight, full keen
To gain his spurs, in arms was seen ;
With favour in his crest, or glove,
Memorial of his ladye-love. 335
So rode they forth in fair array,
Till full their lengthen'd lines display ;
Then call'd a halt, and made a stand,
And cried, 'St. George for merry England !'

XX.

Now every English eye intent 340
On Branksome's armed towers was bent ;
So near they were that they might know
The straining harsh of each cross-bow ;
On battlement and bartizan
Gleam'd axe and spear and partisan ; 345
Falcon and culver on each tower
Stood prompt their deadly hail to shower ;
And flashing armour frequent broke
From eddying whirls of sable smoke,
Where upon tower and turret-head 350
The seething pitch and molten lead
Reek'd like a witch's caldron red.
While yet they gaze, the bridges fall,
The wicket opes, and from the wall
Rides forth the hoary Seneschal. 355

XXI.

Armed he rode, all save the head,
His white beard o'er his breast-plate spread ;
Unbroke by age, erect his seat,

He rul'd his eager courser's gait ;
 Forced him with chasten'd fire to prance, 360
 And, high curvetting, slow advance :
 In sign of truce, his better hand
 Display'd a peeled willow wand ;
 His squire, attending in the rear,
 Bore high a gauntlet on a spear. 365
 When they espied him riding out,
 Lord Howard and Lord Dacre stout
 Sped to the front of their array
 To hear what this old knight should say.

XXII.

'Ye English warden lords, of you 370
 Demands the Ladye of Buccleuch,
 Why 'gainst the truce of Border tide,
 In hostile guise ye dare to ride,
 With Kendal bow and Gilsland brand,
 And all yon mercenary band, 375
 Upon the bounds of fair Scotland ?
 My Ladye reads you swith return ;
 And, if but one poor straw you burn,
 Or do our towers so much molest
 As scare one swallow from her nest, 380
 St. Mary ! but we'll light a brand
 Shall warm your hearths in Cumberland.'

XXIII.

A wrathful man was Dacre's lord,
 But calmer Howard took the word :
 'May 't please thy dame, Sir Seneschal, 385
 To seek the castle's outward wall,
 Our pursuivant-at-arms shall show

Both why we came, and when we go.'
The message sped, the noble dame
To the wall's outward circle came ; 390
Each chief around lean'd on his spear,
To see the pursuivant appear.
All in Lord Howard's livery dress'd,
The lion argent deck'd his breast ;
He led a boy of blooming hue— 395
O sight to meet a mother's view !
It was the heir of great Buccleuch.
Obeisance meet the herald made,
And thus his master's will he said :

XXIV.

'It irks, high dame, my noble lords, 400
'Gainst ladye fair to draw their swords ;
But yet they may not tamely see,
All through the Western Wardenry,
Your law-contemning kinsmen ride,
And burn and spoil the Border-side ; 405
And ill beseems your rank and birth
To make your towers a flemens-firth.
We claim from thee William of Deloraine,
That he may suffer march-treason pain.
It was but last St. Cuthbert's even 410
He prick'd to Stapleton on Leven,
Harried the lands of Richard Musgrave,
And slew his brother by dint of glaive.
Then, since a lone and widow'd dame
These restless riders may not tame, 415
Either receive within thy towers
Two hundred of my master's powers,
Or straight they sound their warrison,

And storm and spoil thy garrison :
 And this fair boy, to London led, 420
 Shall good King Edward's page be bred.'

XXV.

He ceased—and loud the boy did cry,
 And stretch'd his little arms on high ;
 Implored for aid each well-known face,
 And strove to seek the dame's embrace. 425
 A moment changed that lady's cheer,
 Gush'd to her eye the unbidden tear ;
 She gazed upon the leaders round,
 And dark and sad each warrior frown'd ;
 Then, deep within her sobbing breast 430
 She lock'd the struggling sigh to rest ;
 Unalter'd and collected stood,
 And thus replied in dauntless mood :

XXVI.

'Say to your lords of high emprise,
 Who war on women and on boys, 435
 That either William of Deloraine
 Will cleanse him by oath of march-treason stain,
 Or else he will the combat take
 'Gainst Musgrave for his honour's sake.
 No knight in Cumberland so good, 440
 But William may count with him kin and blood.
 Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword,
 When English blood swell'd Ancram's ford ;
 And but Lord Dacre's steed was wight,
 And bare him ably in the flight, 445
 Himself had seen him dubb'd a knight.
 For the young heir of Branksome's line,

God be his aid, and God be mine ;
Through me no friend shall meet his doom ;
Here, while I live, no foe finds room. 450

Then, if thy lords their purpose urge,
Take our defiance loud and high ;
Our slogan is their lyke-wake dirge,
Our moat the grave where they shall lie.'

XXVII.

Proud she look'd round, applause to claim— 455
Then lighten'd Thirlestane's eye of flame ;

His bugle Wat of Harden blew ;
Pensils and pennons wide were flung,
To heaven the Border slogan rung,
' St. Mary for the young Buccleuch !' 460

The English war-cry answer'd wide,
And forward bent each Southern spear ;
Each Kendal archer made a stride,
And drew the bowstring to his ear ;
Each minstrel's war-note loud was blown ;— 465
But, ere a gray-goose shaft had flown,
A horseman gallop'd from the rear.

XXVIII.

' Ah ! noble Lords !' he breathless said,
' What treason has your march betray'd ?
What make you here from aid so far, 470
Before you walls, around you war ?
Your foemen triumph in the thought
That in the toils the lion's caught
Already on dark Ruberslaw
The Douglas holds his weapon-schaw ; 475
The lances, waving in his train,

Clothe the dun heath like autumn grain ;
 And on the Liddel's northern strand,
 To bar retreat to Cumberland,
 Lord Maxwell ranks his merrymen good, 480
 Beneath the eagle and the rood ;
 And Jedwood, Eske, and Teviotdale,
 Have to proud Angus come ;
 And all the Merse and Lauderdale
 Have risen with haughty Home. 485
 An exile from Northumberland,
 In Liddesdale I've wander'd long ;
 But still my heart was with merry England,
 And cannot brook my country's wrong ;
 And hard I've spurr'd all night to show 490
 The mustering of coming foe.'

XXIX.

'And let them come !' fierce Dacre cried ;
 'For soon yon crest, my father's pride,
 That swept the shores of Judah's sea,
 And waved in gales of Galilee, 495
 From Branksome's highest towers display'd,
 Shall mock the rescue's lingering aid !—
 Level each harquebuss on row ;
 Draw, merry archers, draw the bow ;
 Up, bill-men, to the walls, and cry, 500
 Dacre for England, win or die !—

XXX.

'Yet hear,' quoth Howard, 'calmly hear,
 Nor deem my words the words of fear :
 For who, in field or foray slack,
 Saw the blanche lion e'er fall back ? 505
 But thus to risk our Border flower

In strife against a kingdom's power,
Ten thousand Scots 'gainst thousands three,
Certes, were desperate policy.
Nay, take the terms the Lady made 510
Ere conscious of the advancing aid :
Let Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine
In single fight, and if he gain,
He gains for us ; but if he's cross'd,
'Tis but a single warrior lost : 515
The rest, retreating as they came,
Avoid defeat and death and shame.'

XXXI.

Ill could the haughty Dacre brook
His brother warden's sage rebuke ;
And yet his forward step he staid, 520
And slow and sullenly obeyed.
But ne'er again the Border side
Did these two lords in friendship ride ;
And this slight discontent, men say,
Cost blood upon another day. 525

XXXII.

The pursuivant-at-arms again
Before the castle took his stand ;
His trumpet call'd with parleying strain
The leaders of the Scottish band ;
And he defied, in Musgrave's right, 530
Stout Deloraine to single fight ;
A gauntlet at their feet he laid,
And thus the terms of fight he said :

'If in the lists good Musgrave's sword
 Vanquish the Knight of Deloraine, 535
 Your youthful chieftain, Branksome's lord,
 Shall hostage for his clan remain :
 If Deloraine foil good Musgrave,
 The boy his liberty shall have.
 Howe'er it falls, the English band, 540
 Unharming Scots, by Scots unharm'd,
 In peaceful march, like men unarm'd,
 Shall straight retreat to Cumberland.'

XXXIII.

Unconscious of the near relief,
 The proffer pleased each Scottish chief, 545
 Though much the Ladye sage gainsay'd ;
 For though their hearts were brave and true,
 From Jedwood's recent sack they knew
 How tardy was the Regent's aid :
 And you may guess the noble dame 550
 Durst not the secret prescience own,
 Sprung from the art she might not name,
 By which the coming help was known.
 Closed was the compact, and agreed
 That lists should be enclosed with speed 555
 Beneath the castle on a lawn :
 They fix'd the morrow for the strife,
 On foot, with Scottish axe and knife,
 At the fourth hour from peep of dawn ;
 When Deloraine, from sickness freed, 560
 Or else a champion in his stead,
 Should for himself and chieftain stand
 Against stout Musgrave, hand to hand.

XXXIV.

I know right well that in their lay
Full many minstrels sing and say, 565
Such combat should be made on horse,
On foaming steed, in full career,
With brand to aid, whenas the spear
Should shiver in the course :
But he, the jovial harper, taught 570
Me, yet a youth, how it was fought,
In guise which now I say ;
He knew each ordinance and clause
Of Black Lord Archibald's battle-laws,
In the old Douglas' day. 575
He brook'd not, he, that scoffing tongue
Should tax his minstrelsy with wrong,
Or call his song untrue :
For this, when they the goblet plied,
And such rude taunt had chafed his pride, 580
The bard of Reull he slew.
On Teviot's side in fight they stood,
And tuneful hands were stain'd with blood ;
Where still the thorn's white branches wave,
Memorial o'er his rival's grave. 585

XXXV.

Why should I tell the rigid doom
That dragg'd my master to his tomb ;
How Ousenam's maidens tore their hair,
Wept till their eyes were dead and dim,
And wrung their hands for love of him 590
Who died at Jedwood Air ?
He died !—his scholars, one by one,
To the cold silent grave are gone ;
And I, alas ! survive alone,

To muse o'er rivalries of yore, 595
And grieve that I shall hear no more
The strains, with envy heard before ;
For, with my minstrel brethren fled,
My jealousy of song is dead.

HE paused : the listening dames again 600
Applaud the hoary Minstrel's strain.
With many a word of kindly cheer,—
In pity half, and half sincere,—
Marvell'd the Duchess how so well
His legendary song could tell 605
Of ancient deeds, so long forgot ;
Of feuds, whose memory was not ;
Of forests, now laid waste and bare ;
Of towers, which harbour now the hare ;
Of manners, long since changed and gone ; 610
Of chiefs, who under their gray stone
So long had slept that fickle fame
Had blotted from her rolls their name,
And twined round some new minion's head
The fading wreath for which they bled ; 615
In sooth, 'twas strange this old man's verse
Could call them from their marble hearse.

The Harper smiled well pleased ; for ne'er
Was flattery lost on poet's ear :
A simple race ! they waste their toil 620
For the vain tribute of a smile ;
E'en when in age their flame expires,
Her dulcet breath can fan its fires :
Their drooping fancy wakes at praise,
And strives to trim the short-lived blaze. 625

Smiled, then, well-pleased, the aged man,
And thus his tale continued ran.

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

CALL it not vain :—they do not err,
Who say that when the poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies :
Who say tall cliff and cavern lone, 5
For the departed bard make moan ;
That mountains weep in crystal rill ;
That flowers in tears of balm distil ;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks in deeper groan reply ; 10
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

II.

Not that in sooth o'er mortal urn
Those things inanimate can mourn ;
But that the stream, the wood, the gale, 15
Is vocal with the plaintive wail
Of those who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the poet's faithful song,
And, with the poet's parting breath,
Whose memory feels a second death. 20
The maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,
That love, true love, should be forgot,
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
Upon the gentle minstrel's bier :
The phantom knight, his glory fled, 25
Mourns o'er the field he heap'd with dead ;
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,

And shrieks along the battle-plain.
The chief, whose antique crownlet long
Still sparkled in the feudal song, 30
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
Sees, in the thanedom once his own,
His ashes undistinguished lie,
His place, his power, his memory die :
His groans the lonely caverns fill, 35
His tears of rage impel the rill ;
All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung,
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

III.

Scarcely the hot assault was staid,
The terms of truce were scarcely made, 40
When they could spy, from Branksome's towers,
The advancing march of martial powers.
Thick clouds of dust afar appear'd,
And trampling steeds were faintly heard ;
Bright spears above the columns dun 45
Glanced momentary to the sun ;
And feudal banners fair display'd
The bands that moved to Branksome's aid.

IV.

Vails not to tell each hardy clan,
From the fair Middle Marches came ; 50
The Bloody Heart blazed in the van,
Announcing Douglas, dreaded name !
Vails not to tell what steeds did spurn,
Where the Seven Spears of Wedderburne
Their men in battle-order set ; 55
And Swinton laid the lance in rest

That tamed of yore the sparkling crest
Of Clarence's Plantagenet.
Nor list I say what hundreds more,
From the rich Merse and Lammermore, 60
And Tweed's fair borders to the war,
Beneath the crest of Old Dunbar,
And Hepburn's mingled banners come,
Deep the steep mountain glittering far,
And shouting still, 'A Home! a Home!' 65

v.

Now squire and knight from Branksome sent,
On many a courteous message went;
To every chief and lord they paid
Meet thanks for prompt and powerful aid;
And told them, how a truce was made, 70
And how a day of fight was ta'en
'Twixt Musgrave and stout Deloraine,
And how the Ladye pray'd them dear
That all would stay the fight to see,
And deign, in love and courtesy, 75
To taste of Branksome cheer.
Nor, while they bade to feast each Scot,
Were England's noble lords forgot.
Himself, the hoary Seneschal,
Rode forth, in seemly terms to call 80
Those gallant foes to Branksome Hall.
Accepted Howard, than whom knight
Was never dubb'd, more bold in fight;
Nor, when from war and armour free,
More famed for stately courtesy: 85
But angry Dacre rather chose
In his pavilion to repose.

VI.

Now, noble dame, perchance you ask,
 How these two hostile armies met,
 Deeming it were no easy task 90
 To keep the truce which here was set ;
 Where martial spirits, all on fire,
 Breathed only blood and mortal ire.
 By mutual inroads, mutual blows,
 By habit, and by nation, foes, 95
 They met on Teviot's strand ;
 They met and sate them mingled down,
 Without a threat, without a frown,
 As brothers meet in foreign land :
 The hands, the spear that lately grasp'd, 100
 Still in the mailed gauntlet clasp'd,
 Were interchanged in greeting dear ;
 Visors were raised and faces shown,
 And many a friend, to friend made known,
 Partook of social cheer. 105
 Some drove the jolly bowl about ;
 With dice and draughts some chased the day ;
 And some, with many a merry shout,
 In riot, revelry, and rout,
 Pursued the foot-ball play. 110

VII.

Yet, be it known, had bugles blown
 Or sign of war been seen,
 Those bands, so fair together ranged,
 Those hands, so frankly interchanged,
 Had dyed with gore the green : 115
 The merry shout by Teviot-side
 Had sunk in war-cries wild and wide,

And in the groan of death ;
 And whingers, now in friendship bare,
 The social meal to part and share, 120
 Had found a bloody sheath.
 'Twixt truce and war, such sudden change
 Was not infrequent, nor held strange,
 In the old Border-day :
 But yet on Branksome's towers and town, 125
 In peaceful merriment, sunk down
 The sun's declining ray.

VIII.

The blithesome signs of wassel gay
 Decay'd not with the dying day :
 Soon through the latticed windows tall 130
 Of lofty Branksome's lordly hall,
 Divided square by shafts of stone,
 Huge flakes of ruddy lustre shone ;
 Nor less the gilded rafters rang
 With merry harp and beakers' clang : 135
 And frequent, on the darkening plain,
 Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran,
 As bands, their stragglers to regain,
 Give the shrill watchword of their clan ;
 And revellers, o'er their bowls, proclaim 140
 Douglas' or Dacre's conquering name.

IX.

Less frequent heard, and fainter still,
 At length the various clamours died :
 And you might hear from Branksome hill
 No sound but Teviot's rushing tide ; 145
 Save when the changing sentinel
 The challenge of his watch could tell ;

And save where, through the dark profound,
The clanging axe and hammer's sound

Rung from the nether lawn ; 150
For many a busy hand toil'd there,
Strong pales to shape and beams to square,
The lists' dread barriers to prepare
Against the morrow's dawn.

X.

Margaret from hall did soon retreat, 155

Despite the dame's reproving eye ;
Nor mark'd she, as she left her seat,
Full many a stifled sigh ;

For many a noble warrior strove
To win the Flower of Teviot's love, 160

And many a bold ally.
With throbbing head and anxious heart,
All in her lonely bower apart,

In broken sleep she lay :
By times, from silken couch she rose ; 165

While yet the banner'd hosts repose,

She view'd the dawning day :
Of all the hundreds sunk to rest,
First woke the loveliest and the best.

XI.

She gazed upon the inner court, 170

Which in the tower's tall shadow lay,
Where coursers' clang and stamp and snort

Had rung the livelong yesterday ;
Now still as death ; till stalking slow,—

The jingling spurs announced his tread,— 175
A stately warrior pass'd below ;

But when he raised his plumed head—
Blessed Mary ! can it be ?—
Secure, as if in Ousenam bowers,
He walks through Branksome's hostile towers, 180
With fearless step and free.
She dared not sign, she dared not speak—
Oh ! if one page's slumbers break,
His blood the price must pay !
Not all the pearls Queen Mary wears, 185
Not Margaret's yet more precious tears,
Shall buy his life a day.

XII.

Yet was his hazard small ; for well
You may bethink you of the spell
Of that sly urchin page ; 190
This to his lord he did impart,
And made him seem, by glamour art,
A knight from Hermitage.
Unchallenged thus, the warder's post,
The court, unchallenged, thus he cross'd, 195
For all the vassalage :
But Oh ! what magic's quaint disguise
Could blind fair Margaret's azure eyes !
She started from her seat ;
While with surprise and fear she strove, 200
And both could scarcely master love—
Lord Henry's at her feet.

XIII.

Oft have I mused what purpose bad
That foul malicious urchin had
To bring this meeting round ; 205
For happy love's a heavenly sight,

And by a vile malignant sprite
 In such no joy is found ;
 And oft I've deem'd, perchance he thought
 Their erring passion might have wrought 210
 Sorrow and sin and shame,
 And death to Cranstoun's gallant knight,
 And to the gentle ladye bright,
 Disgrace and loss of fame.
 But earthly spirit could not tell 215
 The heart of them that loved so well.
 True love's the gift which God has given
 To man alone beneath the heaven :
 It is not fantasy's hot fire,
 Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly ; 220
 It liveth not in fierce desire,
 With dead desire it doth not die ;
 It is the secret sympathy,
 The silver link, the silken tie,
 Which heart to heart, and mind to mind, 225
 In body and in soul can bind.—
 Now leave we Margaret and her knight,
 To tell you of the approaching fight.

XIV.

Their warning blasts the bugles blew,
 The pipe's shrill port aroused each clan : 230
 In haste the deadly strife to view,
 The trooping warriors eager ran :
 Thick round the lists their lances stood,
 Like blasted pines in Ettrick wood ;
 To Branksome many a look they threw, 235
 The combatant's approach to view,
 And bandied many a word of boast
 About the knight each favour'd most.

XV.

Meantime full anxious was the dame ;
For now arose disputed claim 240
Of who should fight for Deloraine,
'Twixt Harden and 'twixt Thirlestaine :
They 'gan to reckon kin and rent,
And frowning brow on brow was bent ;
But yet not long the strife—for, lo ! 245
Himself, the knight of Deloraine,
Strong, as it seem'd, and free from pain,
In armour sheath'd from top to toe,
Appear'd and craved the combat due.
The dame her charm successful knew, 250
And the fierce chiefs their claims withdrew.

XVI.

When for the lists they sought the plain,
The stately Ladye's silken rein
Did noble Howard hold ;
Unarmed by her side he walk'd, 255
And much in courteous phrase they talk'd
Of feats of arms of old.
Costly his garb—his Flemish ruff
Fell o'er his doublet, shaped of buff,
With satin slash'd and lined ; 260
Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,
His cloak was all of Poland fur,
His hose with silver twined ;
His Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,
Hung in a broad and studded belt ; 265
Hence, in rude phrase, the Borderers still
Call'd noble Howard, Belted Will.

XVII.

Behind Lord Howard and the dame,
 Fair Margaret on her palfrey came,
 Whose foot-cloth swept the ground : 270
 White was her wimple and her veil,
 And her loose locks a chaplet pale
 Of whitest roses bound ;
 The lordly Angus, by her side,
 In courtesy to cheer her tried ; 275
 Without his aid, her hand in vain
 Had strove to guide her broider'd rein.
 He deem'd she shudder'd at the sight
 Of warriors met for mortal fight ;
 But cause of terror, all unguess'd, 280
 Was fluttering in her gentle breast,
 When, in their chairs of crimson placed,
 The dame and she the barriers graced.

XVIII.

Prize of the field, the young Buccleuch,
 An English knight led forth to view ; 285
 Scarce rued the boy his present plight,
 So much he long'd to see the fight.
 Within the lists in knightly pride
 High Home and haughty Dacre ride ;
 Their leading staffs of steel they wield, 290
 As marshals of the mortal field ;
 While to each knight their care assign'd
 Like vantage of the sun and wind.
 Then heralds hoarse did loud proclaim,
 In King and Queen, and Warden's name, 295
 That none, while lasts the strife,
 Should dare, by look or sign or word,

Aid to a champion to afford,
 On peril of his life :
 And not a breath the silence broke 300
 Till thus the alternate Herald spoke :—

XIX.

ENGLISH HERALD.

‘Here standeth Richard of Musgrave,
 Good knight and true, and freely born,
 Amends from Deloraine to crave,
 For foul despiteous scathe and scorn. 305
 He sayeth that William of Deloraine
 Is traitor false by Border laws ;
 This with his sword he will maintain,
 So help him God and his good cause !

XX.

SCOTTISH HERALD.

‘Here standeth William of Deloraine, 310
 Good knight and true, of noble strain,
 Who sayeth that foul treason’s stain,
 Since he bore arms, ne’er soil’d his coat ;
 And that, so help him God above !
 He will on Musgrave’s body prove, 315
 He lies most foully in his throat.’

LORD DACRE.

‘Forward, brave champions, to the fight !
 Sound trumpets !’

LORD HOME.

‘God defend the right !’—
 Then Teviot ! how thine echoes rang,
 When bugle-sound and trumpet-clang 320

Let loose the martial foes,
And in mid list, with shield poised high,
And measured step and wary eye,
The combatants did close !

XXI.

Ill would it suit your gentle ear, 325
Ye lovely listeners, to hear
How to the axe the helms did sound,
And blood pour'd down from many a wound ;
For desperate was the strife and long,
And either warrior fierce and strong. 330
But, were each dame a listening knight,
I well could tell how warriors fight ;
For I have seen war's lightning flashing,
Seen the claymore with bayonet clashing,
Seen through red blood the war-horse dashing, 335
And scorn'd, amid the reeling strife,
To yield a step for death or life.—

XXII.

'Tis done, 'tis done ! that fatal blow
Has stretch'd him on the bloody plain ;
He strives to rise—Brave Musgrave, no ! 340
Thence never shalt thou rise again !
He chokes in blood—some friendly hand
Undo the visor's barred band,
Unfix the gorget's iron clasp,
And give him room for life to gasp !— 345
O, bootless aid !—haste, holy friar,
Haste, ere the sinner shall expire !
Of all his guilt let him be shriven,
And smooth his path from earth to heaven !

XXIII.

In haste the holy friar sped ;— 350
 His naked foot was dyed with red,
 As through the lists he ran ;
 Unmindful of the shouts on high
 That hail'd the conqueror's victory,
 He raised the dying man ; 355
 Loose waved his silver beard and hair,
 As o'er him he kneel'd down in prayer ;
 And still the crucifix on high
 He holds before his darkening eye ;
 And still he bends an anxious ear, 360
 His faltering penitence to hear ;
 Still props him from the bloody sod,
 Still, even when soul and body part,
 Pours ghostly comfort on his heart,
 And bids him trust in God ! 365
 Unheard he prays ;—the death-pang's o'er !
 Richard of Musgrave breathes no more.

XXIV.

As if exhausted in the fight,
 Or musing o'er the piteous sight,
 The silent victor stands ; 370
 His beaver did he not unclasp,
 Mark'd not the shouts, felt not the grasp
 Of gratulating hands.
 When lo ! strange cries of wild surprise,
 Mingled with seeming terror, rise 375
 Among the Scottish bands ;
 And all, amid the throng'd array,
 In panic haste gave open way
 To a half-naked ghastly man,
 Who downward from the castle ran : 380

He cross'd the barriers at a bound,
 And wild and haggard look'd around,
 As dizzy and in pain ;
 And all upon the armed ground
 Knew William of Deloraine ! 385
 Each ladye sprung from seat with speed ;
 Vaulted each marshal from his steed ;
 ' And who art thou,' they cried,
 ' Who hast this battle fought and won ?'
 His plumed helm was soon undone— 390
 ' Cranstoun of Teviot-side !
 For this fair prize I've fought and won,'
 And to the Ladye led her son.

XXV.

Full oft the rescued boy she kiss'd,
 And often press'd him to her breast ; 395
 For, under all her dauntless show,
 Her heart had throb'd at every blow ;
 Yet not Lord Cranstoun deign'd she greet,
 Though low he kneeled at her feet.
 Me lists not tell what words were made, 400
 What Douglas, Home, and Howard said—
 —For Howard was a generous foe—
 And how the clan united pray'd
 The Ladye would the feud forego,
 And deign to bless the nuptial hour 405
 Of Cranstoun's Lord and Teviot's Flower.

XXVI.

She look'd to river, look'd to hill,
 Thought on the Spirit's prophecy,
 Then broke her silence stern and still ;
 ' Not you, but Fate, has vanquish'd me ; 410

Their influence kindly stars may shower
On Teviot's tide and Branksome's tower,
For pride is quell'd and love is free.'
She took fair Margaret by the hand,
Who, breathless, trembling, scarce might stand ; 415
That hand to Cranstoun's lord gave she :
'As I am true to thee and thine,
Do thou be true to me and mine !
This clasp of love our bond shall be ;
For this is your betrothing day, 420
And all these noble lords shall stay,
To grace it with their company.'

XXVII.

All as they left the listed plain,
Much of the story she did gain ;
How Cranstoun fought with Deloraine, 425
And of his page, and of the book
Which from the wounded knight he took ;
And how he sought her castle high
That morn, by help of gramarye ;
How, in Sir William's armour dight, 430
Stolen by his page, while slept the knight,
He took on him the single fight.
But half his tale he left unsaid,
And linger'd till he join'd the maid.
Cared not the Ladye to betray 435
Her mystic arts in view of day ;
But well she thought, ere midnight came,
Of that strange page the pride to tame,
From his foul hands the book to save,
And send it back to Michael's grave.— 440
Needs not to tell each tender word
'Twixt Margaret and 'twixt Cranstoun's lord ;

Nor how she told the former woes,
 And how her bosom fell and rose
 While he and Musgrave bandied blows.— 445
 Needs not these lovers' joys to tell :
 One day, fair maids, you'll know them well.

XXVIII.

William of Deloraine, some chance
 Had waken'd from his deathlike trance ;
 And taught that in the listed plain 450
 'Another, in his arms and shield,
 Against fierce Musgrave axe did wield,
 Under the name of Deloraine.
 Hence, to the field unarm'd he ran,
 And hence his presence scared the clan, 455
 Who held him for some fleeting wraith,
 And not a man of blood and breath.
 Not much this new ally he loved,
 Yet, when he saw what hap had proved,
 He greeted him right heartilie : 460
 He would not waken old debate,
 For he was void of rancorous hate,
 Though rude and scant of courtesy ;
 In raids he spilt but seldom blood
 Unless when men-at-arms withstood, 465
 Or, as was meet, for deadly feud.
 He ne'er bore grudge for stalwart blow,
 Ta'en in fair fight from gallant foe :
 And so 'twas seen of him e'en now,
 When on dead Musgrave he look'd down ; 470
 Grief darkened on his rugged brow,
 Though half disguised with a frown ;
 And thus, while sorrow bent his head,
 His foeman's epitaph he made :—

XXIX.

‘Now, Richard Musgrave, liest thou here ! 475
I ween, my deadly enemy ;
For, if I slew thy brother dear,
Thou slew’st a sister’s son to me ;
And when I lay in dungeon dark
Of Naworth Castle, long months three, 480
Till ransom’d for a thousand mark,
Dark Musgrave, it was long of thee.
And, Musgrave, could our fight be tried,
And thou wert now alive, as I,
No mortal man should us divide 485
Till one, or both of us, did die :
Yet rest thee God ! for well I know
I ne’er shall find a nobler foe.
In all the northern counties here,
Whose word is Snaffle, spur, and spear, 490
Thou wert the best to follow gear !
’Twas pleasure, as we look’d behind,
To see how thou the chase could’st wind,
Cheer the dark blood-hound on his way,
And with the bugle rouse the fray ! 495
I’d give the lands of Deloraine,
Dark Musgrave were alive again.’

XXX.

So mourn’d he till Lord Dacre’s band
Were bowning back to Cumberland.
They raised brave Musgrave from the field, 500
And laid him on his bloody shield ;
On levell’d lances, four and four,
By turns, the noble burden bore.
Before, at times, upon the gale
Was heard the Minstrel’s plaintive wail ; 505

Behind, four priests, in sable stole,
Sung requiem for the warrior's soul :
Around, the horsemen slowly rode ;
With trailing pikes the spearmen trode ;
And thus the gallant knight they bore 510
Through Liddesdale to Leven's shore ;
Thence to Holme Coltrame's lofty nave,
And laid him in his father's grave.

THE harp's wild notes, though hush'd the song,
The mimic march of death prolong ; 515
Now seems it far, and now a-near.
Now meets, and now eludes the ear ;
Now seems some mountain side to sweep,
Now faintly dies in valley deep ;
Seems now as if the Minstrel's wail, 520
Now the sad requiem, loads the gale ;
Last, o'er the warrior's closing grave,
Rung the full choir in choral stave.

After due pause, they bade him tell
Why he, who touch'd the harp so well, 525
Should thus, with ill-rewarded toil,
Wander a poor and thankless soil,
When the more generous Southern Land
Would well requite his skilful hand.

The Aged Harper, howsoe'er 530
His only friend, his harp, was dear,
Liked not to hear it rank'd so high
Above his flowing poesy :
Less liked he still that scornful jeer
Misprised the land he loved so dear ; 535
High was the sound, as thus again
The bard resumed his minstrel strain.

CANTO SIXTH.

I.

BREATHES there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land ?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd

5

From wandering on a foreign strand ?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,—

10

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentr'd all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

15

II.

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child !
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,

20

Land of my sires ! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand !
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now and what hath been,
Seems as to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left ;

25

And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.

By Yarrow's stream still let me stray, 30
Though none should guide my feeble way ;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my wither'd cheek ;
Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone, 35
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

III.

Not scorn'd like me, to Branksome Hall
The minstrels came at festive call ;
Trooping they came from near and far,
The jovial priests of mirth and war ; 40
Alike for feast and fight prepared,
Battle and banquet both they shared.
Of late, before each martial clan
They blew their death-note in the van,
But now for every merry mate 45
Rose the portcullis' iron grate ;
They sound the pipe, they strike the string,
They dance, they revel, and they sing,
Till the rude turrets shake and ring.

IV.

Me lists not at this tide declare 50
The splendour of the spousal rite,
How muster'd in the chapel fair
Both maid and matron, squire and knight ;
Me lists not tell of owches rare,
Of mantels green, and braided hair, 55
And kirtles furr'd with miniver ;
What plumage waved the altar round,

How spurs and ringing chainlets sound ;
And hard it were for bard to speak
The changeful hue of Margaret's cheek ; 60
That lovely hue which comes and flies,
As awe and shame alternate rise !

V.

Some bards have sung, the Ladye high
Chapel or altar came not nigh ;
Nor durst the rites of spousal grace, 65
So much she fear'd each holy place.
False slanders these :—I trust right well
She wrought not by forbidden spell ;
For mighty words and signs have power
O'er sprites in planetary hour : 70
Yet scarce I praise their venturous part
Who tamper with such dangerous art.
But this for faithful truth I say,
The Ladye by the altar stood,
Of sable velvet her array, 75
And on her head a crimson hood,
With pearls embroider'd and entwined,
Guarded with gold, with ermine lined ;
A merlin sat upon her wrist,
Held by a leash of silken twist. 80

VI.

The spousal rites were ended soon :
'Twas now the merry hour of noon,
And in the lofty arched hall
Was spread the gorgeous festival.
Steward and squire, with heedful haste, 85
Marshall'd the rank of every guest ;

Pages, with ready blade, were there,
 The mighty meal to carve and share :
 O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane,
 And princely peacock's gilded train, 90
 And o'er the boar-head, garnish'd brave,
 And cygnet from St. Mary's wave ;
 O'er ptarmigan and venison,
 The priest had spoke his benison.
 Then rose the riot and the din, 95
 Above, beneath, without, within !
 For, from the lofty balcony,
 Rung trumpet, shalm, and psaltery :
 Their clanging bowls old warriors quaff'd,
 Loudly they spoke and loudly laugh'd ; 100
 Whisper'd young knights, in tone more mild,
 To ladies fair, and ladies smiled.
 The hooded hawks, high perch'd on beam,
 The clamour join'd with whistling scream,
 And flapp'd their wings and shook their bells, 105
 In concert with the stag-hounds' yells :
 Round go the flasks of ruddy wine,
 From Bourdeaux, Orleans, or the Rhine ;
 Their tasks the busy sewers ply,
 And all is mirth and revelry. 110

VII.

The Goblin Page, omitting still
 No opportunity of ill,
 Strove now, while blood ran hot and high,
 To rouse debate and jealousy ;
 Till Conrad, Lord of Wolfenstein, 115
 By nature fierce, and warm with wine,
 And now in humour highly cross'd

About some steeds his band had lost,
High words to words succeeding still,
Smote with his gauntlet stout Hunthill ; 120
A hot and hardy Rutherford,
Whom men called Dickon Draw-the-sword.
He took it on the page's saye,
Hunthill had driven these steeds away.
Then Howard, Home, and Douglas rose, 125
The kindling discord to compose :
Stern Rutherford right little said,
But bit his glove, and shook his head.
A fortnight thence, in Inglewood,
Stout Conrad, cold, and drench'd in blood, 130
His bosom gored with many a wound,
Was by a woodman's lyme-dog found ;
Unknown the manner of his death,
Gone was his brand, both sword and sheath ;
But ever from that time, 'twas said, 135
That Dickon wore a Cologne blade.

VIII.

The dwarf, who fear'd his master's eye
Might his foul treachery espie,
Now sought the castle buttery,
Where many a yeoman, bold and free, 140
Revell'd as merrily and well
As those that sat in lordly selle.
Watt Tinlinn there did frankly raise
The pledge to Arthur Fire-the-Braes ;
And he, as by his breeding bound, 145
To Howard's merry-men sent it round.
To quit them, on the English side,
Red Roland Forster loudly cried,

‘A deep carouse to yon fair bride!’—
At every pledge, from vat and pail, 150
Foam’d forth in floods the nut-brown ale :
While shout the riders every one :
Such day of mirth ne’er cheer’d their clan,
Since old Buccleuch the name did gain,
When in the cleuch the buck was ta’en. 155

IX.

The wily page, with vengeful thought,
Remember’d him of Tinlinn’s yew,
And swore it should be dearly bought
That ever he the arrow drew.
First, he the yeoman did molest 160
With bitter gibe and taunting jest ;
Told how he fled at Solway strife,
And how Hob Armstrong cheer’d his wife ;
Then, shunning still his powerful arm,
At unawares he wrought him harm ; 165
From trencher stole his choicest cheer,
Dash’d from his lips his can of beer ;
Then, to his knee sly creeping on,
With bodkin pierced him to the bone :
The venom’d wound and festering joint 170
Long after rued that bodkin’s point.
The startled yeoman swore and spurn’d,
And board and flagons overturn’d.
Riot and clamour wild began ;
Back to the hall the urchin ran ; 175
Took in a darkling nook his post,
And grinn’d, and mutter’d, ‘Lost ! lost ! lost !’

X.

By this, the dame, lest farther fray
Should mar the concord of the day,
Had bid the minstrels tune their lay. 180
And first stept forth old Albert Græme,
The minstrel of that ancient name :
Was none who struck the harp so well,
Within the Land Debateable ;
Well friended too, his hardy kin, 185
Whoever lost, were sure to win ;
They sought the beeves that made their broth,
In Scotland and in England both.
In homely guise, as nature bade,
His simple song the Borderer said. 190

XI.

ALBERT GRÆME.

It was an English ladye bright,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
And she would marry a Scottish knight,
For Love will still be lord of all.
Blithely they saw the rising sun 195
When he shone fair on Carlisle wall ;
But they were sad ere day was done,
Though Love was still the lord of all.
Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall ; 200
Her brother gave but a flask of wine,
For ire that Love was lord of all.
For she had lands both meadow and lea,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And he swore her death, ere he would see 205
A Scottish knight the lord of all.

XII.

That wine she had not tasted well,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
When dead, in her true love's arms, she fell,
For Love was still the lord of all ! 210

He pierced her brother to the heart,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall :—
So perish all would true love part
That Love may still be lord of all !

And then he took the cross divine, 215
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And died for her sake in Palestine ;
So Love was still the lord of all.

Now all ye lovers, that faithful prove,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,) 220
Pray for their souls who died for love,
For Love shall still be lord of all !

XIII.

As ended Albert's simple lay,
Arose a bard of loftier port ;
For sonnet, rhyme, and roundelay 225
Renown'd in haughty Henry's court :
There rung thy harp, unrivall'd long,
Fitztraver of the silver song !
The gentle Surrey loved his lyre—
Who has not heard of Surrey's fame ? 230
His was the hero's soul of fire,
And his the bard's immortal name,
And his was love, exalted high
By all the glow of chivalry.

XIV.

They sought together climes afar, 235
And oft within some olive grove,
When even came with twinkling star,
They sung of Surrey's absent love.
His step the Italian peasant stay'd,
And deem'd that spirits from on high, 240
Round where some hermit saint was laid,
Were breathing heavenly melody ;
So sweet did harp and voice combine,
To praise the name of Geraldine.

XV.

Fitztraver ! Oh, what tongue may say 245
The pangs thy faithful bosom knew,
When Surrey of the deathless lay
Ungrateful Tudor's sentence slew ?
Regardless of the tyrant's frown,
His harp call'd wrath and vengeance down. 250
He left, for Naworth's iron towers,
Windsor's green glades and courtly bowers,
And, faithful to his patron's name,
With Howard still Fitztraver came ;
Lord William's foremost favourite he, 255
And chief of all his minstrelsy.

XVI.

FITZTRAVER.

'Twas All-Souls' eve, and Surrey's heart beat high ;
He heard the midnight bell with anxious start,
Which told the mystic hour, approaching nigh,
When wise Cornelius promised by his art 260
To show to him the ladye of his heart,
Albeit betwixt them roar'd the ocean grim ;

Yet so the sage had hight to play his part,
 That he should see her form in life and limb,
 And mark, if still she loved and still she thought of him. 265

XVII.

Dark was the vaulted room of gramarye,
 To which the wizard led the gallant knight,
 Save that before a mirror, huge and high,
 A hallow'd taper shed a glimmering light
 On mystic implements of magic might : 270
 On cross, and character, and talisman,
 And almagest, and altar, nothing bright :
 For fitful was the lustre, pale and wan,
 As watchlight by the bed of some departing man.

XVIII.

But soon, within that mirror huge and high, 275
 Was seen a self-emitted light to gleam ;
 And forms upon its breast the Earl 'gan spy,
 Cloudy and indistinct as feverish dream ;
 Till, slow arranging and defined, they seem
 To form a lordly and a lofty room, 280
 Part lighted by a lamp with silver beam,
 Placed by a couch of Agra's silken loom,
 And part by moonshine pale, and part was hid in gloom.

XIX.

Fair all the pageant—but how passing fair
 The slender form which lay on couch of Ind ! 285
 O'er her white bosom stray'd her hazel hair,
 Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she pined ;
 All in her night-robe loose she lay reclined,
 And pensive read from tablet eburnine,
 Some strain that seem'd her inmost soul to find ; 290

That favour'd strain was Surrey's raptured line,
That fair and lovely form, the Lady Geraldine.

XX.

Slow roll'd the clouds upon the lovely form,
And swept the goodly vision all away—
So royal envy roll'd the murky storm 295
O'er my beloved Master's glorious day.
Thou jealous, ruthless tyrant ! Heaven repay
On thee, and on thy children's latest line,
The wild caprice of thy despotic sway,
The gory bridal bed, the plunder'd shrine, 300
The murder'd Surrey's blood, the tears of Geraldine !

XXI.

Both Scots and Southern chiefs prolong
Applauses of Fitztraver's song ;
These hated Henry's name as death,
And those still held the ancient faith. 305
Then from his seat with lofty air,
Rose Harold, bard of brave St. Clair,—
St. Clair, who, feasting high at Home,
Had with that lord to battle come.
Harold was born where restless seas 310
Howl round the storm-swept Orcades ;
Where erst St. Clairs held princely sway
O'er isle and islet, strait and bay ;—
Still nods their palace to its fall,
Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall !— 315
Thence oft he mark'd fierce Pentland rave,
As if grim Odin rode her wave ;
And watch'd the whilst with visage pale,
And throbbing heart, the struggling sail ;
For all of wonderful and wild 320
Had rapture for the lonely child.

XXII.

And much of wild and wonderful
In these rude isles might fancy cull ;
For thither came in times afar
Stern Lochlin's sons of roving war, 325
The Norsemen, train'd to spoil and blood,
Skill'd to prepare the raven's food ;
Kings of the main their leaders brave,
Their barks the dragons of the wave.
And there, in many a stormy vale, 330
The Scald had told his wondrous tale ;
And many a Runic column high
Had witness'd grim idolatry.
And thus had Harold in his youth
Learn'd many a Saga's rhyme uncouth,— 335
Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous curl'd,
Whose monstrous circle girds the world ;
Of those dread Maids whose hideous yell
Maddens the battle's bloody swell ;
Of chiefs who, guided through the gloom 340
By the pale death-lights of the tomb,
Ransack'd the graves of warriors old,
Their falchions wrench'd from corpses' hold,
Waked the deaf tomb with war's alarms,
And bade the dead arise to arms ! 345
With war and wonder all on flame,
To Roslin's bowers young Harold came,
Where, by sweet glen and greenwood tree,
He learn'd a milder minstrelsy ;
Yet something of the Northern spell 350
Mix'd with the softer numbers well.

XXIII.

HAROLD.

O listen, listen, ladies gay !

No haughty feat of arms I tell ;

Soft is the note, and sad the lay,

That mourns the lovely Rosabelle. 355

—‘ Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !

And, gentle ladye, deign to stay !

Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,

Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

‘ The blackening wave is edged with white :— 360

To inch and rock the sea-mews fly ;

The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,

Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

‘ Last night the gifted Seer did view

A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay ; 365

Then stay thee, fair, in Ravensheuch :

Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ?’—

‘ ’Tis not because Lord Lindesay’s heir

To-night at Roslin leads the ball,

But that my ladye-mother there 370

Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

‘ ’Tis not because the ring they ride,

And Lindesay at the ring rides well,

But that my sire the wine will chide,

If ’tis not fill’d by Rosabelle.’— 375

O’er Roslin all that dreary night,

A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;

’Twas broader than the watch-fire’s light,

And redder than the bright moon-beam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock, 380
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie, 385
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound, 390
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair. 395

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle ;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle !

And each St. Clair was buried there, 400
With candle, with book, and with knell ;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

XXIV.

So sweet was Harold's piteous lay,
Scarce mark'd the guests the darken'd hall, 405
Though, long before the sinking day,
A wondrous shade involved them all :

It was not eddying mist or fog,
Drain'd by the sun from fen or bog ;
Of no eclipse had sages told ; 410
And yet, as it came on apace,
Each one could scarce his neighbour's face,
Could scarce his own stretch'd hand behold.
A secret horror check'd the feast,
And chill'd the soul of every guest ; 415
Even the high dame stood half aghast,
She knew some evil on the blast ;
The elvish page fell to the ground,
And, shuddering, mutter'd, ' Found ! found ! found ! '

XXV.

Then sudden through the darken'd air 420
A flash of lightning came ;
So broad, so bright, so red the glare.
The castle seem'd on flame.
Glanced every rafter of the hall,
Glanced every shield upon the wall ; 425
Each trophied beam, each sculptured stone,
Were instant seen and instant gone ;
Full through the guests' bedazzled band
Resistless flash'd the levin-brand,
And fill'd the hall with smouldering smoke, 430
As on the elvish page it broke.
It broke with thunder long and loud,
Dismay'd the brave, appall'd the proud,—
From sea to sea the larum rung ;
On Berwick wall, and at Carlisle withal, 435
To arms the startled warders sprung.
When ended was the dreadful roar,
The elvish dwarf was seen no more !

XXVI.

Some heard a voice in Branksome Hall,
 Some saw a sight not seen by all ; 440
 That dreadful voice was heard by some
 Cry, with loud summons, 'GYLBIN, COME !'

And on the spot where burst the brand,
 Just where the page had flung him down,
 Some saw an arm, and some a hand, 445

And some the waving of a gown.
 The guests in silence prayed and shook,
 And terror dimm'd each lofty look.
 But none of all the astonished train
 Was so dismay'd as Deloraine : 450

His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,
 'Twas fear'd his mind would ne'er return ;

For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
 Like him of whom the story ran,
 Who spoke the spectre-hound in Man. 455

At length, by fits, he darkly told,
 With broken hint, and shuddering cold,
 That he had seen, right certainly,
A shape with amice wrapp'd around,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound, 460

Like pilgrim from beyond the sea ;
 And knew—but how it matter'd not—
 It was the wizard, Michael Scott.

XXVII.

The anxious crowd, with horror pale,
 All trembling heard the wondrous tale : 465

No sound was made, no word was spoke,
 Till noble Angus silence broke ;

And he a solemn sacred plight
 Did to St. Bride of Douglas make,

That he a pilgrimage would take	470
To Melrose Abbey, for the sake	
Of Michael's restless sprite.	
Then each, to ease his troubled breast,	
To some bless'd saint his prayers address'd :	
Some to St. Modan made their vows,	475
Some to St. Mary of the Lowes,	
Some to the Holy Rood of Lisle,	
Some to our Ladye of the Isle ;	
Each did his patron witness make	
That he such pilgrimage would take,	480
And monks should sing, and bells should toll,	
All for the weal of Michael's soul.	
While vows were ta'en, and prayers were pray'd,	
'Tis said the noble dame, dismay'd,	
Renounced for aye dark magic's aid.	485

XXVIII.

Nought of the bridal will I tell,	
Which after in short space befell ;	
Nor how brave sons and daughters fair	
Bless'd Teviot's Flower and Cranstoun's heir :	
After such dreadful scene, 'twere vain	490
To wake the note of mirth again.	
More meet it were to mark the day	
Of penitence, and prayer divine,	
When pilgrim chiefs, in sad array,	
Sought Melrose' holy shrine.	495

XXIX.

With naked foot, and sackcloth vest,	
And arms enfolded on his breast,	
Did every pilgrim go ;	
The standers-by might hear uneath	

Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath, 500
 Through all the lengthen'd row :
 No lordly look nor martial stride ;
 Gone was their glory, sunk their pride,
 Forgotten their renown ;
 Silent and slow, like ghosts they glide 505
 To the high altar's hallow'd side,
 And there they knelt them down :
 Above the suppliant chieftains wave
 The banners of departed brave ;
 Beneath the letter'd stones were laid 510
 The ashes of their fathers dead ;
 From many a garnish'd niche around
 Stern saints and tortured martyrs frown'd.

XXX.

And slow up the dim aisle afar,
 With sable cowl and scapular, 515
 And snow-white stoles, in order due,
 The holy fathers, two and two,
 In long procession came ;
 Taper and host and book they bare,
 And holy banner flourish'd fair 520
 With the Redeemer's name.
 Above the prostrate pilgrim band
 The mitred Abbot stretch'd his hand,
 And bless'd them as they kneel'd ;
 With holy cross he signed them all, 525
 And pray'd they might be sage in hall,
 And fortunate in field.
 Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,
 And solemn requiem for the dead ;
 And bells toll'd out their mighty peal 530
 For the departed spirit's weal ;

And ever in the office close
The hymn of intercession rose ;
And far the echoing aisles prolong
The awful burthen of the song, 535

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA,
SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA ;
While the pealing organ rung.
Were it meet with sacred strain
To close my lay, so light and vain, 540
Thus the holy fathers sung :

XXXI.

HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away !
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day ? 545

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll ;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead !

Oh ! on that day, that wrathful day, 550
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away !

HUSH'D is the harp—the Minstrel gone.
And did he wander forth alone ? 555
Alone, in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage ?
No !—close beneath proud Newark's tower,

Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower ;
A simple hut ; but there was seen 560
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
There shelter'd wanderers, by the blaze,
Oft heard the tale of other days ;
For much he loved to ope his door, 565
And give the aid he begg'd before.
So pass'd the winter's day ; but still,
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
And July's eve, with balmy breath,
Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath ; 570
When throstles sung in Hairhead-shaw,
And corn was green on Carterhaugh,
And flourish'd, broad, Blackandro's oak,
The aged Harper's soul awoke !
Then would he sing achievements high 575
And circumstance of chivalry,
Till the rapt traveller would stay,
Forgetful of the closing day ;
And noble youths, the strain to hear,
Forsook the hunting of the deer ; 580
And Yarrow, as he roll'd along,
Bore burden to the Minstrel song.

NOTES.



NOTES.

INTRODUCTION.

9. **welladay.** 'Alas'; the word is a corruption of 'well-away,' which originated in A. S. *wá lá wá*, i.e., woe! lo! woe! Scott employs the obsolete interjection to give the colour of antiquity.

13. **palfrey.** A saddle-horse for ordinary purposes, as distinguished from a war-horse.

16. **hall.** The chief, or public, room of a castle.

20. **A stranger.** William of Orange; this indicates the time when the *Lay* is supposed to be sung.

21. **iron time.** The time of Puritan domination. Minto quotes, as an example of the attitude towards minstrels, from an ordinance of 1656: "that if any person or persons, commonly called fiddlers or minstrels, shall at any time be taken playing, fiddling and making music in any Inn, Alehouse, or Tavern . . . every such person or persons, so taken, shall be adjudged, and are hereby adjudged and declared to be rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars."

27. **Newark's stately tower.** "A massive square tower, now unroofed and ruinous . . . beautifully situated about three miles from Selkirk, upon the banks of the Yarrow, a fierce and precipitous stream, which unites with the Ettrick about a mile below the castle . . . There was a much more ancient castle in its immediate vicinity, called Auldward . . . The castle continued to be an occasional seat of the Buccleuch family for more than a century: and here, it is said, the Duchess of Monmouth and Buccleuch was brought up" (*Schetky's Illustrations of the Lay of the Last Minstrel*). It lay just outside the grounds of Bowhill, the residence of Lady Dalkeith, who suggested to Scott the subject of the *Lay*.

28. **Yarrow.** A tributary of the Ettrick, some twenty-five miles in length; this stream was associated with many legends of the Border; cf. Wordsworth's *Yarrow Visited*:

"the vale unfolds

Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature;
And rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a ruin hoary,
The shattered front of Newark's towers
Renown'd in Border story."

32. **embattled.** Furnished with battlements.

33. **grate.** The portcullis,—a grating which might be let down from above to prevent access to the door.

37. **The Duchess.** Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, representative of the ancient Lords of Buccleuch and widow of the Duke of Monmouth, illegitimate son of Charles II., who was beheaded for rebellion in 1685.

49. **Earl Francis** was the father, **Earl Walter** the grandfather of the Duchess.

53. **Buccleuch.** The titular name of the head of the great Border house of the Scotts, from one branch of which the poet was himself descended.

57. **the sooth.** 'The truth'; the word is familiar in the phrase "in sooth."

69. **wildering.** 'Bewildering'; cf. Pope, *Thebaid*; "Long lost and wilder'd in the maze of fate."

75. **fain** is used as an adverb, "gladly"; the more common construction would be, "would full fain recall."

80. **King Charles.** Charles I. visited Edinburgh, and lived in *Holyrood*, the royal palace in the suburbs, on two occasions: in 1633 and in 1641.

89. **eye** is the subject of "lighten'd."

CANTO I.

Branksome Tower. "In the reign of James I. [of Scotland, reigned 1406-1437], Sir William Scott of Buccleuch, chief of the clan bearing that name, exchanged with Sir Thomas Inglis of Manor, the estate of Murdiestone in Lanarkshire, for one-half of the barony of Branksome, or Brankholme, lying upon the Teviot, about three miles above Hawick. He was probably induced to this transaction from the vicinity of Branksome to the extensive domain which he possessed in Ettrick Forest and Teviotdale . . . Branksome Castle continued to be the principal seat of the Buccleuch family while security was any object in their choice of a mansion . . . The extent of the ancient edifice can still be traced by some vestiges of its foundation, and its strength is obvious from its situation, on a deep bank surrounded by the Teviot, and flanked by a deep ravine, formed by a precipitous brook. It was anciently surrounded by wood." (*Scott*).

2. **Ladye.** One of several cases of old spelling scattered through the poem for the purpose of giving it an antique colour.

5. **Jesu Maria.** Seemingly a double invocation of Jesus and the Virgin Mary. The line is borrowed from Coleridge's *Christabel*.

8. **idlesse.** An artificial archaism found in Spenser (*e. g.*, *Faerie Queen*, vi., 2, 31), and adopted by Thomson, *Castle of Indolence* i., 5.

13. **rushy floor.** To the end of Elizabeth's reign, floors were strewn with rushes in place of the later carpets; there are frequent references to this in Shakespeare., *e. g.*, *Rich. II.*, i., 3.

15. **Teviot-stone**, near the head of the Teviot.

26 fol. On this passage Minto remarks:—"Scott uses the bard's license to make romantic heroes men of more than mortal mould. If a real mediæval knight had worn steel harness day and night, he would have been of small use in the field. The heavy helmet was generally borne by a page or squire even on the way to battle, or in traversing an enemy's country. The whole of this picture of knights on the watch is too melo-dramatically romantic, especially the drinking of wine through the barred helmet. Border raids, of course, were sudden, but not so sudden that the warriors could not get warning by beacon or messenger in time to put on their armour. At any rate they were not so hard pressed as to be unable to raise their visors or their beavers."

33. **helmet barr'd.** The part of the helmet, which protected the face consisted of bars, so that the wearer might breathe and see.

36. **wight.** A word common in old ballad poetry, meaning 'strong' or 'active'; of different origin from the word "wight," meaning 'a person' (see line 6 above).

38. **Barded.** 'Armed,' from French *barde*, horse-armour.

39. **Jedwood-axe.** "'Of a truth,' says Froissart, 'the Scottish cannot boast great skill with the bow, but rather bear axes, with which, in time of need, they give heavy strokes.' The Jedwood-axe was a sort of partisan used by horsemen." (*Scott*).

42. **dight.** 'Dressed,' 'prepared'; cf. Milton, *L'Allegro*, 62; "The clouds in thousand liveries dight."

46. **St. George's red cross.** The flag of England.

49-51. **Warkworth**, in Northumberland, is the residence of Percy, Earl of Northumberland; **Naworth**, in Cumberland, of Lord Howard; **Carlisle**, of Lord Scroop. The office of Warden on the English side was held at various times by these noblemen.

57-64. Scott gives, in a long note, an account of those events which brought about the feud between the Scotts and Kerrs, of which feud the *Lay* unfolds an imaginary episode. In the year 1526, the young King, James V., tired of the authority of Douglas, Earl of Angus, the virtual ruler of the country, wrote secretly to Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, asking to be rescued from the hands of the Douglasses. An opportunity would be afforded when the Douglasses, with the King in their company, were on their return from the expedition to the Borders in which they were at this time engaged. Buccleuch, attempting to carry out the King's wishes, attacked the Douglasses, who were assisted by the clans of Kerr and Home, at Melrose. The Scotts were defeated, and pursued by the Kerrs. The leader of the latter, the Laird of Cessford, was slain in the pursuit by a retainer of Scott of Buccleuch, named Eliot. Hence a deadly feud between the Scotts and the Kerrs. Buccleuch was imprisoned, and his estates forfeited in the year 1535, for levying war against the Kerrs; they were restored by Act of Parliament in 1542. But the most signal act of violence to which this quarrel gave rise was the murder of Sir Walter himself, who was slain by the Kerrs in the streets of Edinburgh in 1552. This is the event alluded to in stanza vii., and the poem is supposed to open shortly after it had taken place.

61. **Dunedin.** The Celtic name of Edinburgh.

63. **slogan.** The war-cry, or gathering word, of a Border clan; generally the name of a chief, or patron saint, or gathering place.

70. "Among other expedients resorted to for stanching the feud betwixt the Scotts and Kerrs, there was a bond executed in 1529, between the heads of each clan, binding themselves to perform reciprocally the four principal pilgrimages of Scotland, for the benefit of the souls of those of the opposite name who had fallen in the quarrel. But it either never took effect, or the feud was renewed shortly afterwards." (*Scott*).

73. "The family of Ker, Kerr, or Carr, was very powerful on the Border. Cessford Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family, is situated near the village of Morebattle, within two or three miles of the Cheviot Hills." (*Scott*.)

82-93. Compare with these lines Tennyson's "Home they brought her warrior dead."

106. **burn.** Scotch dialectic word for 'brook.'

109. "The Cranstouns are an ancient Border family, who were at

this time at feud with the Scotts; for it appears that the Lady of Buccleuch, in 1557, beset the Laird of Cranstoun, seeking his life. Nevertheless, the same Cranstoun, or perhaps his son, was married to a daughter of the same lady." (*Scott.*)

112. **clerk.** 'Scholar'; the word meant originally a *clergyman*.

113. "The Bethunes were of French origin, and derived their name from a small town in Artois. There were several distinguished families of the Bethunes in the neighbouring province of Picardy. . . . The family of Bethune, or Beatoun, in Fife, produced three learned and dignified prelates, namely, Cardinal Beaton, and two successive Archbishops of Glasgow, all of whom flourished about the date of this romance. Of this family was descended Dame Janet Beaton, Lady Buccleuch, widow of Sir Walter Scott of Branksome. She was a woman of masculine spirit, as appeared from her riding at the head of her son's clan, after her husband's murder. She also possessed the hereditary abilities of her family in such a degree that the superstition of the vulgar imputed them to supernatural knowledge." (*Scott.*)

115. **Padua.** A city of northern Italy, famous for its university; in the *Merchant of Venice*, the learned doctor Bellario is from Padua. "Padua was long supposed by the Scottish peasants to be the principal school of necromancy." (*Scott.*)

119. The reference is to the university of St. Andrews in Fife.

120. "The shadow of a necromancer is independent of the sun. . . . The vulgar conceive that when a class of students have made a certain progress in their mystic studies, they are obliged to run through a subterraneous hall, where the devil literally catches the hindmost in the race, unless he crosses the hall so speedily that the arch-enemy can only apprehend his shadow. In the latter case, the person of the sage never after throws any shade; and those who have thus lost their shadow always prove the best magicians." (*Scott.*)

125. **viewless.** 'Invisible'; cf. Shakespeare's "the viewless winds" in *Measure for Measure*, III., i.

127. "The castle of Branksome was enlarged and strengthened by Sir David Scott, grandson of Sir William, the first possessor. The Ladye sits in the western tower, from which she could look up the Teviot, to the fells on which the moonbeams were playing." (*Minto.*)

131. **scaur.** 'A precipitous bank of earth.' (*Scott.*)

137. **ban-dog.** Properly 'band-dog,' i.e., a dog that is fastened by a band, 'a watch dog.'

151. **Fell.** 'A barren hill.'

154. **Craik-cross to Skelfhill-pen.** "Two high hills on opposite sides of the upper waters of the Teviot." (Minto.) Cf. on III., 321 below.

156. **morris.** A species of dance supposed to be derived from the Moors of Spain, whence the name.

156. **Emerald rings.** Circles of dark green grass such as are often visible in pasture fields were called popularly 'fairy-rings,' and were ascribed to the agency of the fairies (cf. *Mid. Night's Dream*, II., i., 9); later science supposes they are caused by the growth of a fungus.

159. **deft and merrily.** Cf. Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar* II., i. 224: "look fresh and merrily."

170. **Arthur's wain.** Otherwise 'Charles' wain' or the 'Great Dipper,'—the seven chief stars in the constellation of the Great Bear. 'Arthur' may be a corruption for *Arcturus*, the chief star in the next constellation, Boötes.

171. **utter.** Not 'complete,' but 'outer'; the darkness of outside space; cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iii., 16: "Through utter and through middle darkness borne."

173. According to classic story, Orion was a giant who was placed among the stars; he appears there with girdle, sword, lion's skin and club in the constellation named after him.

197. **moss-trooper.** "This was the usual appellation of the marauders upon the Borders; a profession diligently pursued by the inhabitants on both sides, and by none more actively and successfully than by Buccleuch's clan." (Scott). "Mosses" are boggy moors, such as are common in the Border shires.

198. **truncheon.** A diminutive of 'trunk'; here, 'the shaft of a spear.'

200. **foray.** "A predatory inroad." (Scott).

207. Lockhart explains the defective metre of this line by the fact that in the poet's own pronunciation the rolled *r* in 'Unicorn's' would have the effect of a syllable. Parallel cases are common in Shakespeare; cf. *Macbeth*, III., ii., 30, "Let your remembrance apply to Banquo."

207-208. The arms of the Kerrs of Cessford (see note on l. 73) bore three unicorns' heads, with a unicorn's head for the crest; those of the Scotts of Buccleuch a star of six points between two crescents.

214. "The lands of Deloraine are joined to those of Buccleuch in

Ettrick Forest. They were immemorially possessed by the Buccleuch family under the strong title of occupancy, although no charter was obtained from the Crown until 1545. Like other possessions, the lands of Deloraine were occasionally granted by them to vassals, or kinsmen, for Border service." (*Scott*).

215. stark. 'Strong,' 'sturdy'; this is a common word in this sense in Border ballads.

217. The Solway sands were extremely dangerous owing to the rapidity with which the tide rose and the numerous quicksands. (See the description in *Scott's Redgauntlet*, Letter iv.). **Tarras Water** runs into the Esk from the east.

218. Percy. See note on line 51.

221. Eske or Liddel. See map.

223. tide. Not in the usual modern sense, which is secondary, but in the original meaning of 'time,' as in 'Eventide,' 'Whitsuntide.'

226. matin prime. 'The first hour of morning.'

230. England's King. Edward VI., or possibly Henry VIII. **Scotland's Queen,** Mary Queen of Scots.

231. good at need. *Scott* found this phrase in a Border ballad, *The Raid of the Reidsuirie*. It was a fashion in ballad poetry, as in the Homeric poems, to attach some adjective, to the name of a person, even in places where the context did not specially call for it; so we have the 'swift-footed Achilles,' the 'far-darting Apollo.' Such an epithet is called a 'permanent epithet.'

232. wightest. See on line 36 above.

235-236. See on l. 334 below.

241. St. Michael's night. 'Michaelmas'; the festival of St. Michael is celebrated on the 29th September.

241-244. See Canto II., lines 166-171. The wizard was buried at one o'clock on St. Michael's night in such a position that the moon shining through a stained-glass window made a red cross over the tomb. His magic book was buried with him, and was only to be used by the chief of the clan in the hour of extremity. The Ladye sends for it to prevent the union of her daughter with an enemy, of which she had just heard from the spirits.

253. 'gan. *Scott* points with the apostrophe as if the word were for 'began'; modern philologists hold that 'gan is the past tense of 'gin,'

a word used by Chaucer, Spenser, and other early poets as an auxiliary in the sense of 'did.'

258. "**Hairibee**, the place of executing the Border marauders at Carlisle. The neck-verse is the beginning of the 51st Psalm, *Miserere mei*, etc., anciently read by criminals claiming the benefit of clergy" (*Scott*). The clergy were anciently amenable not to the secular, but to the ecclesiastical courts; in process of time this privilege was claimed by all who could read, and as the ecclesiastical courts did not inflict the penalty of death, the reading of the verse might save the criminal's neck.

261. **barbican**. "The defence of the outer gate of a feudal castle" (*Scott*). Minto adds: "The epithet 'sounding' indicates that Scott probably took his idea of a barbican from Alnwick Castle, where there is a very fine gate and barbican of the Edwardian period. The barbican is fifty-five feet long, strong masonry protecting a passage to the gate about ten feet broad. The outer passage is vaulted to the length of about twenty feet, the rest open to the sky."

264. **basnet**. A small light helmet; diminutive from 'basin.'

265. **Peel of Goldiland**. A *peel* was a simple strong tower common on the Borders for purposes of defence. For *Goldiland*, see map.

266. **Borthwick Water** is a small tributary of the Teviot, half way between Branksome and Hawick.

267. **moat-hill**. "This is a round artificial mound near Hawick which from its name (A.S. *Mot*, concilium, conventus), was probably anciently used as a place for assembling a national council of the neighbouring tribes" (*Scott*).

282. **the Roman way**. "An ancient Roman road, crossing through this part of Roxburghshire." (*Scott*).

287. **Minto-crags**. "A romantic assembly of cliffs which rise suddenly above the vale of Teviot, in the immediate vicinity of the family seat from which Lord Minto takes his title. A small platform on a projecting crag, commanding a most beautiful prospect, is termed Barnhill's bed. This Barnhill is said to have been a robber, or outlaw. There are remains of a strong tower beneath the rocks, where he is supposed to have dwelt, and from which he derived his name." (*Scott*).

296. **the warbling of the Doric reed**. Scott explains that the allusion is to a pastoral song written by Sir Gilbert Elliot, father of the first Lord Minto. *Doric* because the founder of pastoral poetry, the Greek

Theocritus, wrote in the Doric dialect; *reed* because from reeds the pipes were made upon which shepherds played.

297-298. This indicates the subject of the pastoral poem referred to; it may be found quoted in Scott's notes.

301. **Aill.** A tributary of the Teviot; see map.

311. **Counter.** The breast of a horse, the part from the shoulders to the neck. For *barded*, see on line 38 above.

313-314. Minto remarks that these two lines "must be literally true. The weight of a complete suit of armour was from 150 to 200 lbs. Moss-troopers generally were not so heavily encumbered. Scott, however, gives Deloraine four hours to ride the twenty miles between Hawick and Melrose."

321. **Halidon.** "An ancient seat of the Kerrs of Cessford. About a quarter of a mile to the northward lay the field of battle between Buccleuch and Angus." (*Scott*)

324-330. See note ll. 57-64.

334. **Melros'** for Melrose to avoid assonance with the next word. "The ancient and beautiful monastery of Melrose was founded by King David [in 1136]. Its ruins afford the finest specimen of Gothic architecture and Gothic sculpture which Scotland can boast. The stone of which it is built, though it has resisted the weather for so many ages, retains perfect sharpness, so that even the most minute ornaments seem as entire as when newly wrought. In some of the cloisters, as is hinted in the next canto, there are representations of flowers, vegetables, etc., carved in stone, with accuracy and precision so delicate that we almost distrust our senses, when we consider the difficulty of subjecting so hard a substance to such intricate and exquisite modulation. This superb convent was dedicated to St. Mary, and the monks were of the Cistercian order." (*Scott*).

336. **Abbaye.** For Abbey, for the sake of the rhyme, with a suggestion of archaic effect.

338. **lauds.** "The midnight service of the Catholic church." (*Scott*).

341. **wild harp.** 'An Aeolian harp.'

CANTO II.

3. **lightsome.** Not the ordinary word which is derived from *light* meaning 'not heavy'; the word as employed here is found in Spenser, *Faerie Queen*, I., vii., 23, "O lightsome day, the lamp of highest Jove; so also in Bacon, "white walls make rooms more lightsome than black."

6. **oriel.** Used loosely here by Scott in the sense of a mullioned window (i.e., a window partitioned by perpendicular divisions); an *oriel* is properly a projecting window.

9. **alternately.** Not in reference to the successive buttresses, but to each buttress, which was part in light, part in shade.

11-12. "The buttresses ranged along the sides of the ruins of Melrose Abbey are, according to Gothic style, richly carved and fretted, containing niches for the statues of saints, and labelled with scrolls, bearing appropriate texts of Scripture." (*Scott.*)

16. **St. David's.** David, king of Scotland in the 12th century, won a reputation for sanctity by his monastic foundations; see note I., 334.

20. **reck'd of.** 'Cared for'; a poetical word; cf. Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, viii., 34, "thou's but a lazy lord, and recks much of thy swink"; more commonly without the preposition, as in *Hamlet*, "reckes not his own rede."

39. **aventayle.** The lower part of the helmet before the face, which might be raised so as to admit the air (Lat. *ventus*, whence this word is derived.)

53-54. The grammatical construction of these lines is obscure.

60. **drie.** 'Endure'; found in Old English, e.g., Chaucer, *Troilus and Cressida*, v., 296, "the sorrow which that I drie, I may not long endure"; and in Lowland Scotch, cf. Burns, *Here's a Health in Water*, l. 8.

66. **Ave Mary.** 'Hail, Mary,' a short prayer beginning with these words; cf. *Luke*, i., 28.

90. **Jennet.** A small Spanish horse.

91. Scott quotes, in his note, passages from Froissart which describe the skill of the Spaniards in this exercise.

98-100. "The carved bosses at the intersection of the ribs of a vaulted ceiling cannot be fairly called keystones. If they could be so called, it is not the aisles that they lock. By *quatre-feuille* the poet means the four-leaved flower which is so common an ornament in the Decorated style. I do not know any authority for this use of the word. *Quatrefoil* is applied to an opening pierced in four foils, much used in ornaments, but quite different from a four-leaved boss. A *corbel* is a projecting stone or piece of timber supporting a superincumbent weight, such as the shaft or small column which supports the ribs of the vault. They are carved and moulded in a great variety of

ways, often, as in Melrose Abbey, in the form of heads and faces." (*Minto.*)

109. "The famous and desperate battle of Otterburne was fought 15th August, 1388, between Henry Percy, called Hotspur, and James, Earl of Douglas. . . . The issue of the conflict is well known; Percy was made prisoner, and the Scotts won the day, dearly purchased by the death of their gallant general, the Earl of Douglas, who was slain in the action. He was buried at Melrose beneath the high altar." (*Scott.*)

110. "William Douglas, called the Knight of Liddesdale, flourished during the reign of David II. [1329-1371], and was so distinguished by his valour that he was called the Flower of Chivalry. Nevertheless, he tarnished his renown by the cruel murder of Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, originally his friend and brother in arms. The king had conferred upon Ramsay the sheriffdom of Teviotdale, to which Douglas pretended some claim. In revenge of this preference, the Knight of Liddesdale came down upon Ramsay, while he was administering justice at Hawick, seized and carried him off to his remote and inaccessible castle of Hermitage, where he threw his unfortunate prisoner, horse and man, into a dungeon, and left him to perish of hunger. It is said the miserable captive prolonged his existence for several days by the corn which fell from a granary above the vault in which he was confined. So weak was the royal authority that David, although highly incensed at this atrocious murder, found himself obliged to appoint the Knight of Liddesdale successor to his victim, as Sheriff of Teviotdale. But he was soon after slain while hunting in Ettrick Forest, by his own godson and chieftain, William Earl of Douglas." (*Scott.*) He was buried with great pomp in Melrose Abbey.

113-120. Scott, in a note on this passage, refers to a theory that Gothic architecture arose from an imitation of wicker work: "the original of the clustered pillars is traced to a set of round posts, begirt with slender rods of willow," etc.

125-126. On the window was a representation of the Archangel Michael triumphant over Satan, the apostate angel (cf. *Paradise Lost*, vi.), a frequent subject of pictorial art in the well-known picture of Guido Reni, or of Raphael, in the Louvre.

130. "A large marble stone, in the chancel of Melrose, is pointed out as the monument of Alexander II." (*Scott.*) He reigned 1216-1249.

138. **Michael Scott.** "Sir Michael Scott, of Balwearie, flourished

during the 13th century, and was one of the ambassadors sent to bring the Maid of Norway to Scotland upon the death of Alexander III. By a poetical anachronism he is here placed in a later era. He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries. He wrote a commentary upon Aristotle, printed in Venice in 1496, and several treatises upon natural philosophy, from which he appears to have been addicted to the abtruse studies of judicial astrology, alchymy, physiognomy, and chiromancy. Hence he passed among his contemporaries for a skilful magician. Dempster informs us that he remembers to have heard in his youth that the magic books of Michael Scott were still in existence, but could not be opened without danger, on account of the malignant fiends who were thereby invoked. . . . Tradition varies concerning the place of his burial; some contend for Home Coltraine in Cumberland, others for Melrose Abbey. But all agree that his books of magic were interred in his grave, or preserved in the convent where he died. (Scott).

140. "Spain, from the relics, doubtless, of Arabian learning and superstition, was accounted a favourite residence of magicians. Pope Sylvester, who actually imported from Spain the use of the Arabian numerals, was supposed to have learned there the magic for which he was stigmatized by the ignorance of his age. There were public schools where magic, or rather the sciences supposed to involve its mysteries, were regularly taught, at Toledo, Seville, and Salamanca." (Scott)

142. **Notre Dame.** The famous church dedicated to the Virgin (*Notre Dame*, 'Our Lady') in Paris.

145-146. "Michael Scott was, once upon a time, much embarrassed by a spirit for whom he was under the necessity of finding constant employment. He commanded him to build a *cauld*, or dam-head, across the Tweed at Kelso; it was accomplished in one night, and still does honour to the infernal architect. Michael next ordered that Eildon Hill, which was then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit into the three picturesque peaks which it now bears. At length the enchanter conquered this indefatigable demon by employing him in the hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of sea-sand." (Scott).

166. **St. Michael's night.** See on I., 241.

186. "Baptista Porta and other authors who treat of natural magic, talk much of eternal lamps, pretended to have been found burning in ancient sepulchres." (Scott).

193. **expand.** An example of Scott's slip-shod style,—a word used inappropriately because it gives a rhyme.

198. **passing.** 'Surpassing'; a common poetical use; "'t is a passing shame," Shakespeare, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I., ii.; more often as an adverb, *Hamlet* II., ii., "the which he loved passing well."

214. **A palmer's amice.** A *palmer* was a person who devoted his life to making pilgrimages to holy shrines; so called from the carrying of a palm branch by persons who had made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. *Amice*, a cloak lined with grey fur worn by palmers and by members of some religious orders.

215. **baldric.** 'A shoulder-belt'; cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queen*, I., vii. 29, "Athwart his breast a baldric brave he wore."

286 fol. The brightness and freshness of this scene afford an effective contrast to the uncanny character of the previous description; it will be noted that the versification harmonizes with the general tone of the passage.

291-293. "Flower," "violet," and "rose" are all in the nominative case.

299. **kirtle.** 'A gown.'

299. **hastilie.** The spelling gives a colour of antiquity.

313. A foster-mother is the woman who nurses a child; the father would, of course, be the husband of the nurse. The ties thus established are often referred to in ancient story as very tender; cf., for example, in Scott's *Fair Maid of Perth*, where a foster-father is made to say, "Thou shalt know what it is to have a foster-father's love, and how far it exceeds the love even of kinsmen."

352. **eld.** 'Age'; poetic word, cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queen*, IV., ii. 33, "But wicked Time that all good thoughts doth waste. . . . O cursed eld, the canker worm of writs."

353. **The Baron's dwarf.** "The idea of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page is taken from a being called Gilpin Horner, who appeared, and made some stay, at a farm-house among the Border-mountains. A gentleman of that country has noted down the following particulars concerning his appearance:—

'The only certain, at least most probable account, that ever I heard of Gilpin Horner, was from an old man of the name of Anderson, who was born and lived all his life at Todshaw-hill, in Eskedale-muir, the place where Gilpin appeared and staid for some time. He said

there were two men, late in the evening, when it was growing dark, employed in fastening the horses upon the uttermost part of their ground (that is, tying their forefeet together, to hinder them from travelling far in the night), when they heard a voice, at some distance, crying, '*Tint! Tint! Tint!*' (*lost*). One of the men, named Moffat, called out, 'What deil has tint you? Come here.' Immediately a creature, of something like a human form, appeared. It was surprisingly little, distorted in features, and misshapen in limbs. As soon as the two men could see it plainly, they ran home in a great fright, imagining they had met with some goblin. By the way, Moffat fell, and it ran over him, and was home at the house as soon as either of them, and staid there a long time; but I cannot say how long. It was real flesh and blood, and ate and drank, was fond of cream, and, when it could get at it, would destroy a great deal. It seemed a mischievous creature; and any of the children whom it could master, it would beat and scratch without mercy. It was once abusing a child belonging to the same Moffat, who had been so frightened by its first appearance; and he, in a passion, struck it so violent a blow upon the side of the head, that it tumbled upon the ground; but it was not stunned; for it set up its head directly, and exclaimed, 'Ah, hah, Will o' Moffat, you strike sair!' (*viz. sore.*) After it had staid there long, one evening, when the women were milking the cows in the loan, it was playing among the children near by them, when suddenly they heard a loud shrill voice cry, three times, '*Gilpin Horner!*' It started, and said, '*That is me, I must away,*' and instantly disappeared, and was never heard of more. Old Anderson did not remember it, but said he had often heard his father, and other old men in the place, who were there at the time, speak about it; and in my younger years I have often heard it mentioned, and never met with any who had the remotest doubt as to the truth of the story; although, I must own, I cannot help thinking there must be some misrepresentation in it."—To this account, I have to add the following particulars from the most respectable authority. Besides constantly repeating the word *tint! tint!* Gilpin Horner was often heard to call upon Peter Bertram, or Be-teram, as he pronounced the word; and when the shrill voice called Gilpin Horner, he immediately acknowledged it was the summons of the said Peter Bertram; who seems therefore to have been the devil who had tint, or lost, the little imp. As much has been objected to Gilpin Horner, on account of his being supposed rather a device of the author than a popular superstition, I can only say that no legend which I ever heard seemed to be more universally credited; and that

many persons of very good rank, and considerable information, are well known to repose absolute faith in the tradition.' ” (*Scott*).

359. **Reedsdale's glens.** The *Reed* rises on Carter Fell and flows into the Teviot.

360. As the last note shows, the cry of the Dwarf refers to the fact that he himself is lost, i.e., he has strayed from his master, Michael Scott.

367. **radè.** Ancient and provincial form for 'rode.' Stuart cites from *The Douglas Tragedy* in the *Border Minstrelsy*, "O they rade on, and on they rade."

377. **arch, and litherlie.** *Arch*, 'roguish'; *litherlie*, 'wicked,' 'mischievous'; *lither* is used in this sense by Chaucer, as is also *litherlie* as an adverb, cf. *Miller's Tale*, 112; *The Cuckoo and the Nightingale*, 14.

381. **an.** 'If'; this conditional particle is found frequently in Shakespeare and other earlier writers; *an* is a corruption for 'and,' which is frequently found in the same sense, and this is in turn derived from the common employment of 'and if' or 'an if' as a conditional particle.

382. 'Throughout the Borders' (see map).

386. St. Mary's Chapel of the Lowes stands near St. Mary's Loch; it takes its name from the Loch of Lowes, a small loch at the upper end of St. Mary's Loch.

390 fol. The incident here narrated is based upon historical facts. Upon 25th of June, 1557, Dame Janet Beaton, Lady Buccleuch, and a great number of the name of Scott, two hundred persons in all, marched to the chapel of St. Mary of the Lowes, and broke open the door in order to apprehend Sir Peter Cranstoun 'for his destruction.'

392. **trysting place.** 'Appointed place of meeting'; *tryst* is a variant of *trust*, and is mostly found in Scotch writers, but we have it in Macaulay's *Horatius*, st. I :

"By the nine gods, he swore it,
And named a trysting day."

392. **Newark Lee.** Lee is another form of *lea*, a meadow.

393-395. **Harden, Thirlestane, and Deloraine.** (See map). Were seats of various members of the family of Scott. *Wat of Harden* was a direct ancestor of the poet himself.

397. **Douglas-burn** flows into the Yarrow from the north.

411. **Cushat-dove.** 'Wood-pigeon.'

421. **Velez** is a town in the Spanish province of Malaga.

CANTO III.

3. **kindly.** 'Natural'; cf. Shakespeare, *Much Ado*, IV., i., 75: "that fatherly and kindly power that you have in her"; and the *Book of Common Prayer*, "the kindly fruits of the earth."

24. **pricking.** 'Spurring,' hence, 'riding'; cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queen* I., i., 1: "A gentle knight was pricking on the plain."

33. "The crest of the Cranstouns, in allusion to their name, is a crane dormant, holding a stone in his foot, with an emphatic Border motto, *Thou shalt want ere I want.*" (Scott).

31 fol. Minto has the following note on this passage; "Sir William of Deloraine and his steed, after riding for forty miles in complete armour, make a very good fight. It was natural that the steed should 'stumble in the mortal shock.' The simplicity and verisimilitude of Scott's description of the combat may be compared with the powerful but more forced and fantastic style of Lord Tennyson's description of such encounters. For example, take the combat between Gareth and the Morning Star:—

'All at fiery speed the two
Shock'd on the central bridge, and either spear
Bent but not brake, and either knight at once,
Hurl'd as a stone from out of a catapult,
Beyond his horse's crupper and the bridge,
Fell, as if dead; but quickly rose and drew,' etc.

Scott follows rather the simplicity of the old romancers."

61. "Scott is somewhat indefinite in his description of the Border Knight's armour. The exact meaning of such a word as 'jack' is very difficult to ascertain, probably because the name was applied to considerably different pieces of armour. Ritson describes a jack as 'a jacket, or short coat, plated or institched with small pieces of iron, and usually worn by the peasantry of the Border in the journeys from place to place, as well as in the occasional skirmishes with the moss-troopers, who are most probably equipped with the same sort of harness.' But it was not every peasant that had so serviceable a defence. In the ballad 'Dick o' the Cow,' Johnnie Armstrong borrows 'the laird's jack,' which is described as a 'steel jack,' and afterwards becomes the prey of the lucky Dick. The jack so called was generally not plated or mailed; it was a thickly padded garment worn sometimes under the plate or mail armour, sometimes without armour, its buckskin being considered sufficient protection for men-at-arms, though not for knights. Louis XI. adopted leathern jackets for his archers; richly ornamented

jacks were sometimes worn for show not for use in the field. The **acton**, **aketon**, or **haqueton**, made of buckram, was almost always worn under armour." (*Minto*.)

90. "At Unthank, two miles N.E. from the church (of Ewes), there are the ruins of a chapel for divine service, in time of Popery. There is a tradition, that friars were wont to come from Melrose or Jedburgh, to baptise and marry in this parish; and from being in use to carry the mass-book in their bosoms, they were called by the inhabitants *Book-a-bosomes*. There is a man yet alive, who knew old men who had been baptised by these Book-a-bosomes, and who says one of them, called Hair, used this parish for a very long time."—*Account of Parish of Ewes, apud Macfarlane's MSS.* (*Scott*).

103. "Glamour, in the legends of Scottish superstition, means the magic power of imposing on the eyesight of the spectators, so that the appearance of an object shall be totally different from the reality." (*Scott*).

108. **sheeling**. 'A shepherd's hut.'

125. **mot**. 'May'; more commonly spelt *mote* to indicate the pronunciation. It is the present tense of the verb *must*, which was originally a preterite. The word is used by Spenser, and this particular phrase is common in Chaucer and other early writers, cf. *Troilus and Cryseyde*, 135; "no never shall, for me, this thing be told to you, as mote I thrive."

140. **gramarye**. 'Magic'; simply another form of the word *grammar*; it points to a time when all learning was regarded as mysterious.

146. **train**. 'Entice'; cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queen*, VI., vi., 42, "to allure such fondlings whom she trained into her trap."

152. **iurcher**. "A dog that *lurches*, i.e., lurks or lies in wait."

155. "It is a firm article of popular faith, that no enchantment can subsist in a living stream. Nay, if you interpose a brook between you and witches, spectres, or even fiends, you are in perfect safety. Burns's inimitable *Tam o'Shanter* turns entirely upon such a circumstance. The belief seems to be of antiquity." (*Scott*.)

157. **vilde**. A corrupt form of *vile*, common in Spenser and other Elizabethan writers.

175. **grisly**. 'Horrible' (not to be confused with *grizzly*, meaning 'grey'); cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queen*, I., v. 30, "And her dark grisly look them much dismay"; *Comus*, 603, "the grisly legions that troop under the sooty flag of Acheron."

188. **wilder'd.** See note on *Introduction*, 69 above.

202. **hoy.** An interjection = Ho !

206. **ban-dog.** See note I., 137.

210. **fro.** Another form of *from*, used by Spenser, etc. ; cf. "to and fro."

216. **barret-cap.** A small flat cap.

221. Here *kirtle* means a tunic ; more usually a woman's gown. *Green* was the common colour of the dress of foresters, hunters, etc. ; so Robin Hood and his band are represented as clothed in 'Lincoln Green.'

226. **fence.** 'Defence,' cf. II., 68.

228. "Imitated from Drayton's account of Robin Hood and his followers :—

'A hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,
Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good,
All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue,
His fellow's winded horn not one of them but knew.
When setting to their lips their bugles shrill,
The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill :
Their bauldries set with studs athwart their shoulders cast,
To which under their arms their sheafs were buckled fast,
A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span,
Who struck below the knee not counted then a man.
All made of Spanish yew, their bows are wondrous strong,
They not an arrow drew, but was a cloth-yard long.
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
With broad arrow, or but, or prick, or roving shaft.'"

Polyolbion, Song 26. (Scott).

250. **Gramercy.** *I.e.*, grand merci (Fr.), 'great thanks.'

257. **Lord Dacre.** See on IV., 75 below.

272. **bandelier.** A shoulder-belt for carrying ammunition.

273. **hackbuteer.** A soldier armed with a *hackbut*, a species of heavy gun.

294 fol. In his note on this passage, Scott cites alleged cases of this method of cure from a discourse by Sir Kenelm Digby, in the reign of James I. It consisted in merely cleansing and binding up the wound, while the weapon was carefully dressed and treated with a 'sympathetic' powder or ointment.

320. **the western star.** The evening star, the planet Venus ; cf. the description of evening in Scott's song *County Guy*, in *Quentin Durward* :—

The village maid steals through the shade
 Her shepherd's suit to hear ;
 To beauty shy, by lattice high,
 Sings high-born Cavalier.
 The star of love, all stars above,
 Now reigns o'er earth and sky ;
 And high and low its influence know—
 But where is County Guy !

321. **Penchryst Pen.** South of Branksome, see map. *Pen* or *Ben* (words of Celtic origin meaning 'a head') are frequently found in names of mountains, Skelfhill-pen (I., 154 above), Ben Nevis, etc.

336. **cresset.** A kind of torch consisting of an open cup attached to the end of a pole.

341. **Seneschal.** 'High Steward.' "He was the chief official of a castle or barony, the representative of his lord in all respects, empowered to punish offences, determine controversies, and direct and record all proceedings in the courts of the manor." (*Minto.*)

345. "**Bale**, beacon-fagot. The Border beacons, from their number and position, formed a sort of telegraphic communication with Edinburgh.—The Act of Parliament, 1455, directs that one bale or fagot shall be warning of the approach of the English in any manner ; two bales, that they are *coming indeed* ; four bales blazing beside each other, that the enemy are in great force. . . . These beacons (at least in later times) were 'a long and strong tree set up, with a long iron pole across the head of it, and an iron brander fixed on a stalk in the middle of it, for holding a tar-barrel.'" (*Scott*).

349. "**mount for Branksome** was the gathering word of the Scotts." (*Scott*).

358. "The speed with which the Borderers collected great bodies of horse, may be judged of from the following extract, when the subject of the rising was much less important than that supposed in the romance. It is taken from Carey's *Memoirs* :—

'Upon the death of the old Lord Scroop, the Queen gave the west wardenry to his son, that had married my sister. One memorable thing of God's mercy shewed unto me, was such as I have good cause still to remember it.

I had private intelligence given me, that there were two Scottish-men that had killed a churchman in Scotland, and were by one of the Græmes relieved. This Græme dwelt within five miles of Carlisle. He had a pretty house, and close by it a strong tower, for his own defence

in time of need.—About two o'clock in the morning, I took horse in Carlisle, and not above twenty-five in my company, thinking to surprise the house on a sudden. Before I could surround the house, the two Scots were gotten in the strong tower, and I could see a boy riding from the house as fast as his horse could carry him ; I little suspecting what it meant. But Thomas Carleton came to me presently, and told me, that if I did not presently prevent it, both myself and all my company would be either slain or taken prisoners. It was strange to me to hear this language. He then said to me, 'Do you see that boy that rideth away so fast? He will be in Scotland within this half hour ; and he is gone to let them know that you are here, and to what end you are come, and the small number you have with you ; and that if they will make haste, on a sudden they may surprise us, and do with us what they please.' Hereupon we took advice what was best to be done. We sent notice presently to all parts to raise the country, and to come to us with all the speed they could ; and withall we sent to Carlisle to raise the townsmen ; for without foot we could do no good against the tower. There we staid some hours, expecting more company ; and within short time after the country came in on all sides, so that we were quickly between three and four hundred horse ; and, after some longer stay, the foot of Carlisle came to us, to the number of three or four hundred men ; whom we presently set to work, to get to the top of the tower, and to uncover the roof ; and then some twenty of them to fall down together, and by that means to win the tower.—The Scots seeing their present danger, offered to parley, and yielded themselves to my mercy. They had no sooner opened the iron gate, and yielded themselves my prisoners, but we might see four hundred horse within a quarter of a mile coming to their rescue, and to surprise me and my small company ; but of a sudden they stayed, and stood at gaze. Then had I more to do than ever ; for all our Borderers came crying, with full mouths, 'Sir, give us leave to set upon them ; for these are they that have killed our fathers, our brothers, and uncles, and our cousins ; and they are coming, thinking to surprise you, upon weak grass nags, such as they could get on a sudden ; and God hath put them into your hands, that we may take revenge of them for much blood that they have spilt of ours.' I desired they would be patient a while, and bethought myself, if I should give them their will, there would be few or none of the Scots that would escape unkill'd ; (there was so many deadly feuds among them ;) and therefore I resolved with myself to give them a fair answer, but not to give them their desire. So I told them, that if I were not there myself, they might then

do what they pleased themselves; but being present, if I should give them leave, the blood that should be spilt that day would lie very hard upon my conscience. And therefore I desired them, for my sake, to forbear; and, if the Scots did not presently make way with all the speed they could, upon my sending to them, they should then have their wills to do what they pleased. They were ill satisfied with my answer, but durst not disobey. I sent with speed to the Scots, and bade them pack away with all the speed they could; for if they stayed the messenger's return, they should few of them return to their own home. They made no stay; but they were returned homewards before the messenger had made an end of his message. Thus, by God's mercy, I escaped a great danger; and, by my means, there were a great many men's lives saved that day.'" (*Scott*).

374. **need-fire.** A beacon in time of need.

385. **tarn.** A mountain lake.

386. **earn.** "A Scottish eagle" (*Scott*); cf. *Lady of the Lake*, VI., xv., 9, "upon her eyry nods the erne."

387-388. 'The cairns, or piles of loose stones, which crown the summit of most of our Scottish hills, and are found in other remarkable situations, seem usually, though not universally, to have been sepulchral monuments. Six flat stones are commonly found in the centre, forming a cavity of greater or smaller dimensions, in which an urn is often placed. The author is possessed of one, discovered beneath an immense cairn at Roughlee, in Liddesdale. It is of the most barbarous construction; the middle of the substance alone having been subjected to the fire, over which, when hardened, the artist had laid an inner and outer coat of unbaked clay, etched with some very rude ornaments; his skill apparently being inadequate to baking the vase, when completely finished. The contents were bones and ashes, and a quantity of beads made of coal. This seems to have been a barbarous imitation of the Roman fashion of sepulture.' (*Scott*).

389. **Dunedin.** See on I., 61, above.

390. **Soltra and Dumpender Law.** "We assume that the former is Soutra Hill (1,184 feet high), about fifteen miles south-east from Edinburgh; and that the latter is Dumpender or Traprain Law, an isolated conical hill, some 700 feet high, about four miles east of Haddington" (*Rolfe*). Law is a word of Anglo-Saxon origin meaning 'rising-ground.'

391. **Regent.** Mary Queen of Scots was at this time a child.

392. **bowne.** 'Make ready,' an archaic word common in ballads; cf. *Edom o' Gordon*, "Bush and boun, my merry men a'." The same word appears in the corrupt form *bound* in such phrases as "homeward bound."

404. **ban-dog.** See on I. 137.

416. **black-mail.** *Mail* here is an old word meaning 'rent.' Black-mail was a tribute exacted on the English and Highland Borders by freebooters in return for assuring immunity from plunder.

418. **agen.** Old spelling of 'again.'

CANTO IV.

2. **bale-fires.** See note on III., 345.

20. **Dundee.** Graham (or Graeme, l. 25 below) of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee, slain in the battle of Killiecrankie, July 29th, 1689, while leading a Highland force on the side of James. He appears as a character in Scott's *Old Mortality*.

26. **fell.** See on I., 151.

28. 'The morasses were the usual refuge of the Border herdsmen, on the approach of an English army. Caves, hewed in the most dangerous and inaccessible places, also afforded an occasional retreat. Such caverns may be seen in the precipitous banks of the Teviot at Sunlaws, upon the Ale at Ancram, upon the Jed at Hundalee, and in many other places upon the Border. The banks of the Eske, at Gorton and Hawthornden, are hollowed into similar recesses. But even these dreary dens were not always secure places of concealment.' (*Scott*).

31. **peel's.** See note on I., 265, above.

40. **Watt Tinlinn.** 'This person was, in my younger days, the theme of many a fireside tale. He was a retainer of the Buccleuch family, and held for his Border service a small tower on the frontiers of Liddesdale. Watt was, by profession, a *sutor*, but, by inclination and practice, an archer and warrior. Upon one occasion, the captain of Bewcastle, military governor of that wild district of Cumberland, is said to have made an incursion into Scotland, in which he was defeated, and forced to fly. Watt Tinlinn pursued him closely through a dangerous morass; the captain, however, gained the firm ground; and seeing Tinlinn dismounted, and floundering in the bog, used these words of insult:—"Sutor Watt, ye cannot sew your boots; the heels *risp*, and the seams *rive*." "If I cannot sew," retorted Tinlinn, dis-

charging a shaft, which nailed the captain's thigh to his saddle, "if I cannot sew, I can *yerk*"—(*twitch*).’ (*Scott*).

44. **St. Barnabright.** “Barnabright, otherwise Barnaby bright, Barnaby day, was the festival of St. Barnabas, the 11th June. In the old style of reckoning, before the revision of the calendar, this was the longest day; hence the epithet ‘bright.’ Cf. Spenser, *Epithalamium*, l. 266 :

“This day the sun is in his chiefest height
With Barnaby the bright.”

St Barnabas was an apostle and a companion of St. Paul. (*Stuart*).

51. **Warden-Raid.** “An inroad commanded by the Warden in person.” (*Scott*).

53. **barbican.** See on I., 261.

56. **Billhope.** A place in Liddesdale remarkable for its game, as Scott illustrates by quoting from an old rhyme :

“Billhope braes for bucks and raes.”

60. “As the Borderers were indifferent about the furniture of their habitations, so much exposed to be burned and plundered, they were proportionally anxious to display splendour in decorating and ornamenting their females.” (*Scott*).

62. **passing.** See on II. 198, above.

64. **morion.** A helmet without a visor, or face guard.

65. **jack.** See on III. 61, above.

68. A Scottish ell is 37.2 inches.

74. **Belted Will Howard.** ‘Lord William Howard, third son of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, succeeded to Naworth Castle, and a large domain annexed to it, in right of his wife Elizabeth, sister of George Lord Dacre, who died without heirs-male, in the 11th of Queen Elizabeth. By a poetical anachronism, he is introduced into the romance a few years earlier than he actually flourished. He was warden of the Western Marches; and, from the rigour with which he repressed the Border excesses, the name of Belted Will Howard is still famous in our traditions. In the Castle of Naworth, his apartments, containing a bedroom, oratory, and library, are still shown. They impress us with an unpleasing idea of the life of a Lord Warden of the Marches. Three or four strong doors, separating these rooms from the rest of the castle, indicate the apprehensions of treachery from his garrison; and the secret winding passages, through which he could privately descend into the

guard-room, or even into the dungeons, imply the necessity of no small degree of secret superintendence on the part of the governor.' (Scott).

75. "The well-known name of Dacre is derived from the exploits of one of their ancestors at the siege of Acre, or Ptolemais, under Richard Cœur de Lion. A chieftain of the [northern] branch was warden of the West Marches during the reign of Edward VI. He was a man of hot and obstinate character." (Scott).

76. **German hackbut-men.** See on III., 273. "In the wars with Scotland, Henry VIII. and his successors employed numerous bands of mercenary troops. At the battle of Pinky, there were in the English army six hundred hackbutterers on foot, and two hundred on horseback, composed chiefly of foreigners. On the 27th of September, 1549, the Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector, writes to the Lord Dacre, warden of the West Marches:—"The Almaines, in number two thousand, very valiant soldiers, shall be sent to you shortly from Newcastle, together with Sir Thomas Holcroft, and with the force of your wardenry (which we would were advanced to the most strength of horsemen that might be), shall make the attempt to Loughmaben, being of no such strength but that it may be skailed with ladders, whereof, beforehand, we would you caused secretly some number to be provided; or else undermined with the pykeaxe, and so taken: either to be kept for the King's Majesty, or otherwise to be defaced, and taken from the profits of the enemy. And in like manner the house of Carlaverock to be used." Repeated mention occurs of the Almaines, in the subsequent correspondence; and the enterprise seems finally to have been abandoned, from the difficulty of providing these strangers with the necessary "victuals and carriages in so poor a country as Dumfries-shire."—*History of Cumberland*, vol. i. Introd. p. lxi. From the battle-pieces of the ancient Flemish painters, we learn that the Low-Country and German soldiers marched to an assault with their right knees bared. And we may also observe, in such pictures, the extravagance to which they carried the fashion of ornamenting their dress with knots of ribbon. This custom of the Germans is alluded to in the *Mirroure for Magistrates*, p. 121:—

" "Their pleited garments therewith well accord,
All jagde and frounat, with divers colours deckt.'" (Scott).

77. **Askerten.** "Askerton is an old castle, now ruinous, situated in the wilds of Cumberland, about seventeen miles north-east of Carlisle, amidst the mountainous and desolate tract of country bordering upon Liddesdale." (Stuart).

85. In reference to the appearance of a person with a name so thoroughly Scotch on the English side, see note on VI., 181.

87. The word **Scrogg** is dialectic Scotch (1st) for a stunted bush, and (2nd) for a stretch of land covered by such bushes.

91. 'He drove off my cattle last Shrove-Tuesday night.' *Fastern night*, the night preceding the great fast (hence the name) of Lent, was a time for revelry,—a good opportunity for finding cattle carelessly guarded.

99. "The gathering of the various families of the clan Scott, from the valleys of Teviot, Ettrick, and Yarrow, is given with Homeric detail. Jeffrey thought there was something too much of it, considering the real insignificance of such bandit lairds as Sir John Scott of Thirlestane and Walter Scott of Harden. But it is all in the spirit of the clan minstrel. The poet explains in prose notes that all the statements, rendered with such vivacity in the text, are founded on tradition and documentary evidence." (*Minto*).

101. **pricking**. See on III., 24.

106-116. "Sir John Scott of Thirlestane flourished in the reign of James V., and possessed the estates of Thirlestane, Gamescleuch, etc., lying upon the river Ettrick and extending to St. Mary's Loch, at the head of Yarrow. It appears that when James had assembled his nobility and their feudal followers, at Fala, with the purpose of invading England, and was, as is well known, disappointed by the obstinate refusal of his peers, this baron alone declared himself ready to follow the King wherever he should lead. In memory of his fidelity, James granted to his family a charter of arms entitling them to bear a border of fleurs-de-luce, similar to the tressure in the royal arms, with a bundle of spears for the crest; motto, *Ready, aye ready*." (*Scott*).

108. **tressured**. Arranged in the form of a *tressure*, which is an heraldic term for a border round a coat of arms.

fleur-de-luce. Anglicised form of the French fleur-de-lis, i.e., 'flower of the lily,' a term applied in heraldry to a conventional representation either of an iris flower, or of a javelin head.

110. **Fala's mossy wave**. *Mossy* = 'marshy'; see on I., 197. Fala village is on the direct road from Edinburgh to London, some $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles south-east of Dalkeith. "Fala muir is extensive and wet. In this muir is a small piece of water called The Flow, which also gives its name to great part of the marshy grounds lying to the south and west of it." (*Carlisle's Topographical Dictionary*).

120. **An aged knight.** See on II., 393, above. "The family of Harden are descended from a younger son of the Laird of Buccleuch, who flourished before the estate of Murdieston was acquired by the marriage of one of those chieftains with the heiress, in 1296. Hence they bear the cognizance of the Scotts upon the field ; whereas those of the Buccleuch are disposed upon a bend dexter, assumed in consequence of that marriage.—See *Gladstaine of Whitelawe's MSS.*, and *Scott of Stokoe's Pedigree*, Newcastle, 1783."

"Walter Scott of Harden, who flourished during the reign of Queen Mary, was a renowned Border freebooter, concerning whom tradition has preserved a variety of anecdotes, some of which have been published in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* ; others in Leyden's *Scenes of Infancy* ; and others, more lately, in *The Mountain Bard*, a collection of Border ballads by Mr. James Hogg. The bugle-horn, said to have been used by this formidable leader, is preserved by his descendant, the present Mr. Scott of Harden. His castle was situated upon the very brink of a dark and precipitous dell, through which a scanty rivulet steals to meet the Borthwick. In the recess of this glen he is said to have kept his spoil, which served for the daily maintenance of his retainers, until the production of a pair of clean spurs, in a covered dish, announced to the hungry band that they must ride for a supply of provisions. He was married to Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, and called in song the Flower of Yarrow." (*Scott*).

122-124. Scott employs heraldic terms here to describe the coat of arms of the Scotts of Harden, from whom he was himself descended. *Field* is the surface of the shield. The coat of arms was blue stars and crescent upon a golden, or yellow, background. The *bend* was a band crossing the shield diagonally ; this bend, in the case of the Buccleuch family, contained the device of the Murdiestones, with whom the Buccleuchs were allied by marriage ; but, as Scott explains in the last note, this marriage was subsequent to the time of the origin of the Scotts of Harden, and hence, though they were descended from the Buccleuchs, this bend was wanting on their shield.

125. **Oakwood tower.** In the valley of the Ettrick, four miles south-west of Selkirk.

126. **Castle-Ower.** This name is applied to two places in Eskdale where there are remains of ancient encampments.

127. See note on line 120 above.

135. See note on 120 above.

140. **Dinlay.** A mountain in Liddesdale.

145. "In this and the following stanzas, some account is given of the mode in which the property in the valley of Esk was transferred from the Beattisons, its ancient possessors, to the name of Scott. It is needless to repeat the circumstances, which are given in the poem literally as they have been preserved by tradition." (*Scott.*) Lines 145-223 were not in the first edition. This addition is not poetically necessary, or even beautiful, and shows how Scott's family and antiquarian instincts might get the better of his artistic sense.

159. **Galliard.** 'Gay or gallant.' (*Fr. gaillard.*)

heriot. A tribute to the lord of the manor of the horse or habiliments of the deceased tenant.

177. **cast of hawks.** *Cast* is a technical term in falconry, meaning originally a flight of birds let go at once from the hand; it came, in time, to mean 'a pair,' as is shown in Spenser, *Faerie Queen*, VI., vii., 9, "As when a cast of faulcons make their flight," where the context shows two birds are spoken of.

179. **Beshrew thy heart.** 'Mischief to thy heart'; a mild form of imprecation found often in Shakespeare, cf. *Merch. of Venice*, II., vi., 52, "Beshrew me, but I love her tenderly."

180. **a landed man.** 'A man who possessed land.'

187. **merrymen.** A word frequently applied in ballads to foresters and outlaws, probably expressive of their improvidently happy disposition. Scott, however, asserts that 'merry' in such phrases means *famous*.

200. **winded.** There are two verbs *wind*: the weak verb *wind* (to give wind to), here correctly used, and the strong verb *wind* (to turn round). Scott sometimes confuses these. (See *Lady of the Lake* I., 500).

206. **Craikcross.** A hill in Eskdale.

210. **Pentoun-linn.** Not far from the junction of the Liddel and Esk; *linn* means (1) a waterfall, (2) a pool at its base, (3) a steep bank.

217. **bore.** Past tense of *bear* in the sense of 'pierce' (cf. *ran* in "he ran him through the body"), as in Chaucer, *Knight's Tale*, l. 1399, "Arcita me thurgh the herte bere."

219. **Haugh.** "Low lying flat ground, properly on the border of a river, and such as is sometimes overflowed." (*Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary*).

224. **Whitslade** and **Headshaw** are the names of two places in the valley of the Aill; see map.

226. **cleugh** is, in Scottish dialect, a hollow between precipitous banks; cf. VI., 155.

swair or **swire** (see III., 346) is the slope of a hill.

227. **Woodhouslie**. At the junction of the Liddel and Esk.

Chester Glen. Between the Tweed and Yarrow; see map.

229. "**Bellenden** is situated near the head of Borthwick water, and being in the centre of the possessions of the Scotts, was frequently used as their place of rendezvous and gathering word." (*Scott*).

241. **The red cross**. The red cross of St. George, the badge of the English.

252. **wont**. The past tense of the verb *won*, 'to dwell,' 'to be used to,' cf. Milton, *Nativity Hymn*, 10, "he wont at heaven's high council table sit," and Shakespeare, 1st *Hen. VI.*, I., ii., 14, 'whom we wont to fear.'

258. The *r* in 'Rangleburn's' counts as a syllable, cf. I., 207, above. The *Rangleburn* flows from the south into the Ettrick not far from Buccleuch.

262. **counterfeited lad** for 'counterfeit lad'—an example of Scott's careless style.

267. **mickle**. Dialectic and obsolete form for 'much'; cf. Milton, *Comus* 31, "A noble peer of mickle trust and power."

268. **Scottish mile**. "Rather longer than an English mile; eight Scotch miles being about nine English miles." (*Stuart*).

269. See on III., 155 above.

274. **cloth-yard shaft**. An arrow as long as a yard for measuring cloth, hence the arrow for a long-bow, not for a cross-bow; cf. *King Lear*, IV., vi., 88, "Draw me a clothier's yard"; *Chevy Chase*, "An arrow that a cloth yard was long."

288. **ken**. 'Discern'; cf. Shakespeare, 2nd *Hen. VI.*, III., ii., 101 "as far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs."

291. **Almayn**. 'German'; the reference is to the German mercenaries described in stanza xviii. below.

292. **sheen**. Probably an adjective here; cf. *Lady of the Lake*, v., ii., 10,

"That early beam, so fair and sheen,
Was twinkling through the hazel screen."

299. **Kendal.** The archers from Kendal in Westmoreland were highly esteemed.

303. **bill-men.** Soldiers armed with *bills*, i.e., axes fixed on the ends of long poles.

304. **Irthing.** In Cumberland, a tributary of Eden.

307. See on 75 above.

319. **levin-darting guns.** *Levin*, obsolete word meaning 'lightning'; cf. vi., 429 below, and Spenser, *Faerie Queen*, III., v., 48, "As piercing levin, which the inner part of everything consumes."

"There is, strange to say, the greatest uncertainty about the exact date of the introduction of hand-guns into warfare. The earliest known use of them in England was in 1471, when Edward IV. landed in Yorkshire, having in his train 800 Flemings armed with hand-guns. They are also known to have been used at the siege of Berwick in 1521. The English government was slow in adopting the new invention, though Scott is perhaps not strictly accurate in arming English soldiers with the bow only as late as 1559." (*Minto*).

320. **Buff.** A species of leather originally prepared from buffalo skin.

frounc'd. 'Adorned with plaits or flounces' (the modern form of the word); cf. Milton, *Il Penseroso*, 123, "not tricked and frounced as she was wont with the Attick boy to hunt."

321. **morsing-horns.** "Powder-flasks." (*Scott*).

322. **better knee.** 'Right knee'; cf. 'better hand' 362 below, and note on 76 above.

323. **escalade.** 'An assault made by scaling the walls.'

329. **chivalry.** 'A body of knights'; cf. *Paradise Lost*, I., 307, "Busiris and his Memphian chivalry."

330. **glaive.** 'Broadsword.'

344. **bartizan.** A small overhanging turret projecting from an angle of a tower.

345. **partisan.** 'A long-handled battle-axe'; cf. *Hamlet*, I., i., 140, "Shall I strike at it with my partisan?"

346. **Falcon and culver.** Two species of small cannon used in earlier times.

351. These were for pouring on the heads of besiegers.

352. For a description of a *witch's caldron*, see *Macbeth*, IV., i.

362. **better hand.** See on 322, above.

365. "A glove upon a lance was the emblem of faith among the ancient Borderers, who were wont, when any one broke his word, to expose this emblem, and proclaim him a faithless villain at the first Border meeting. This ceremony was much dreaded. See Leslie." (Scott).

372. See on I., 223 above. "Cf. the ballad of Kinmont Willie in the *Border Minstrelsy*—

‘And have they ta’en him, Kinmont Willie,
Against the truce of Border tide?’

These Border tides were times or days of truce according to the customary laws of the Borders, during which no feud was to be prosecuted." (Stuart).

374. **Gilsland.** A town and district in Cumberland, not far from the Border.

377. **reads.** ‘Counsels’; cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queen*, I., i., 13, “therefore I read beware,” and the noun in *Hamlet*, I., 3, 51, “And reckes not his own rede.”

swith. ‘Quickly’; cf. the ballad of *King Estmere* (*Percy’s Reliques*),

“King Estmere threw the harp aside
And swith he drew his brand.”

387. **pursuivant-in-arms.** ‘An attendant upon a herald.’

407. **flemen’s-firth.** “An asylum for outlaws.” (Scott). *Firth* means a sheltered place, or enclosure.

409. “Several species of offences, peculiar to the Border, constituted what was called march-treason. Among others was the crime of riding, or causing to ride against the opposite country during the time of truce.” (Scott).

410. **St. Cuthbert’s even.** The eve of the festival of St. Cuthbert, which occurs on March 20th. St. Cuthbert flourished in the latter part of the 7th century, was successively prior of Melrose and of Lindisfarne, finally became a hermit and gained great repute for holiness.

411. **pricked.** See on III., 24, above.

418. **warrison.** “Note of assault.” (Scott). The original meaning of this word is ‘protection,’ but is more common in English in the sense of ‘help,’ ‘reward.’ Skeat notes in his Dictionary that Scott here uses the word as if it were a *warry* (warlike) *sound*, and terms it ‘a singular blunder.’

426. **cheer.** ‘Look,’ ‘expression’; the word meant originally ‘face.’

Cf. Shakespeare, 1st *Hen. VI.*, I., 2, 48, "Your looks are sad, your cheer appalled."

434. **emprize.** "Enterprize"; a common word with Spenser, cf. *Faerie Queen*, II., vii., 39, "Give me leave to follow my emprize."

437. "In dubious cases, the innocence of Border criminals was occasionally referred to their own oath." (*Scott*).

442. "The dignity of knighthood, according to the original institution, had this peculiarity, that it did not flow from the monarch, but could be conferred by one who himself possessed it, upon any squire who, after due probation, was found to merit the honour of chivalry. Latterly, this power was confined to generals, who were wont to create knights bannerets after or before an engagement. Even so late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Essex highly offended his jealous sovereign by the indiscriminate exertion of this privilege." (*Scott*).

443. **Ancram's ford.** "The battle of Ancram Moor, or Penielheuch, was fought A.D. 1545. The English, commanded by Sir Ralph Evers and Sir Brian Latoun, were totally routed, and both their leaders slain in the action. The Scottish army was commanded by Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, assisted by the Laird of Buccleuch and Norman Lesley." (*Scott*). Ancram is on the Aill near its junction with the Teviot.

444. **wight.** See on I., 36, above.

446. **dubb'd.** To *dub* is to confer knighthood by a stroke or tap of the sword.

453. **slogan.** See on I., 63, above.

lyke-wake. "The watching of a corpse previous to interment." (*Scott*).

458. **Pensils and pennons.** "*Pensil, pencil*, or pennoncel, is a diminutive of *pennon*. From Lat. *penna*, wing or feather. A *pennon* was a thin ribbon-like flag, borne on the end of a spear or lance; it had a forked or swallow-tail end. A *pennoncel* was only half the width of a pennon, and ended in a point; it was borne by squires, pennons being reserved for knights." (*Stuart*).

466. **a gray-goose shaft.** An arrow winged with the feather of a gray-goose.

474. **Ruberslaw.** A mountain in Teviotdale, not far from Hassen-dean.

475. **weapon-schaw.** "The military array of a country" (*Scott*);

see the account of one in *Old Mortality*, chap. ii.; the words mean literally a 'show of weapons.'

481. **the eagle and the rood.** The arms of Lord Maxwell; *rood*, old word for 'cross'; hence *Holyrood*; cf. *Richard III.*, III., ii., 77, 'By the holy rood.'

484. **the Merse.** A district of Berwickshire between the Tweed and Lammermuir; the word means low fertile lands along a river.

Lauderdale. The western part of Berwickshire along the banks of the Leader (Lauder).

494-495. See on IV., 75, above.

498. **harquebus** = 'hackbut'; see on III., 273, above.

505. **blanche lion.** "This was the cognizance of the noble house of Howard in all its branches." (*Scott*).

509. **certes.** 'Certainly'; cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queen*, III., ii., 9, *Tempest*, III., iii., 30.

530. **in Musgrave's right.** 'On behalf of Musgrave.'

534. **the lists.** 'The ground enclosed for a tournament or combat.'

548. "Jedwood or Jedburgh was stormed by the Earl of Surrey in 1523, and again by the Earl of Hertford (afterwards Duke of Somerset) in 1545. It is to the latter of these two events that reference appears to be made in the text." (*Stuart*).

552. "The student will readily see that there are some weak points in the story here. If the Lady had foreknowledge of the coming relief, why did she propose terms which made the fate of her son depend upon the uncertain issue of a fight between Musgrave and Deloraine? Perhaps, it might be said, she had a foreknowledge here, too, of how the combat would terminate. Where then was the necessity for the strong emotion betrayed by her, and the conflict between her feeling as a mother and her sense of duty as a chieftain of the clan? It is not easy to see, too, why the Lady should have 'gainsay'd' terms which were not very different from those which she had herself proposed. Of a truth, the introduction of a mystic element into the story rather complicates matters, and robs it of that reality which it would otherwise have possessed." (*Stuart*).

568-569. The brand, or sword, should only be employed after the spears had been broken by the shock of encounter.

whenas = 'when' as in Spenser, *Faerie Queen*, I. ii. 32; Shakespeare, Sonnet 49, 3, etc.

570. **the jovial harper.** “The person here alluded to, is one of our ancient Border minstrels, called Rattling Roaring Willie. This *soubriquet* was probably derived from his bullying disposition; being, it would seem, such a roaring boy as is frequently mentioned in old plays. While drinking at Newmill, upon Teviot, about five miles above Hawick, Willie chanced to quarrel with one of his own profession, who was usually distinguished by the odd name of Sweet Milk, from a place on Rule Water so called. They retired to a meadow on the opposite side of the Teviot, to decide the contest with their swords, and Sweet Milk was killed on the spot. A thorn-tree marks the scene of the murder, which is still called Sweet Milk Thorn. Willie was taken and executed at Jedburgh, bequeathing his name to the beautiful Scotch air called ‘Rattling Roaring Willie.’” (*Scott*).

574. **battle-laws.** “The title to the most ancient collection of Border regulations runs thus:—“Be it remembered, that, on the 18th day of December, 1468, Earl *William Douglas* assembled the whole lords, freeholders, and eldest Borderers, that best knowledge had, at the college of *Lincouden*; and there he caused these lords and Borderers bodily to be sworn, the Holy Gospel touched, that they, justly and truly, after their cunning, should decree, decern, deliver, and put in order and writing, the statutes, ordinances, and uses of marche, that were ordained in *Black Archibald of Douglas’s* days, and Archibald his son’s days, in time of warfare; and they came again to him advisedly with these statutes and ordinances, which were in time of warfare before,” etc. (*Scott*).

581. See note on 570 above. **Reull** or Rule Water is a tributary of the Teviot.

588. **Ousenam** or **Oxnam.** A tributary of the Teviot from the south. The ballad of *Rattling Roaring Willie* tells how

“The lasses of Ousenam Water
Are rugging and riving their hair,
And a’ for the sake of Willie,
His beauty was so fair.”

591. **Jedwood Air.** ‘Jedwood (Jedburgh) Assizes’; *air* is the same as the English *Eyre* in ‘Justices in Eyre’; Jamieson in his Dictionary of the Scottish Dialect quotes from the old historian, Pitscottie, “The king went to the South-land to the Airs, and held justice in Jedburgh.”

617. **hearse.** A loose use of this word in the sense of tomb; the only similar use quoted in the New English Dictionary is from Davenant’s *Gondibert* (1571), “When she with flowers Lord Arnold’s grave will strew. . . . She on her rival’s hearse will drop a few.”

CANTO V.

29. **antique.** Accented on the first syllable as in *Marmion*, V., 559, and in Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, II., i., 31, etc.

49. **vails.** 'It avails.'

51-52. "The chief of this potent race of heroes, about the date of the poem, was Archibald Douglas, seventh Earl of Angus, a man of great courage and activity. The Bloody Heart was the well-known cognizance of the House of Douglas, assumed from the time of good Lord James, to whose care Robert Bruce committed his heart, to be carried to the Holy Land." (*Scott*).

53. **spurn.** 'Kick'; this use in a literal instead of a metaphorical sense is rare, but cf. vi., 172.

54. **Wedderburne.** "Sir David Home of Wedderburn, who was slain in the fatal battle of Flodden, left seven sons by his wife, Isabel, daughter of Hoppringle of Galashiels (now Pringle of Whitebank). They were called the Seven Spears of Wedderburne." (*Scott*).

56. **Swinton.** "At the battle of Beauge, in France, Thomas, Duke of Clarence, brother to Henry V., was unhorsed by Sir John Swinton of Swinton, who distinguished him by a coronet set with precious stones, which he wore around his helmet. The family of Swinton is one of the most ancient in Scotland, and produced many celebrated warriors." (*Scott*). Sir John Swinton was one of the Poet's ancestors.

60. **Lammermoor.** A ridge of moorland hills in Haddington and Berwick shires.

62-65. "The Earls of Home, as descendants of the Dunbars, ancient Earls of March, carried a lion rampant, argent; but, as a difference, changed the colour of the shield from gules to vert, in allusion to Greenlaw, their ancient possession. The slogan, or war-cry, of this powerful family, was, 'A Home! a Home!' It was anciently placed in an escrol above the crest. The helmet is armed with a lion's head erased gules, with a cap of state gules, turned up ermine. The Hepburns, a powerful family in East Lothian, were usually in close alliance with the Homes. The chief of this clan was Hepburn, Lord of Hailes, a family which terminated in the too famous Earl of Bothwell." (*Scott*).

110. "The foot-ball was anciently a very favourite sport all through Scotland, but especially upon the Borders. Sir John Carmichael of Carmichael, Warden of the Middle Marches, was killed in 1600 by a band

of the Armstrongs, returning from a foot-ball match. Sir Robert Carey, in his Memoirs, mentions a great meeting, appointed by the Scotch riders to be held at Kelso for the purpose of playing at foot-ball, but which terminated in an incursion upon England. At present, the foot-ball is often played by the inhabitants of adjacent parishes, or of the opposite banks of a stream. The victory is contested with the utmost fury, and very serious accidents have sometimes taken place in the struggle." (*Scott*).

119. **whingers.** A short hanger used as a knife at meals, and as a sword in broils.

122. **'Twixt truce and war.** "Notwithstanding the constant wars upon the Borders, and the occasional cruelties which marked the mutual inroads, the inhabitants on either side do not appear to have regarded each other with that violent and personal animosity which might have been expected. On the contrary, like the outposts of hostile armies, they often carried on something resembling friendly intercourse, even in the middle of hostilities; and it is evident, from various ordinances against trade and intermarriages, between English and Scottish Borderers, that the governments of both countries were jealous of their cherishing too intimate a connexion. Froissart says of both nations, that 'Englyshmen on the one party, and Scottes on the other party, are good men of warre; for when they meet, there is a harde fight without sparynge. There is no hoo [*truce*] between them, as long as spears, swords, axes, or daggers, will endure, but lay on eche upon uther; and whan they be well beaten, and that the one party hath obtained the victory, they then glorifye so in theyre dedes of armies, and are so joyfull, that such as be taken they shall be ransomed, or that they go out of the felde; so that shortly eche of them is so content with other, that, at their departynge, curtyslye they will say, God thank you.'—*Berner's Froissart*, vol. ii., p. 396. The Border meetings, of truce, which, although places of merchandise and merriment, often witnessed the most bloody scenes, may serve to illustrate the description in the text. They are vividly portrayed in the old ballad of the Reidswire. [See *Minstrelsy*]. Both parties came armed to a meeting of the wardens, yet they intermixed fearlessly and peaceably with each other in mutual sports and familiar intercourse, until a casual fray arose:—

'Then was there nought but bow and spear,
And every man pulled out a brand.'

"In the 29th stanza of this canto, there is an attempt to express some

of the mixed feelings with which the Borderers on each side were led to regard their neighbours." (*Scott*).

129. **Wassel.** "Geoffrey of Monmouth's story of the meeting of Vortigern and Rowena is well known. Hengist, Rowena's father, invited Vortigern to a feast, and 'when that was over, the young lady came out of her chamber bearing a golden cup full of wine, and making a low courtesy, said to him, "Lord King, *wæs hæ!*" The King, at the sight of the lady's face, was on a sudden surprised and inflamed with her beauty; and calling to his interpreter, asked him what she said and what answer he should make her. "She called you Lord King," said the interpreter, "and offered to drink your health. Your answer to her must be *Drinc hæ!* Vortigern accordingly answered *Drinc hæ!* and bade her drink; after which he took the cup from her hand, kissed her, and drank himself. From that time to this, it has been the custom in Britain that he who drinks to any one says *Wæs hæ!* and he that pledges him answers *Drinc hæ!* *Wæs hæ!* means simply 'be hale or whole,' and *Drinc hæ!*, Drink, hale, 'drink, and health be with you.'" (*Scott*).

179. **Ousenam.** Otherwise *Oxnam* near Jedburgh, seat of the Cranstouns.

193. **Hermitage.** The castle of the Douglasses in Liddesdale; a knight from Hermitage would therefore be an ally of the Scotts of Branksome.

196. **vassalage.** 'Vassals,' as *chivalry* for 'knights,' iv., 329, above.

230. **port.** A Gaelic word meaning a martial piece of music adapted to the bag-pipes.

242. Lockhart draws attention that the Warden was an ancestor of Scott, who was at this time Sheriff-depute of Selkirkshire, and Thirlestane was the ancestor of Lord Napier, who, as Lord Lieutenant of the shire, was the poet's official superior.

243. **'gan.** See on I., 253, above.

258. **Flemish ruff.** Flanders was famous for its manufacture of cloth, linen, etc.; *ruff* was the projecting collar so familiar in Elizabethan portraits.

259. **doublet.** 'A jacket.'

260. **slash'd.** 'Having slashes, or slits to show the lining.'

261. Gilded spurs were emblems of knighthood.

263. **hose.** 'Breeches.'

264. **Bilboa**, in Spain, was famous for its manufactures of iron and steel ; hence a rapier was called a *bilbo*. See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, III., 5, 112.

270. **foot-cloth**. The cloth for covering the body of a horse and reaching to its feet.

271. **wimple**. A plaited linen cloth for covering the neck ; cf. *Isaiah*, iii., 22 ; *Faerie Queen*, I., xii., 22.

283. **barriers**. 'Lists.'

290. **leading staff**. The baton of a field marshal.

295. For a similar scene of trial by combat, see Shakespeare's *Richard II.*, I., iii.

301. **alternate**. The idea would be more properly expressed by an adverb.

305. **despiteous scathe**. 'Malicious injury' ; cf. *King John*, I., iv., 34, "Turning despiteous torture out of door," and II., i., 75, "To do offence and scathe in Christendom."

311. **strain**. 'Lineage' ; cf. *Julius Caesar*, V., i., 59, "O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain."

313. **coat**. 'Coat of arms.'

334. **claymore**. A Gaelic word meaning 'a large sword.'

344. **gorget**. A piece of armour for the throat.

371. **beaver**. The movable mouthpiece of the helmet ; cf. *Hamlet* I., ii., 30, "He wore his beaver up."

430. **dight**. See on I., 42, above.

456. **wraith**. "The spectral apparition of a living person." (*Scott*).

480. **Naworth**. See on I., 51.

481. **mark**. Thirteen shillings and four pence ; the mark of the plural is omitted as often in such cases, as in *John Gilpin*:

He carries weight ! he rides a race,
'Tis for a thousand pound.

482. **long of thee**. So in *Coriolanus*, V., iv., 31, "All this is long of you," and *Cymbeline*, V., v., 271.

490. Scott quotes Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 13 :—

"The lands that over Ouse to Berwick forth do bear
Have for their blazon had the snaffle, spur, and spear."

Snaffle. 'Bridle.'

491. Minto quotes the following lines from *The Fray of Suport in Border Minstrelsy*:—

‘Doughty Dan o’ the Houlet Hirst
Thow was aye gude at a birst;
Gude wi’ a bow, and better wi’ a speir,
The bauldest Marchman that e’er follow’d gear.’

493. “The pursuit of Border marauders was followed by the injured party and his friends with blood-hounds and bugle-horn, and was called the *hot-trod*. He was entitled, if his dog could trace the scent, to follow the invaders into the opposite kingdom; a privilege which often occasioned bloodshed. In addition to what has been said of the blood-hound, I may add that the breed was kept up by the Buccleuch family on their Border estates till within the 18th century. A person was alive in the memory of man, who remembered a blood-hound being kept at Eldinhope, in Ettrick Forest, for whose maintenance the tenant had an allowance of meal. At that time the sheep were always watched at night. On one occasion, when the duty had fallen on the narrator, then a lad, he became exhausted with fatigue, and fell asleep upon a bank, near sun-rising. Suddenly he was awakened by the tread of horses, and saw five men well mounted and armed, ride briskly over the edge of the hill. They stopped and looked at the flock; but the day was too far broken to admit the chance of their carrying any of them off. One of them, in spite, leaped from his horse, and coming to the shepherd, seized him by the belt he wore round his waist; and, setting his foot upon his body, pulled it till it broke, and carried it away with him. They rode off at the gallop; and, the shepherd giving the alarm, the blood-hound was turned loose, and the people in the neighbourhood alarmed. The marauders, however, escaped, notwithstanding a sharp pursuit. This circumstance serves to show how very long the license of the Borderers continued in some degree to manifest itself.” (*Scott*).

499. **bowning**. ‘Making ready to go’; see on III., 392.

506. **stole**. A narrow band of silk worn by priests across the shoulders.

511. **Leven**. A small river in Cumberland.

512. **Holme Coltrame’s lofty nave**. The church of Holme Coltrame, a parish in Cumberland.

535. **misprised**. ‘Undervalued’; cf. *As You Like It*, I, i., 177, “I am altogether misprised.”

CANTO VI.

19 fol. An incident related by Washington Irving may be quoted as in some measure parallel with this passage. Irving having been taken by Scott to a hill which commanded an extensive view of the Border country, was disappointed by the barrenness and monotony of the scenery. "Yet, such had been the magic web of poetry and romance thrown over the whole," he continues, "that it had greater charm for me than the richest scenery I had beheld in England. I could not help giving utterance to my thoughts. Scott hummed for a moment to himself, and looked grave; he had no idea of having his muse complimented at the expense of his native hills. 'It may be pertinacity,' said he, at length, 'but to my eye, these grey hills, and all this wide border country, have beauties peculiar to themselves. I like the very nakedness of the land; it has something bold, and stern, and solitary about it. When I have been for some time in the rich scenery about Edinburgh, which is like an ornamented gardened land, I begin to wish myself back again among my own honest grey hills; and if I did not see the heather, at least once a year, *I think I should die.*' The last words were said with an honest warmth, accompanied by a thump on the ground with his staff, by way of emphasis, that showed his heart was in his speech." (*Lockhart's Life of Scott*, IV., iii).

30 fol. The genuineness of the feeling expressed in this passage may again be illustrated from Scott's life. In October, 1831, he had gone to Italy in search of health, but health did not come, and he was eager to return. "The news of Goethe's death had been lately brought. Scott's impatience redoubled: 'He at least died at home!' he exclaimed; 'Let us to Abbotsford.' Hurrying across Europe, but overtaken again by the disease as he went, he reached London as if only to die (June, 1832). Much public sympathy was roused by the intelligence; the Royal Family made daily inquiries; 'Do you know if this is the street where he is lying?' was the question of labourers collected in it;—but of all this Scott was unconscious; barely rousing himself for a moment from stupor when friends and children approached him. *Then the one passion which had survived all others compelled its way*, and he was borne back to draw his last breath at Abbotsford. Scott lay as if insensible in the carriage; 'but as we descended the vale of Gala he began to gaze about him, and by degrees it was obvious that he was recognizing the features of that familiar landscape. Presently he murmured a name or two—*Gala Water, surely, Buckholm, Torwoodlee.* As we rounded the hill, and the outlines of the Eildons burst on him, he

became greatly excited; and when, turning himself on the couch, his eye caught at length his own towers, at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight." (*Lockhart's Life of Scott*, VII., xi).

34. **Teviot stone.** See on I., 15.

46. **portcullis' iron grate.** See on I., 33.

54. **owches.** 'Jewels'; cf. *Exodus*, xxviii. 11, "Thou shalt make them to be set in ouches of gold."

56. **miniver.** 'Ermine.'

68. **forbidden spell.** "Popular belief, though contrary to the doctrines of the Church, made a favourable distinction betwixt magicians, and necromancers or wizards;—the former were supposed to command the evil spirits, and the latter to serve, or at least to be in league and compact with, those enemies of mankind. The arts of subjecting the demons were manifold; sometimes the fiends were actually swindled by the magicians, as in the case of the bargain betwixt one of their number and the poet Virgil." (*Scott*).

70. **planetary hour.** According to astrology, at different times different planets were said to be in the ascendant, *i.e.*, their special influence was dominant; it was important, therefore, to know the particular hour at which a planet favourable to any undertaking was in the ascendant; so the physician in the *Prologue* to the *Canterbury Tales*

"Kepte his pacient wonderly well
In houres by his magic naturel."

78. **guarded.** 'Edged' or 'trimmed'; cf. *Merchant of Venice*, II., ii., 165, "Give him a livery more guarded than his fellows."

79. **merlin.** "A merlin, or sparrow-hawk, was actually carried by ladies of rank, as a falcon was in time of peace the constant attendant of a knight or baron. . . . Barclay complains of the common and indecent practice of bringing hawks and hounds into churches."—(*Scott*.)

89. **heron-shew.** 'A young heron.'

90. "The peacock, it is well known, was considered, during the times of chivalry, not merely as an exquisite delicacy, but as a dish of peculiar solemnity. After being roasted, it was again decorated with its plumage, and a sponge, dipped in lighted spirits of wine, was placed in its bill. When it was introduced on days of grand festival, it was the signal for the adventurous knights to take upon them vows to do some deed of chivalry, 'before the peacock and the ladies.'

"The boar's head was also a usual dish of feudal splendour. In Scotland it was sometimes surrounded with little banners, displaying the colours and achievements of the baron at whose board it was served. *Pinkerton's History*, vol. i., p. 432." (*Scott*).

92. **cygnet.** 'A young swan.' "There are often flights of wild swans upon St. Mary's Lake, at the head of the river Yarrow." (*Scott*). Cf. Wordsworth :

"The swan upon St. Mary's Lake
Floats double, swan and shadow."

93. **ptarmigan.** A bird of the grouse family.

98. **shalm, and psaltery.** *Shalm* or *shawm* is an ancient wind instrument resembling a clarionet, cf. *Faerie Queen*, I., xii., 13, "With shawmes, and trumpets, and with clarions sweet." *Psaltery*, a sort of harp, cf. *Psalms*, xxxiii., 2, "Praise the Lord with harp; sing unto Him with the psaltery, and with an instrument of ten strings."

103-105. Hawks were usually *hooded*, or blindfolded, when not engaged in hunting, and had bells attached to them.

109. **sewers.** 'Servants who brought in the dishes.'

120-122. "The Rutherfords of Hunthill were an ancient race of Border Lairds, whose names occur in history, sometimes as defending the frontier against the English, sometimes as disturbing the peace of their own country. Dickon Draw-the-sword was son to the ancient warrior, called in tradition the Cock of Hunthill, remarkable for leading into battle nine sons, gallant warriors, all sons of the aged champion." (*Scott*). The Poet's mother was a Rutherford.

123. **saye.** 'Say'; 'assertion.'

128. "To bite the thumb, or the glove, seems not to have been considered, upon the Border, as a gesture of contempt, though so used by Shakespeare, but as a pledge of mortal revenge. It is yet remembered that a young gentleman of Teviotdale, on the morning after a hard drinking-bout, observed that he had bitten his glove. He instantly demanded of his companion, with whom he had quarrelled? And, learning that he had had words with one of the party, insisted on instant satisfaction, asserting that though he remembered nothing of the dispute, yet he was sure he never would have bit his glove *unless* he had received some unpardonable insult. He fell in the duel, which was fought near Selkirk, in 1721." (*Scott*).

129. **Inglewood.** A plain formerly covered with forest stretching from Penrith to Carlisle.

132. **lyme-dog.** A dog led by a *lyme* or *leam*, i.e., a leash; cf. *Faerie Queen*, V., ii., 25.

142. **selle.** 'Seat'; usually 'a saddle,' as in *Faerie Queen*, III., iii., 60, "For never wight so fast in sell could sit."

144. **Arthur Fire-the-Braes.** "The person bearing this redoubtable *nom de guerre* was an Elliot. . . . He occurs in a list of Border riders, in 1597," (*Scott*). *Braes* is a Scotch word meaning 'steep banks.' As an Elliot he belongs to the Kerr faction, with whom the Scotts were at feud.

153. Scott gives a tradition that the founder of the Buccleuch family gained the favour of Kenneth MacAlpine, King of Scotland, and the name of Buccleuch, by carrying a buck from the bottom of a deep cleuch for a mile, and throwing it at the feet of the King, who, according to the ballad, thereupon rewarded him:—

"The forest and the deer therein
We commit to thy hand,
For thou shalt sure the ranger be
If thou obey command;
And for the buck thou stoutly brought
To us up that steep heuch,
Thy designation ever shall
Be John Scott in Bucksleuch."

155. **cleuch.** "A strait hollow between precipitous banks, or a hollow descent on the side of a hill."—(*Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary*).

157. **remembered him.** Him is a reflexive pronoun; cf. 1st *Henry IV.*, II., iv., 468, "I remember me, his name is Falstaff."

162. The reference is probably to the Battle of Solway Moss, 1542, where ten thousand Scots fled before three hundred English horsemen.

172. **spurn'd.** Cf. V. 53, above.

176. **darkling.** A poetic word; cf. *King Lear*, "So out went the candle and we were left darkling"; usually employed as an adverb.

184. "The residence of the Græmes being chiefly in the Debateable Land, so called because it was claimed by both kingdoms, their depredations extended both to England and Scotland, with impunity; for as both wardens accounted them the proper subjects of their own prince, neither inclined to demand reparation for their excesses from the opposite officers, which would have been an acknowledgment of his jurisdiction over them.—See a long correspondence on this subject betwixt Lord Dacre and the English Privy Council, in Introduction to *History of Cumberland*. The Debateable Land was finally divided betwixt Eng-

land and Scotland, by commissioners appointed by both nations." (*Scott*).

190. "It is the author's object, in these songs, to exemplify the different styles of ballad narrative which prevailed in this island at different periods, or in different conditions of society. The first (Albert's) is conducted upon the rude and simple mode of the old Border ditties, and produces its effect by the direct and concise narrative of a tragical occurrence." (*Jeffrey*).

192. "This burden is adopted, with some alteration, from an old Scottish song, beginning thus:—

‘She lean’d her back against a thorn,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa’ :
And there she has her young babe born,
And the lyon shall be lord of a.’” (*Scott*).

215. He became a Crusader.

225. *rhyme*. The word seems to be used here vaguely and improperly.

roundelay. A *rondeau*, a species of short poem of elaborate structure in which a line recurs, or comes *round* again.

229. *Surrey*. "The gallant and unfortunate Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was unquestionably the most accomplished cavalier of his time; and his sonnets display beauties which would do honour to a more polished age. He was beheaded on Tower-hill in 1546; a victim to the mean jealousy of Henry VIII., who could not bear so brilliant a character near his throne."

"The song of the supposed bard is founded on an incident said to have happened to the Earl in his travels. Cornelius Agrippa, the celebrated alchemist, showed him, in a looking-glass, the lovely Geraldine, to whose service he had devoted his pen and his sword. The vision represented her as indisposed, and reclining upon a couch, reading her lover's verses by the light of a waxen taper." (*Scott*).

251. *Naworth*. See on I., 51.

iron. Cf. *Introduction*, 35, above.

257. "The second song, that of Fitztraver, the bard of the accomplished Surrey, has more of the richness and polish of the Italian poetry, and is very beautifully written in a stanza resembling that of Spenser." (*Jeffrey*).

All-Souls' eve. "The day before All-Souls' day, a festival celebrated by the Roman Catholic Church on behalf of the souls in purgatory. . . .

It is observed on the 2nd of November. As the mention of All-Souls' Eve here can have no special significance, it is probable that Scott meant All-Saints' Eve, or Hallowe'en, as it is called, the evening before All-Saints' Day, the 1st November." (*Stuart*). On Hallowe'en all sorts of supernatural influences were supposed to be in the ascendant, spirits walked, divination attained its highest power, etc.

260. **Cornelius.** Cornelius Agrippa, born 1486 at Cologne, became famous for his learning, and had a great reputation as a magician.

263. **hight.** 'Promised'; cf. Chaucer *Knight's Tale*, 1614 :

"Palamon that is thine own knight,
Schal have his lady, as thou hast him hight."

266. **gramarye.** See on I., 140.

271. **character.** Magical letters, marks, or symbols.

talisman. A magical figure.

272. **Almagest.** A name applied by the Arabs to a treatise on astronomy by the great astronomer Ptolemy of Alexandria, who flourished about 140 B.C. ; hence used as a name for similar works.

282. **Of Agra's silken loom, i.e.,** of Indian silk. Agra was the capital of the Moghul Empire in the sixteenth century.

289. **eburnine.** 'Made of ivory.'

300. The references in this line are to Henry's execution of Anne Boleyn and speedy marriage to Jane Seymour, and to his dissolution of the monasteries.

307. Scott explains in a note that the St. Clairs, or Sinclairs, held lands both in Orkney and in the south of Scotland.

308. **Home.** Home Castle in Berwickshire.

311. **Orcades.** Ancient name of the Orkneys.

315. **Kirkwall,** the capital of the Orkney Islands, contains an ancient castle built by the St. Clairs, and once the pride of the place, but about 1615 dismantled ; hence a sad reminder of former greatness.

316. **Pentland.** The Pentland firth separates the Orkneys from the mainland of Scotland.

317. **Odin or Wodin,** the chief god of the Norse mythology. The Orkneys were long held by Norway, and there was a large infusion of Norwegian blood and customs. The bard's name, *Harold*, is Norse, while Surrey's bard has a Norman name.

325. **Lochlin's sons of roving war.** *Lochlin* is the Gaelic word for

Denmark or Scandinavia ; hence the phrase means ‘Scandinavia’s roving warriors.’

327. They were skilled in slaughter ; cf. the song in Scott’s *Pirate*, chap. xv. :—

“From his cliff the eagle sallies,
Leaves the wolf his darksome vallies ;
In the midst the ravens hover,
Peep the wild dogs from the cover,
Screaming, croaking, baying, yelling,
Each in his wild accents telling
Soon we feast on dead and dying,
Fair-haired Harold’s flag is flying.”

328-329. “The chiefs of the *Vakingr*, or Scandinavian pirates, assumed the title of *Sækonungr*, or Sea-kings. Ships, in the inflated language of the Scalds, are often termed the serpents of the ocean.” (Scott).

331. **scald.** ‘An ancient Scandinavian minstrel.’

332. **Runic column.** ‘A column with a runic inscription’ ; the heathen Scandinavians used peculiar alphabetical characters, called *runes*. Many inscriptions in this character are found in Scandinavian countries and some in Britain.

335. **Saga.** This word, which means originally ‘a tale,’ is applied to the poetical legends of Scandinavia.

336. **The sea-snake.** “The *jormungandr*, or Snake of the Ocean, whose folds surround the earth, is one of the wildest fictions of the Edda. It was very nearly caught by the god Thor, who went to fish for it with a hook baited with a bull’s head. In the battle betwixt the evil demons and the divinities of Odin, which is to precede the *Ragnar-ockr*, or Twilight of the Gods, this Snake is to act a conspicuous part.” (Scott).

337. **The dread Maids.** “These were the *Valcyriur*, or Selectors of the Slain, despatched by Odin from Valhalla, to choose those who were to die, and to distribute the contest. They are well known to the English reader as Gray’s Fatal Sisters.” (Scott).

340-345. “The northern warriors were usually entombed with their arms, and their other treasures. . . . Indeed, the ghosts of the northern warriors were not wont tamely to suffer their tombs to be plundered ; and hence the mortal heroes had an additional temptation to attempt such adventures ; for they held nothing more worthy of their valour than to encounter supernatural beings.” (*Bartholinus* quoted by Scott).

347. Roslin. See on 391, below.

349-351. "The third song is intended to represent that wild style of composition which prevailed among the bards of the Northern Continent, somewhat softened and adorned by the minstrel's residence in the South. We prefer it, upon the whole, to either of the two former, and shall give it entire to our readers, who will probably be struck with the poetic effect of the dramatic form into which it is thrown, and of the indirect description by which everything is most expressively told, without one word of distinct narrative." (*Jeffrey*).

Again Professor Hales says: "Perhaps its supreme virtue is the simple vigour with which its pictures are drawn. There is no personal intrusion; there are no vain cries and groans; there is no commenting and explaining. The pictures tell their own story, and tell it so vividly and thrillingly that nothing more is needed."

358. Castle Ravensheuch. "A large and strong castle, now ruinous, situated betwixt Kirkaldy and Dysart, on a steep crag, washed by the Frith of Forth. It was conferred on Sir William St. Clair as a slight compensation for the earldom of Orkney, by a charter of King James III., dated in 1471, and is now the property of Sir James St. Clair Erskine (now Earl of Rosslyn), representative of the family. It was long a principal residence of the Barons of Roslin." (*Scott*).

361. inch. Celtic word meaning 'island'; found in Scotch proper names: *Inchkeith*, *Inchmurin*, etc.

362. the Water-sprite. Otherwise the *Kelpie*. "The spirit of the waters, who, as is vulgarly believed, gives previous intimation of the destruction of those who perish within his jurisdiction, by preternatural lights and noises, and even assists in drowning them." (*Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary*). Cf. Campbell, *Lord Ullin's Daughter*:—

"By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking."

372. The reference is to a pastime with knights in later feudal times; they showed their skill by carrying off, on the point of a lance, a ring suspended from a beam, whilst riding at full speed.

382. Dryden. An estate near, and to the west of Hawthornden.

383. Hawthornden. In the neighbourhood of Roslin, and some ten miles south-west of Edinburgh, famous as the residence of Drummond, a Scottish poet of the early part of the 17th century. The house is built on a cliff over the Esk, and in this cliff are several small caverns, hollowed out, it is conjectured, as hiding places.

384. "The beautiful chapel of Roslin is still in tolerable preservation. It was founded in 1446, by William St. Clair, Prince of Orkney. This lofty person, whose titles, says Godscroft, might weary a Spaniard, built the castle of Roslin, where he resided in princely splendour, and founded the chapel, which is in the most rich and florid style of Gothic architecture. Among the profuse carving on the pillars and buttresses, the rose is frequently introduced, in allusion to the name, with which, however, the flower has no connexion; the etymology being *Rosslinnhe*, the promontory of the linn, or water-fall. The chapel is said to appear on fire previous to the death of any of his descendants. This superstition, noticed by Slezer, in his *Theatrum Scotiæ*, and alluded to in the text, is probably of Norwegian derivation, and may have been imported by the Earls of Orkney into their Lothian dominions. The tomb-fires of the north are mentioned in most of the Sagas." (*Scott*).

"It happened to the present writer one evening to be walking in the neighbourhood of Rosslyn, when he was startled from thinking of other things by the appearance through the trees of what seemed a row of bright smokeless furnaces. It was a fine setting sun shining straight through the double windows of the Chapel. . . . Though the setting sun doubtless penetrates through many other double ranges of windows, yet perhaps there were few which, a couple of centuries ago in Scotland, could have rendered it with the same remarkable effect." (*Billings' Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland*).

389. **deep sacristy.** The *Sacristy* is properly the place in the church where the sacred vessels and vestments are kept. Roslin chapel is built on the edge of a rapid slope; on the side of this slope it has a sort of extension upon a lower level, but not actually beneath the main building, which communicates with this extension by means of a deep staircase and vaulted passageway. The purpose of this small building is a matter of doubt, and, probably, Scott refers to it as a 'sacristy.' In that case, *deep* would be used in its ordinary sense, and not in that of "Far receding, extending far back," given in Stuart's edition. The former interpretation is favoured by the reading of the line in the first edition, "Both vaulted crypt."

392. **pinnet.** 'Pinnacle.'

400, 402. In each of these lines there is a *leonine rhyme*, i.e., a rhyme within the line.

401. With complete religious rites; the phrase is commonly used in connection with formal excommunication by the Roman Catholic

Church, when the book with the service for excommunication was read, the bell for the dead tolled, and a lighted candle cast upon the ground.

426. **trophied beam.** It was customary to hang banners and armour taken from an enemy in the hall, as also trophies of the chase.

429. **levin-brand.** 'Thunderbolt,' see on IV., 319, above.

455. Scott relates at length a story of an apparition in the shape of a black dog that used to haunt Peel Castle, in the Isle of Man. A pot-valiant soldier ventured to follow the *Mauthe-dog*, as the spectre was called; a great noise was heard, the soldier returned speechless, and shortly after died in agony, but the dog was seen no more.

459. **amice.** See on II., 214, above.

460. **baldric.** See on II., 215, above.

469. **St. Bride of Douglas.** "This was a favourite saint of the house of Douglas, and of the Earl of Angus in particular." (*Scott*).

475. **St. Modan.** Abbot of Dryburgh in the seventh century.

476. **St. Mary of the Lowes.** See on II., 386, above.

477. **Hold Rood of Lisle.** See on IV., 481. "*Lisle (L'Isle)* is the older form of *Lille*, the name of the well-known French city." (*Rolfe*).

478. **Our Ladye of the Isle.** St. Mary's Isle, close to the town of Kirkeudbright, formerly contained a priory.

499. **uneath.** 'With difficulty,' 'hardly'; common in Spenser, cf. *Faerie Queen*, II., i., 27, "But his fierce foe his steed could stay uneath."

500. **high-drawn breath.** The standers-by could scarcely hear any 'high-drawn breath'; in other words, the breathing was all *low-drawn*.

506. **high altar.** The chief altar, the altar at the east end of the church.

515. **cowl.** 'Hood.'

scapular. Part of the dress of the monastic orders, consisting of two bands of woollen stuff, one crossing the back or shoulders, and the other hanging down the breast.

516. **stoles.** See on V., 506.

519. **host.** 'The consecrated wafer.'

532. **office close.** At the pauses of the office; *office* in the sense of a form of service (cf. 'office for the dead'); Rolfe considers 'office' here as possessive, but this does not seem necessary; 'office' may be taken as a noun used as an adjective.

535. **burthen.** 'Refrain.'

536-537. The opening lines of one of the best known of mediæval Latin hymns, of part of which, in xxxi., Scott gives a paraphrase.

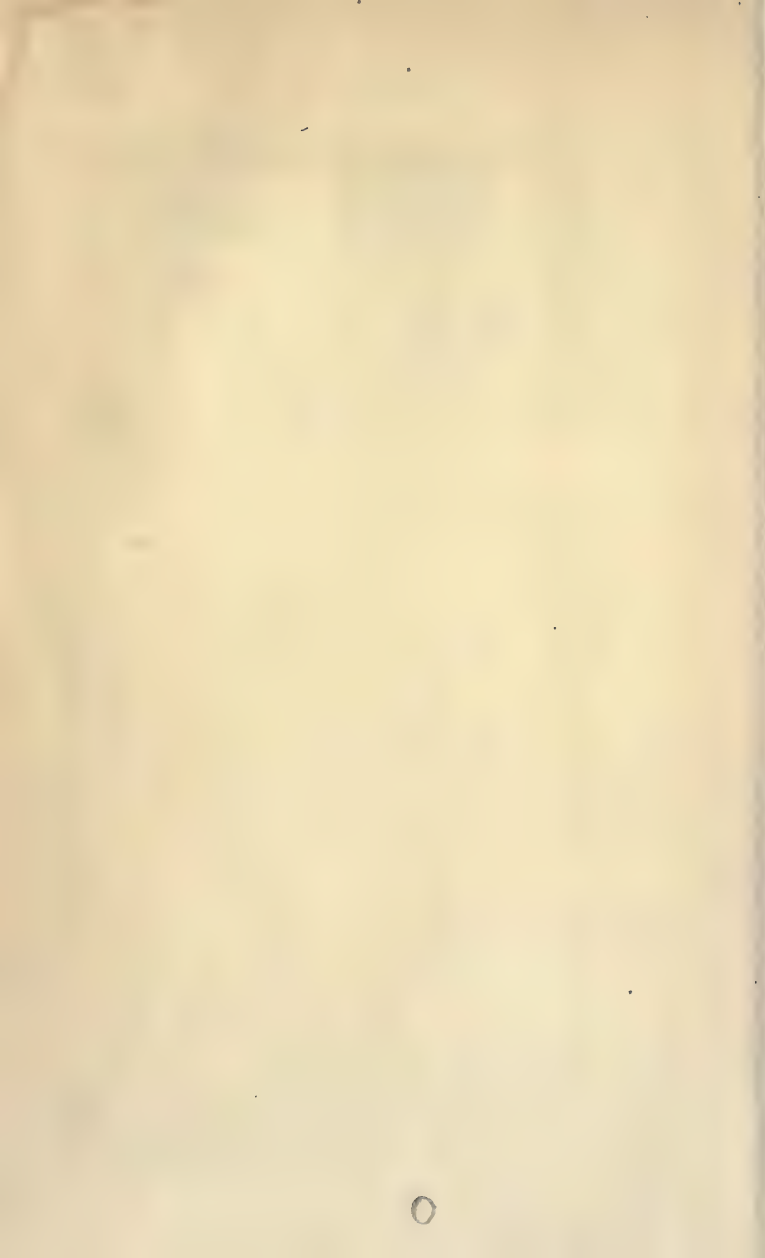
546. Cf. II. **Peter**, iii. 12, "the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat."

549. Cf. I. **Corinthians**, xv. 25, "The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible."

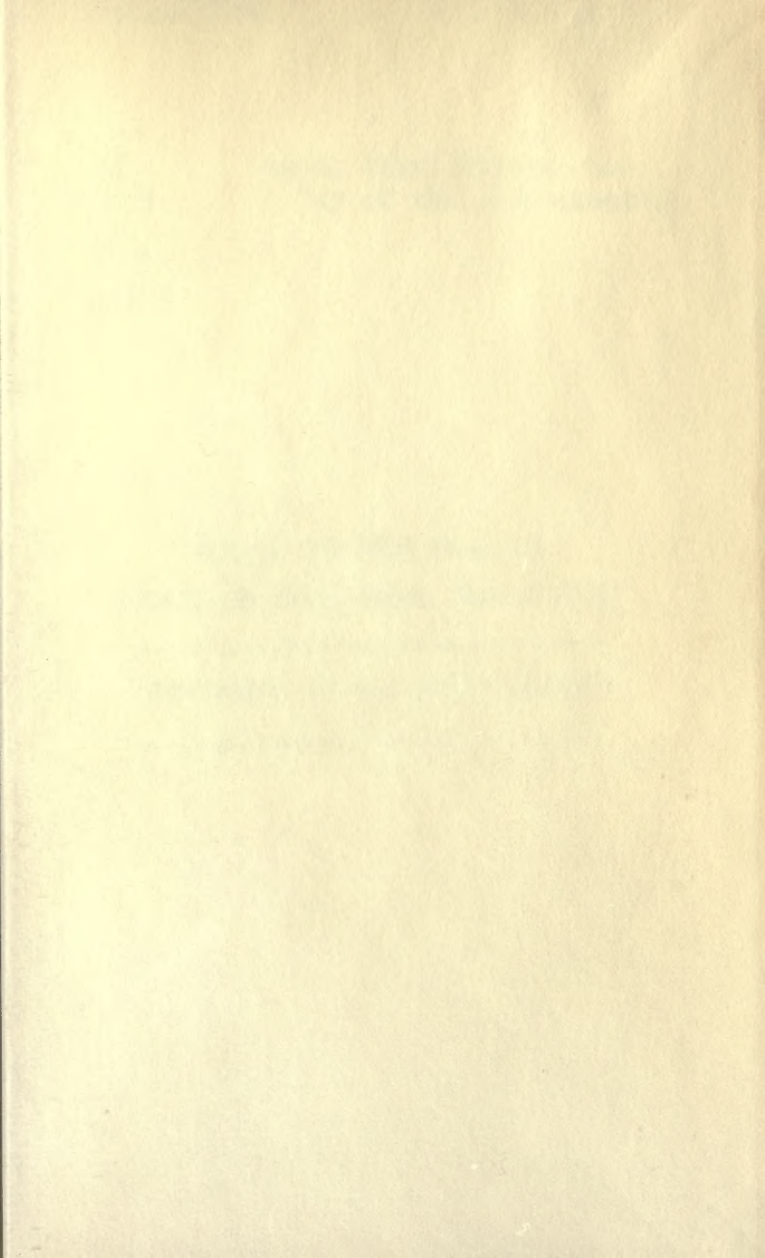
558. **Newark's tower**. See *Introduction*, 27, and note.

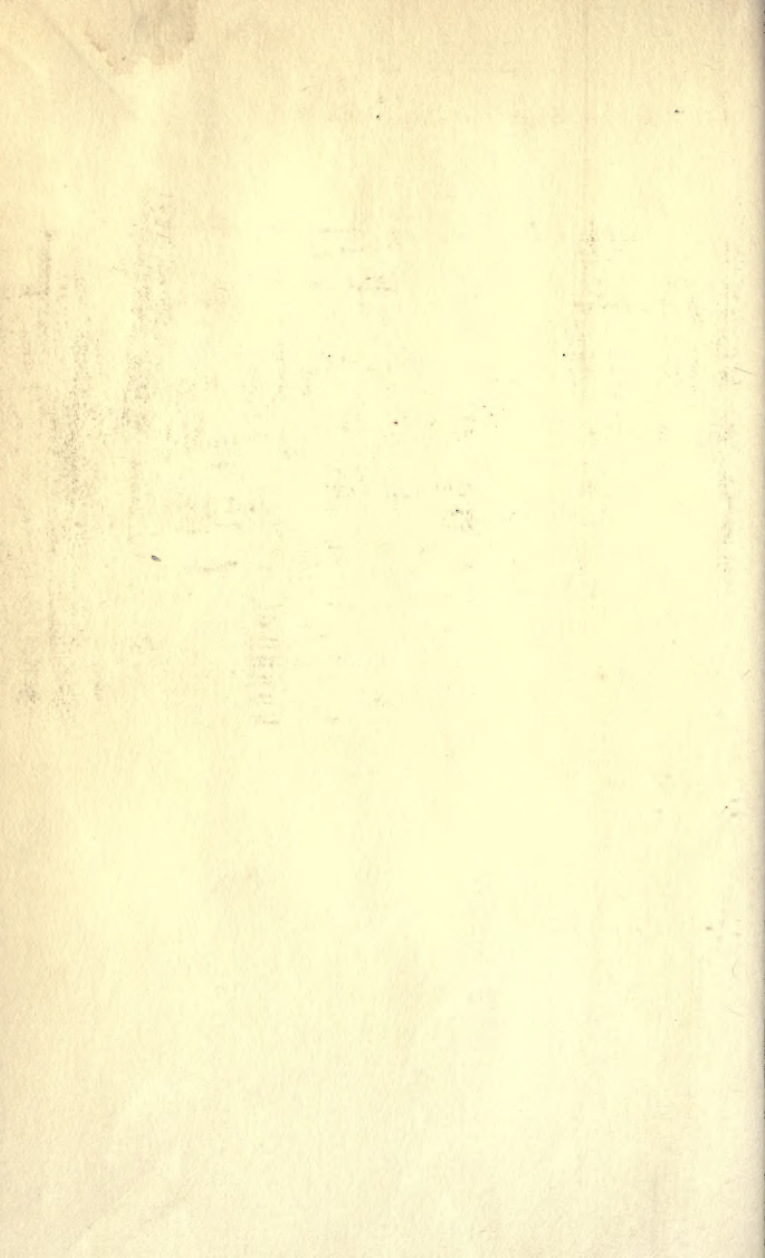
568. **Bowhill**. See note on *Introduction*, 57, above.

572. **Carterhaugh**. The peninsula at the junction of the Ettrick and Yarrow.









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Scott, (Sir) Walter, bart.
Lay of the last minstrel

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